MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- SIN ORDEN / IRON LUNG / WORKING STIFFS-live
- WEEKEND NACHOS / UGLY PARTS / SFN-live
- IN SCHOOL / WETBRAIN / MISLED YOUTH-live
- BIG SUZE / EMPTY ROOM / CONDITION-live
- KAOS-Betonska Djeca-LP / KLAXON-LP
- SYSTEMATIK-12" / V/A-PDX Vol 3-EP
- VIOLENT REACTION-EP / CATHOLIC SPIT-45
- BORN WRONG-EP / WYMYNS PRYSYN-EP
- CHIT CHAT-EP / NEO CONS-EP
- REPLICA-EP / NO QUALMS-EP

WILL BLOMQUIST

- KLAXON-1984-LP
- KAOS-Betonska Djeca-LP
- PLEASURE LEFTISTS-Elephant Men/Not Over-45
- CATHOLIC SPIT-EP / CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE-LP
- THE BODY-LP
- COKE BUST/VACCINE-split EP
- SYSTEMATIK-12"
- WARHEAD-Never Give Up-LP
- LA LUZ-Call Me in the Day/Easy Baby-45
- NUDES-Skin-EP / RAPID LOSS-LP

MITCH CARWELL

- SECTOR ZERO-Guitar Attack/Hiding in My Car-45
- GLITZ-It'z Glitz-12"
- ACTION SWINGERS-45
- TRUE SONS OF THUNDER-45
- CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE-Underground Babylon-LP
- B.BILOXI & THE.../LEGENDARY WINGS-split EP
- GAMES-LP
- SOVIET VALVES-Death Trumps Romance-12"
- LIVIDS-She Likes Zits-EP
- PLEASURE GALLOWS-live

ROBERT COLLINS

- DASHER-demo cassette / RAD-live + LP
- ROXOR-Obraz Doby!-LP / NEON PISS-45
- INFEST/CAPITALIST CASUALTIES-live
- CONDITION-live
- MURDERESS-cassette
- RUNNING FOR COVER-DVD
- KANTUTA-Ask Me-EP / REPLICA-Strings-EP
- CRIMINAL CODE-live / LOLITA BLACK-LP
- MAINLINE COCKSUCKERS-demo cassette
- NO MISTAKE-EP / METH SORES-lathe cut

LAYLA GIBBON

- KANTUTA-Ask Me-EP
- SAUNA YOUTH-False Jesii Part II/Oh Joel-45
- LA LUZ-45 / PANG-Attention Deficit/My Brand..-45
- KAOS-LP / CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE-LP
- SECTOR ZERO-45 / ACTION SWINGERS-45
- LAS RODILLERAS-Tres-LP / CHIT CHAT-EP
- RAD-Loud and Fast-LP / REPLICA-Strings-EP
- BAD MAMMALS/PITY PARTY-split EP
- WYMYNS PRYSYN-Time-EP
- MANATEES-45 / KLAXON-1984-LP

DAN GOETZ

- BIG EYES-live
- CRIMINAL CODE-live
- COKE BUST-side of split-EP
- SYSTEMATIK-12"
- ACUTE-Murder Notice-12"
- ACTION SWINGERS-Miserable Life/Losing My...-45
- WYMYNS PRYSYN-Time-EP
- MANATEES-Cat Food/Tree House-45
- CONDITION-live / REPLICA-EP + live
- SPECTRES-Nothing to Nowhere-LP

GREG HARVESTER

- RATS REST-demo cassette
- THE BODY-LP
- REPLICA-Strings-EP
- TONY MOLINA-Dissed and Dismissed-12"
- MIND SPIDERS-Entity Me-EP
- B.BILOXI & THE.../LEGENDARY WINGS-split EP
- RAD-Loud and Fast-LP
- KAOS-Betonska Djeca-LP
- CUSTODY BATTLE/SHARKPACT-split EP
- FUNERAL CONE-live

KENNY KAOS

- THE HUSSY-Weed Seizure-LP
- GLITZ-It'z Glitz-12"
- C.HOUSTON & THE../DESADIST AU GOGO-split EP
- TYRED EYES-Ghost-EP
- THE RUNS-Pretty Girls-EP
- THE SHAKES-Full House/Noone Likes My Baby-45
- THE SHIRKS-12"
- THE BOMB'O'NYRICS-Into the Wood/She Was...-45
- ACTION SWINGERS-Miserable Life/Losing My...-45
- THE HUSSY-Turn it Three-Firelung-45

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

LAS RODILLERAS-Tres-LP / BAD DADDIES-EP	ACTION SWINGERS-45 / MANATEEES-45
SECTOR ZERO-Guitar Attack/Hiding in My Car-45	APOGEE SOUND CLUB/SHELLSHAG-split EP
B.BILOXI & THE.../LEGENDARY WINGS-split EP	MONOSHOCK / CHEATER SLICKS-live
FAGETTES-EP / NEO CONS-Idiot Circus-EP	BUCK BILOXI & THE FUCKS / SEX CRIME-live
FURY-Flying/100% Proof-45 / LYRES-CD	WHITE MYSTERY / GREG TURNER-live

SAM LEFEBVRE

THE BLIND SHAKE-Garbage on Glue/Go Go 78-45	SAUNA YOUTH-False Jesii Part II/Oh Joel-45
WILDCHILD-Viral Load-EP	GLITZ-It'z Glitz-12"
CATHOLIC SPIT-I'm Your God Now/Die Alone-45	SECTOR ZERO-Guitar Attack/Hiding in my Car-45
REPLICA-Strings-EP	TONY MOLINA-Dissed and Dismissed-12"
ACTION SWINGERS-Miserable Life/Losing My...-45	GAMES-LP

RAY LUJAN

WAX IDOLS-CD / ABOLITIONIST-CD	MINDSET-CD / MIND SPIDERS-Entity Me-EP
THE CHERRY ICEES-CD / CUELLO-LP	NEON PISS-Close the Door/Burn-45
EAGULLS-12" / GAMES-LP	TONY MOLINA-12" / PARASOL-Scoot Over-EP
GLITZ-It'z Glitz-12" / SAUNA YOUTH-45	BARB WIRE DOLLS-live
GREENBACK HIGH-Bombs Away/All of Us...-45	JELLO BIAFRA & THE G.S.M.-live

KEVIN MANION

SPECTRES-Nothing to Nowhere-LP	NUDES-Skin-EP / BORN WRONG-EP
TONY MOLINA-Dissed and Dismissed-12"	WYMYNS PRYSYN-Time-EP / NEO CONS-EP
VAARINKASITYS-Paivan Tunnit-EP	PAA KII-CD / ACUTE-Murder Notice-12"
VIOLENT REACTION-Forced Out-EP	RAPID LOSS-LP / SYSTEMATIK-12"
LIFE FORM-Creepy Crawly-EP	PROTOMARTYR-live

LYDIA PHELPS

KLAXON-1984-LP	CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE-Underground Babylon-LP
KAOS-Betonska Djeca-LP	SYSTEMATIK-12" / NEO CONS-Idiot Circus-EP
WYMYNS PRYSYN-Time-EP	SECTOR ZERO-45 / PROPAGANDA-EP
PLEASURE LEFTISTS-Elephant Men/Not Over-45	SEE YOU IN HELL-Jed-LP
CATHOLIC SPIT-I Am Your God Now/Die Alone-45	FAGETTES-If I See Him Again-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

APOGEE SOUND CLUB/SHELLSHAG-split EP	LAS RODILLERAS-Tres-LP
NEON PISS-Close the Door/Burn-45	BAD DADDIES-Bad Year-EP
REPLICA-Strings-EP	KAOS-Betonska Djeca-LP
TONY MOLINA-Dissed and Dismissed-12"	MIND SPIDERS-Entity Me-EP
CUSTODY BATTLE/SHARKPACT-split EP	MIL MASCARAS-Fuzz-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

Another Month of Leaving You High and Dry...

ZINE TOP TEN

Day Glo Ahole #1	*Ruberneck #6*
Distortion Faith #4	*There's a Punk Show at Your House!*
KYEO Speaks #7	*Usual Suspect #7.5*
Nashville Transit	*Voice of a Generation #4*
Riot #77	*Aseptic #2*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Ai, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report,-Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipiński/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State POison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/ Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit Scene Report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia Scene Report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclear Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

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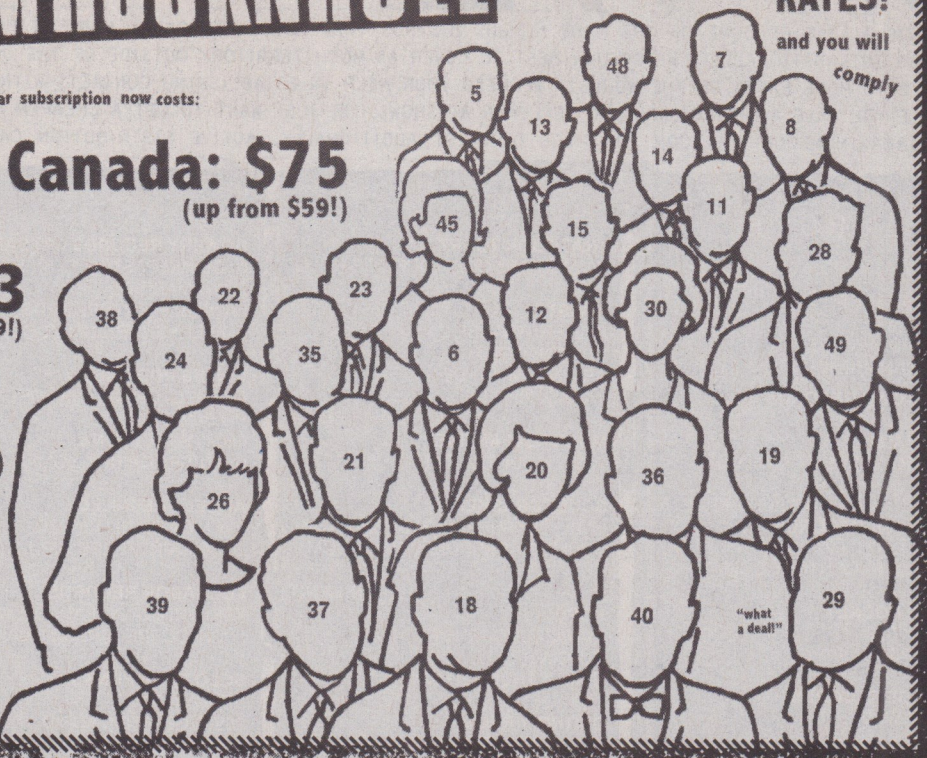

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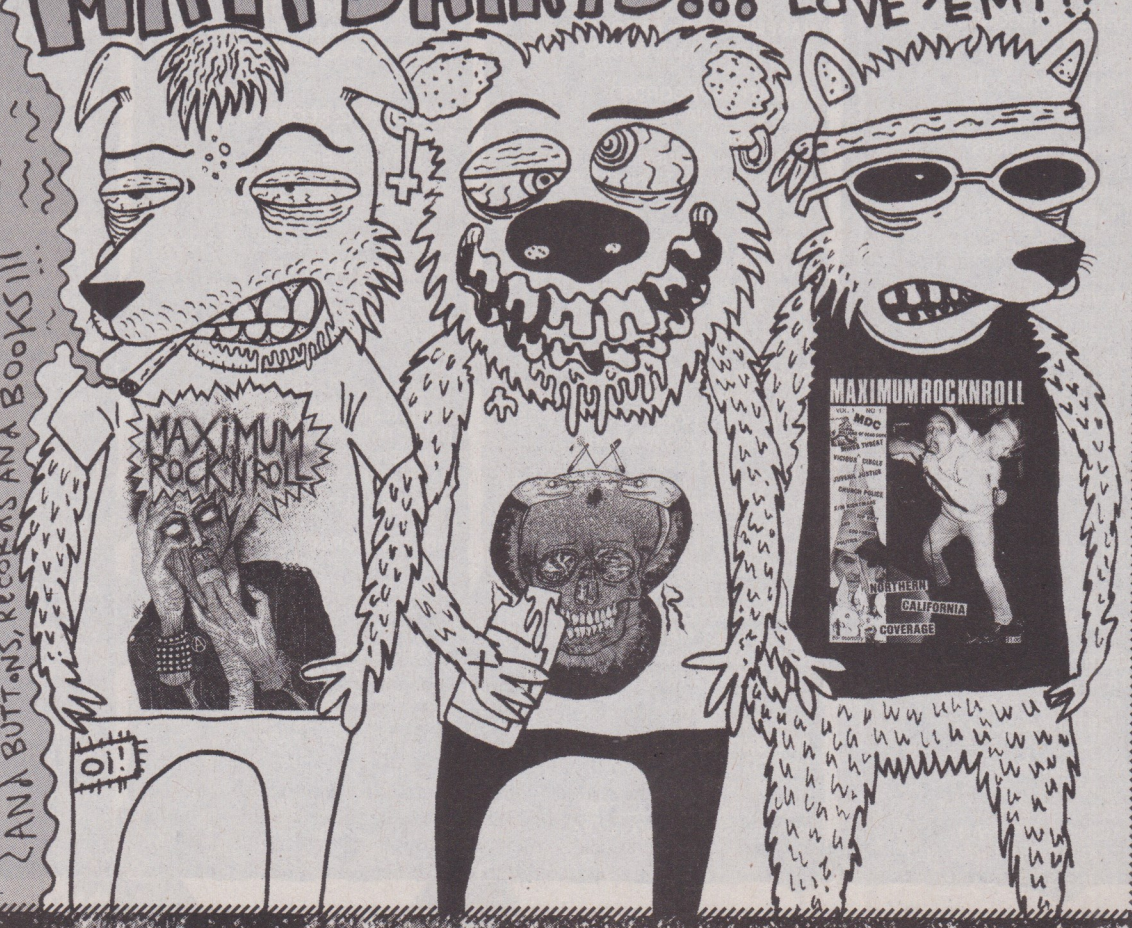

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LETTERS

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Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
I know you try hard to accumulate only the best columnists for your publication, and there are indeed some great ones. I find the amount of diversity represented in the pages to be fantastic and entertaining. However today I am writing about my disappointment with the last More Noize Hardcore Charade column by Tony Gunnarsson. The article was on '80s punk bands from the southern Japanese island of Kyushu, particularly those from a label he says to be less known outside of collector circles called SS Company.

The article was OK and talked about some good bands, but I felt as a historical piece it was lacking, and contained some inaccuracies. Being that there are no actual historians writing books on our underground hardcore scenes, it pains me when our own attempts at the role of historians are filled with the same mistakes as the "often grossly misleading internet" (a quote from the column). He claims to list an accurate chronological order of the demo tapes on the SS Company label: Flak, Ruin, then Red House. The Ruin and Red House tapes were previously known to have been released simultaneously in late March of 1985, but the article claims them to be subsequent releases. It would be great if the author could cite his sources more clearly for those who are losing sleep over details thought to be known, now shaken up.

By the way since I won't be mentioning this demo again later in this letter, and since it might as well be preserved for posterity, the Ruin demo does have a title, which is *Too Fast To Satisfay* and not mentioned in the column. Back on track, the demo tape by (TVY) Flak did come out in 1985 and possibly before or at the same time as the others, but based on the text which appears on the Flak demo, it cannot be assumed by someone (especially one attempting to create a 100% accurate history) that this is actually the first SS Company release or just the "1st tape" by (TVY) Flak. Again, unless he cares to cite definitive sources; after all The Flak demo tape would have had to be released in the short two month period of January or February 1985 to predate the other two demos released in March. This is highly possible, or likely, but I have never seen any definitive evidence that would make me feel comfortable making that claim.

Later on Mr. Gunnarsson talks about Rebel, who accordingly "Were supposed to have their own tape on SS Company, but instead the label released *Hakata Punks Omnibus: The End of Your Generation* [...] Rebel had already released a flexi in 1983 (on a label called Out Works records)" Unfortunately this information is incorrect in more ways than one. Rebel actually did in fact release a demo tape on SS Company. The tape is titled *The Last Resort Is Only Punk* and was released in August of 1985. The Rebel from Hakata also never released any records. The Rebel who released a flexi in 1983 was an entirely different band of the same name from Sendai City, and birthed from the same scene as Disarray and G-Spot. In fact the label Out Works was done by Ryuji the Disarray vocalist, who would later went on to be in bands like Cocobat or the criminally underrated hardcore band Dessert. There is also misinformation in mentioning that Rebel was on the *Killed by Death Vol. 3* LP. This is not accurate for either of the Rebel bands, but the Sendai Rebel was on the "similarly-themed-without-all-the-weak-stuff" LP bootleg *Killed By Hardcore Vol. 3*, as well as on the *Killed By Death Vol. 33* LP.

Now back to the *Omnibus* tape, just to clarify, the band referred to as "ZOOM" in the column is actually clearly typeset on the cassette sleeve as "ZOCM". I am not sure if this is Mr. Gunnarsson's spell check acting up, or if he has it on good authority that the name on the tape cover is actually a typographical error, or if he has just never studied the sleeve in great detail.

Soon after he skips to the section about the flexis released on SS Company. If attempting to write a somewhat chronological history of the label, Mr. Gunnarsson has neglected to mention that there is actually a second SS Co. omnibus tape following *The End of Your Generation*, containing tracks by (TVY) Flak, Ruin and three other bands which is titled *Never Fail to Revenge*. Also mentioned is a demo by a band called Exclaim; this band was not affiliated with the Kyushu Punk scene as they were located over 1000km away from that area. So those who read this and added it to their want list of Kyushu bands can remove it and just add it to the regular want list, which it should be on as it is a great demo.

Finally after the historical inaccuracies, I found the segment about the bands Derange and Damos to be pessimistic and, from someone who is attempting to write with an emphasis placed on obscure hardcore history, I found it to be the attitude one should definitely not have if they wish to do so. He states the bands were: "hardcore bands that probably never recorded anything (although there have been unfounded speculations about demos in collector circles), but both bands have regardless managed an obscure place in posterity thanks to photos published in *Doll* and *Blue-Jug* (and extended lifelines thanks to obscure noise-core collector want lists)". One attempting to learn as much about history should never discount anything until they can confirm 100% without a shadow of doubt that it does not exist. If archaeologists assumed ancient civilizations did not exist we would never find anything. People put years of work into finding recordings, and for the most part the amount of work that goes into finding them tends to be why collectors are reluctant to share them, as they often went through the same exhausting search before you. I guess I'm saying that most of the time, you'd be surprised what is out there waiting to be uncovered if you are willing to put in the effort. I hope this was educational.
Sincerely,
—Some HC freak

Dear Some HC Freak—
Thanks for the letter in response to my recent column. A short reflection is called for. At no point did I claim that mine was a definite account of SS Company, however at the same time I admit that I am guilty as charged regarding the factual inaccuracies that you highlight.

The intension was to draw attention to the Red House demo, which I think is very good indeed and far better than the subsequent flexi. If I had written a column simply stating, "Red House demo is better than the flexi", the column would have perhaps been of less interest to MRR *readers (who, I am sure, have perfectly developed instruments of taste and don't need me to tell them what is good or what is not).*

The SS Company section with quotes from translated DOLL *articles, and the discography, was provided as mere context and based on conversations with fellow hardcore freaks and the internet, ironically, as I myself pointed out that the internet can indeed be often misleading.*

At the same time, in effect, my account was a populist, or journalistic, first attempt of writing something akin to an informal history of SS Company, with a particular focus on Red House, in spite of limited access to primary sources and constrained by the obvious language barrier (there are, of course, a few accounts in Japanese, notably DOLL*'s Kyushu Special in 2002 that, once translated into English, may help improve our understanding of the Kyushu Island's great*

punk history).

Therefore, I am very happy indeed that you cared enough to send a letter to correct the obvious mistakes in my column—the correct order of the tape releases, the title of the Ruin tape, that ZOOM was of course called ZOCM, that Rebel did have a tape on SS Company, and for reminding me of the second SS Company omnibus tape which I could have elaborated on in the column. That I allowed these errors to pass into the magazine further illustrates my claim that the internet can be grossly misleading. That said, the responsibility for further distributing such factual errors is entirely mine, and therefore I am wholeheartedly apologizing for inadvertently misleading the readers of MRR. *Please note that an updated and corrected version of the column will be reprinted in* Very Last of Zine 2: More Noize 11, *out May 2013.*

As for your disappointment regarding the comments about the likelihood of us ever discovering recordings of Derange and Damos, thanks to a local contact—who both knew the members of both bands and who was lucky enough to have seen the two bands play live—I can now confirm the existence of a sole recording of Derange is a four-song live audience recording, while Damos did indeed record at least once, since a two-song rehearsal set is (now) known to exist. You will be encouraged too, by the discovery of a handful of never-before-seen private photos of both Derange and Damos. All this, of course, proves that my earlier "pessimism" was absolutely unfounded; I shall herewith endeavour to be more positive in future columns.

Finally, while I am appalled by your desire for "actual historians" to write books on our underground hardcore scenes, because I would strongly argue that nearly all attempts by social and cultural "actual historians" to write hardcore histories to date have been utter failures, I'd like to highlight that the process of writing "actual" history is precisely what just happened here: a first attempt at a history of SS Company published in the English language prompts a response from an expert which in turn results in a more accurate history. Look at any given historical debate in the pages of history periodicals, or any of the books discussing developing historiographies and you'll see that history is constantly rewritten through the means of debate. The process of writing a first history inevitably involves publishing an imperfect account, which other historians may subsequently expand upon, correct, add further interpretation etc. While actually I can claim to be an "actual historian"—due to my postgraduate education and an extended period as a professional writer of historical tracts (no joke)—I am far from a dedicated one and as readers of MRR *already know too well, I rather play fast and hard with little care for details. But as long as the true experts (which no doubt includes you) continue to refuse to write articles to share the details of your extensive research—despite my best efforts to encourage greater participation on your behalf—I see no other option than to continue writing about obscure hardcore bands to the benefit of both the kids and posterity.*
Jokes aside though, fuck off!
—Tony Gunnarsson

Hello MRR folks!—
Yes, of course I would like to renew my subscription! $45 is enclosed. (I've already received issue 359, so no need to send that on—I have to say the April Fools formatting fucked with my head more than any of the gags in the past years' columns ever did! I was to read in my usual order—top tens, letters, columns, etc.—because that is just how I digest my *MRR*… so thankful you didn't go all the way with the reverse page order, too! You might have put me in the hospital). Sorry for that long parenthetical bit, but I put my first bracket in and then I was committed (no delete key on the pen).

I hope that no one gives you shit about the slight price increase for subscriptions. It doesn't seem complicated or ambiguous to me that it costs more to mail anything, especially internationally. I have a bad feeling that there'll be a bunch of letters next issue like "Three more dollars? And you call yourselves punks?" And it won't be the April issue. Who knows, maybe I'm completely wrong and everyone will be rational about it. I hope so.

Also, I'd like to thank you all for sending my copy of Martin Sorrendeguy's *Get Shot* book so quickly. I think I received it like four days after sending my payment so that four days includes mail going both ways. Nice job! What a great, beautiful book too! The story of the lost *80 rolls of film* in the intro interview is heartbreaking…I can only imagine what incredible images would've been included in that much film from that period. (That I can imagine what lots of it included is what makes it so heartbreaking, I guess.) Anyway, I am looking forward to another year of *MRR*; keep up the great work folks!
—Squirrel Gilbert
23861 Seneca, Oak Park, MI 48237

MRR—
I just recently read the Nov. 2012 issue and had to write in a response to one of the columns. Mariam Bastani—first a thousand thanks to you for the unenviable task of coordinating such a massive zine as *MRR*… and on a monthly basis! You get much respect from me on that.

Now, I have a bone to pick with you about your column. Specifically, when you said "when a cop stops you and you look anything other than Caucasian, you're fucked." There is no way you could know that. How many times have you been pulled over as a Caucasian? Exactly. So you have nothing to compare your experience to. The reason this particular subject touches a nerve with me is because I have had many experiences with being stopped and harassed by cops—and I'm white. In my case, the "probable cause" was having long hair and wearing "evil" death/black metal shirts, or the occasional Suicidal Tendencies or D.R.I shirt… this was in the '80s—we outcasts *really* caught shit then… I've been stopped (while in a vehicle or on foot) dozens of times, and never experienced anything like "white privilege!"

Onto another topic—zines/labels/distros who don't respond to letters. What is the point of put in/placing an ad if you don't respond to people who are trying to purchase your products? I saw a Give Praise as which said "send $1.00 for a catalog and a sticker" I sent the dollar, waited, waited some more, got tired of waiting (three months), wrote to them again—enclosing a stamp—asking what was up… I'm still waiting for an answer, after four more months. Including the postage I had put on each letter, I am down $2.50 with nothing to show for it. I would love to order some more stuff on Give Praise recs, but if they won't fill a simple catalog order, will they fill a cd/cassette order? Am I wrong to be skeptical of sending them money for a CD?! I also wrote to Shiva—not once but twice—enclosing a stamp each time, asking about his *Accept the Darkness* zine. I've been waiting six months for an answer. I sent $2.00 to *Get Fit in the Pit* zine, (Nicole, Rich, VA). Got no response. Sent a follow up letter, with a stamp, no response. Suburban White Trash records? No response. Then these labels/zines complain that "people don't support the underground anymore"… Well, we are doing our part…. (I've been doing my part for 28 years!!)

I've been in prison for 19 years now (I'm 41), with 18 years left. Serving a 50-year sentence for 1st degree murder for a drug dealer that ripped me off. (I've been straightedge for 19 years now.) My money is quite limited… I receive nothing from the state; I survive on the wages from my prison job—$40 a month—which must get my hygiene, stamps, coffee, the little bit left over goes to a zine or CD. So when I lose $2 or $3, it's a big deal to me. I know the economy is still bad out there but, damn, don't keep a poor prisoner's stamps. And thanx to the zines/labels/distros who do respond. If anyone has issues (even old/used) of *Accept the Darkness* they'd be willing to sell me, please let me know what you want. I keep hearing what a great zine it is. I'm hoping to one-day find out!
Now, I have two questions:
1) Back in '86-'89, I had a demo tape by an obscure punk band called Rednecks in Pain (I'm pretty sure they were anti-redneck….) does anyone know anything about it (titles, song titles, band-origin…)?
2) In '85-'86, I saw Subhumans at a club called Stars in my hometown of Va. Beach. I was just getting into punk/HC and did not know there were two Subhumans (both punk! Now that's Punk!) Here's my dumb question: does anyone know which one I saw? (I figure it may be possible one of 'em never toured the East Coast or something.)
I've yet to see the internet and we obviously have no access to it so I am unable to check it there. Thanks.
Eric Schroeder

Thanks for writing us. I want to respond to the part of your letter addressed to me. I actually

have *been singled out, and what have you, for being "Caucasian" and also for being brown. I have skin privilege, meaning I am light skinned, but I do not have what people expect to be Caucasian features. The mistake you made is common, that POC means "dark." We are all shades and to be honest, there is much debate within our own communities about the issues surrounding this—it's very complicated with multiple points of entry. Oddly, the most racist people are best at pointing out my origin aside from people who share the same ethnicities.*

I understand what you mean by being a punk or metalhead in the US at a time where you would actually get fucked with. It still happens here and in a lot of other places in the world, but I wasn't born with the mohawk I once had...

Additionally, I am fully aware that class has a lot to do with the way you are treated by the pigs. I grew up in a working class suburb in Illinois that was relatively mixed for a suburb and when the pigs rolled into our neighborhood, they did fuck with POC more than the whites, but overall, we were all fair game to them.

Anyway, my point is that in most places, color is a target and while punks still do get fucked with, especially places where punks tend to be of a specific class group, no one is born with blue hair and bondage pants. We may not choose to be punks, but the way we express it is our choice. The issue is not the same as racism.
—Mariam

Dear Carolyn, MRR and Punk—
Thanks so much for helping clear up that embarrassing mess that has been the decades long flier/flyer, poser/poseur, mixed tape/mixtape debacle! For so it is written in the Punk Bible, so it shall be. It's now up to everyone to make a difference in the scene! We must, in no particular order: smash the system, get in the van, make punk a threat again, have a revolution girl-style now, stay young until we die, do our part, go start our own bands—bands that could be someone's life, and do it ourselves or die. The time for action is now! No more living in doom towns, no more black coffee and staring at walls! I know we can do anything and everything we want if we just put our minds to it. Reagan's dead, Thatcher's dead, Bush I and Cheney are on their way out, the Pope tapped out...but punk is still going strong. I can't wait to see what the future brings for us. And as Brother Karl Bakla was often wont to say in these sacrosanct pages of letters, see ya in the pit!
—Ray Martinez/Suburbia

Dear MRR—
I read your zine for the first time in like '86. It was issue sixty something, I remember the Instigators being on the cover. It was like a portal into a new world, discovering there were others just like me and my friends all across the planet. It meant a great deal. I mean I was just a high school punker living between Seattle and Tacoma at the time.

Saw a lot of good shows back then at the old community world theater. Bands like Subvert, Poison Idea, Abolishment, the Accused, A.M.Q.A., Coffin Break, and so on. Good times, even into the '90s there were rad shows at that Party Hall in the Central District and Kirkland Y. People would rent grange halls and shit for hardcore shows even and when I lived in Olympia there were some great venues.

Anyway, after a while I moved out here to Pennsylvania. It was like '93. I was 20. I managed to get into Philly heroin pretty heavy and by the time I was 26 I landed in state prison. Played in some bands and stuff along the way but mostly wrecked my life with illicit narcotics.

Now, all this time I'd read *MRR* whenever I could. Usually just squatting by the zine rack at Left Back Books in Seattle, or I'd actually buy copies from a new stand in Tacoma when I lived there. Those were the days. When it really wasn't all that hard to find *Maximum Rocknroll*. I used to even get it at a bookstore in Wilkes Barre after I moved out here. At any rate, I was in prison and decided to do a zine. I'd messed around with them before over the years, never ever substantial though. But I did one from my prison cell, had it copied off on the sly... and of course sent you a copy. And you even reviewed it. You actually kept reviewing every issue that I threw at you. Which was far beyond fucking rad for me.

As it turned out I did my little zine and some people read it and all. One of the punks that read it is still one of my close friends all these years later. (I served eight years for robbery and have been out almost seven) even though he and I never met. So I did seven issues. And then I got out of prison. Soon after I bought my first computer and got sucked into the attention vortex that is the internet. I started blogging. Seemed like a proper surrogate for doing my zine. It's OK. I mean, it's easy and simple for lazy motherfuckers like me. But I've done it for years now, and finally I was just prompted to do another issue of my goddamn zine. I ran into a photocopied zine one day at a coffee joint in Scranton, and it just led to me finding out about a local zine fest this summer... and by and by it spurred me to kick over my old zine and see what smoke and fire it may belch.

So, anyway, I'm working on a full issue to be out before summer but just threw together this half isssue, in the meanwhile. I'm sending it because...well, because you're *Maximum*-fucking-*Rockn*-fucking-*roll* and it's just one of those things. It's like punk and discount beer. You do a 'zine and send that fucker to *MRR*.
So here's issue number 7.5 of the *Usual Suspect*. I'm all old and shit and I am rather unconcerned about how punk rock I am, but I still listen almost exclusively to hardcore and I guess I am one of those quaint life long believers in the whole Do It Yourself thing. *MRR* has encouraged me since day one. And if it for zines that have been "by the punks for the punks" getting me stoked since I was fifteen... I never would have started my zine in the joint. And I would have been miserable bastard who probably would have come out all fucked up and mean.

Instead, you know, I have a family now and I've been off dope for like fifteen years... and I haven't fucking gone back to the joint. I beat the recidivism stats like a motherfucker. Seven years I've made it. And I was never a jailhouse Nazi or any of that dumb shit either. And a huge, huge part of—one of the biggest reasons for me is because I got into doing some constructive shit with my time in there via my zine and being able to play bass in prison.

All y'all are a part of that. *MRR* played a tremendous part in starting this zine. If I hadn't subscribed while I was locked up I wouldn't have been likely to do a zine and send it in, obviously. So I owe all of you. Even those of you who weren't there when I was sending in *Usual Suspect* for review back in the early Aughts. But, you know, to all the longtime shitworkers there I gotta give respect. And especially to the memory of Tim Yo, who lit the fuse so many years back.
Stay punk,
—Dave Gurz
432 S. Main St.
Old Forge, PA 18518

Hey MRR—
All of us in Autonomy want to thank Julia and the zine for doing/running that interview with us. There're just a few things we like to correct about it. All the photos were by Patrick Houdek, none by Ray. Also, at some point John's answers began to be credited to Jared—who didn't participate in the interview. We just want to make sure proper credit is given. We also noticed there was no contact info printed, so if anyone wants to get a hold of us shoot us an email at withouthatredwithoutfear@gmail.com. We also have a website/blog, autonomyband.blogspot.com, and songs for download/stream at autonomy.bandcamp.com. We hope to hear from people soon. Thanks again to *MRR* and all the shitworkers who keep the magazine going strong. Us middle of nowhere punks really appreciate it.
—Autonomy

Hey Ray!
Thanks for your letter and the kind words. Of course you want the right people credited so we really appreciate this letter. This is a great example to other punks contributing! We always ask people submitting an interview to make sure they provide an intro, band contact, 300 dpi large sized photos (NO PHOTOS FROM THE FUCKING INTERNET) and photo credits. If you can't provide digital photos, send us photocopies of photos (address found at the front of the mag) and we will scan them! We want to make your interview to be the best it possibly can! Give us the right material to do so! Please, include this information so that, like in this case, we will not have to try to track down this information. We trust that the people sending us the interview provide the correct text, meaning that the appropriate people are being assigned the correct answers within the interview. So it is in the best interest of the band that they approve the interview before it makes its way to us. It's your band and your mag, so run with it!
—Mariam

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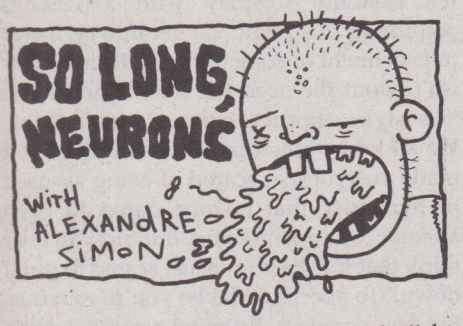
COLUMNS



Chain Letters ain't just some bullshit pre-internet game for proto teenagers; it's also a brilliant, obscure punk band from somewhere in America. Their first self-released 7" has that familiar flavor of instant classics. Think everything that ruled about the Avengers mixed with those magic moments that made the first Royal Headache 7" such a perfect soundtrack to ruining your life. It's got it all—plenty of hooks, a singer who can sing, universal lyrics, raw guitar sound. Teenage lobotomy, hanging in the streets after midnight, being confused, drinking too much or not enough, trying to understand how the Ramones managed to come up with so many brilliant songs while using so few chords. Always thinking, fuck it. Sure it borders on power-pop and maybe even new wave, but it's intelligent enough not to fall too deep into any of these categories and to stay with us, people who get our fix from plain gold old punk-rock. I interviewed Chris a couple months back. He seemed like a very nice guy.

I heard about the Chain Letters by receiving one of your emails—we had never been in touch before and you sent me a song out of the blue. That happens often, and in 99% of the cases I just press the "spam" button and erase that promo crap. For some unknown reason it didn't happen that day—I was writing in my room, by the window, in front of the cemetery, and it was pissing with rain. I listened to your song to take a break from words, and I have to say it gave a different vibe to that whole scene. I was wondering if that way of promoting your band seems to work, and if you send many promo emails like that? In these days of mp3s and online streaming, do you find it hard to make people hear your band?

So, I'm Chris, guitar-player and songwriter in the Chain Letters.... We have no plan and no strategy! We just wanted to send our songs to people who we thought were cool and might like our kind of music. We have no idea how to promote a record. We just wanted to *make* a record. And we had this crazy confidence that if we made a killer 7", people would find it, somehow. It sounds insane but we really set out to make the best record we had ever heard. That's what we tried to do—to make a record that we would go crazy for if we heard it. I know we can find a few hundred people on the planet who will love it.

You told me there wasn't much info about the Chain Letters online because of your living situation, is that correct? Can you tell me more? Does the band all live together in some kinda desolate squatted warehouse?

OK, so this is how the Chain Letters happened! I've been obsessed with punk records since I was a kid, playing them over and over, dawn to dusk on a tiny mono record player, that was basically my life. I had never been in a band or picked up an instrument before. But I started making up songs driving in my car. So one day I signed an installment plan, got a guitar and learnt to play that night by watching a kid in Pomona playing *Blitzkrieg Bop* on YouTube. Two weeks later I had made a super-rough demo with caveman guitar playing. Seriously it made Jay Reatard's first record sound over-produced, the one where he's banging on a pail for drums. But I had two songs I knew were total killers, "Bad Reflection" and "Boulevard Girls". So now, I was desperate to make a record. I *knew* I could do it if I could find people who wanted to do it as much as me. So I called Sophia Dilley, Johnny Bubblegum and Violet X. We talked about playing live but we all have complicated lives and no time and no money. Making a record was always the most important thing to us. To us records are magical things, they go to places we will never go, they will be heard by people we'll never meet.

Sophia loved the songs and started singing them over and over and ended up making them ten times better. Then Johnny got his bass out and Violet started work on these killer drums. And we had a record.

We have never wanted to have a website and put lots of stuff online. I don't want to know about musicians, I don't care about the chaos going on in their lives, I just want to hear the music. I like those garage bands from the '60s where you know nothing about them, and maybe they released one weird, incredible single and disappeared. Like the Squires, the Keggs, the Nightcrawlers. All the stuff you don't know, the questions that will never be answered—it's perfect, it adds to what is in the vinyl.

Recording was tough because we don't have great equipment. Well Violet does, but Sophia and I have very little. I just have some '70s junk. So there was a lot of risk-taking sneaking in and out of buildings when no one was around to use equipment and record. I don't want to say too much about this, I don't want to get anyone fired. But Labor Day Weekend was a busy time for us.

I think you mentioned "new wave" in one of your emails regarding your influences. I was surprised because to me your band sounds like punk, not like fucking Blondie—the guitars are raw, the sound is primitive. Do you sound like this because of a lack of recording gear? Would you want to sound like Blondie if you could, all slick and well-produced?

We love Blondie for the songwriting. We're also into hard power pop—Paul Collins, Pointed Sticks, Undertones. And bratty lo-fi stuff—the Donnas, Supercharger and Loli and the Chones—and an English band, Talulah Gosh, who had amazing songs and played them so fast and hard so it would blow your head off. The Donnas first LP was really important for us—great songs, killer sloppy playing. You don't have to be a great guitar-player to make an amazing record. I want to relive the day I found the Zeros single "Wild Weekend" in a record bin. Flip it over, you get "Beat Your

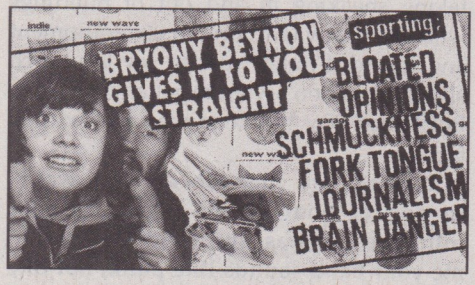
Heart Out". That's insane. That's two of the best punk songs ever, right there. On one 7-inch! That's what we aspire to.

There's some really youthful energy in the songs I've heard, so I was wondering how old you are? What do you sing about and are you intentionally trying to sound cheerful?

Sophia and Johnny made classic punk records in their early teens—Sophia was in Young People With Faces in Idaho, Johnny was in Tyranna, fronted by the legendary Vera Rabies, and the Wayouts, in Toronto. Violet has toured with bands like Vice Squad. We sing about alienation, not fitting in, little dramas, emotionally fucked up situations. That's why we love the Buzzcocks and all those powerpop bands. Our bass player Johnny explains it like this—when you are listening to those records, it's like there is a rage and turmoil in the music that the vocals won't admit to. That's the feeling we were shooting for on our record.

Contact the Chain Letters through pogotime@live.com

Endnote: a collection of writing from my first two years of *MRR* columns is available in print through www.ratcharge.bigcartel.com. Name: Brain works slow. It's got a color cover and talks about the Fugs, Bukowski, Anus, Young Wasteners, squats, riots, Spanish hardcore, being a motherfucking snail eater in the land of the free, and much more.



Margaret Thatcher died yesterday morning.

That's a big sentence to type. The frenetic pace of, well, pretty much everything, has meant that I've already read a good fifty different articles, obituaries and opinion pieces about her legacy, impact, most of which has been cloying tributes, galling revisionism and worrying calls for censorship in the name of "good taste" towards anything which doesn't match this. That said, I was proud to see that my hometown newspaper in South Wales lead with a simple "WE WILL NEVER FORGIVE HER."

There were many people who preached decorum, saying that this "87-year-old fragile lady" had long been politically dead and thus the celebrations around her death were little more than ugly gloating. What this bland analysis totally misses is that the anticipation of Thatcher's death has been a trope of radical lefty discourse since she was still in power. From *Class War* (the long-running Anarchist newspaper of the '80s whose tabloid style, no-holds-barred Maggie-baiting and coruscating black humour around the events of the day became its signature) to Crass themselves, not to mention the mining communities who were branded "The enemy within" by Thatcher for daring to resist pit closures, it was prefigured as a halcyon day, a looked-forward-to moment of weak justice for the millions whose lives and communities were literally decimated by her policies. And yesterday it finally came. I called my Dad as soon as I heard, he instructed me to celebrate and raise a glass for the boys at Tower Colliery, our closest mine, which was saved from closure for a further fourteen years, through a collective-ownership bid where the miners pooled their redundancy money together. There were street parties in Brixton, my neighbourhood, still defined by radical politics and resistance culture as a legacy of the '81 and '85 riots that took place under Thatcher. There were also spontaneous celebrations in Scotland, the "test area" for her hated poll-tax, and a grimly stoical collective "...Good Riddance" from former mining communities across South Wales and the North of England, a number of which still maintain separate rooms in their pubs for those who were deemed scabs at the time, brothers, fathers, who often crossed picket lines due to the very real threat of starvation for their families.

None of those think-pieces will, of course, ever explain what it must have been like to live through those times, in the areas where Thatcherite policy brutalised the hardest. I've been thinking about the anarcho Youtube party going down on Facebook in the last 24 hours, and how punk has this specifically romantic relationship with the resistance culture and general hatred-by-consensus that sprung up around Thatcher and her government, so there is this attraction to anti-Thatcher or Anti-Reagan sentiment, yet it feels like there are few contemporary British punk bands that would be happy to pin their colours to the mast and target our current government in the same bold way, even though they are her ideological sons and are currently cutting faster and deeper than the Tories did in the '80s. This is especially prescient given the recent surge of enthusiasm for UK82 stylings. It's bizarre that somewhere along the line it's been deemed easier to just wear the shirts/own the original pressing of whatever band that might have resisted without irony or engaged with other causes, to imitate sound while reformulating sentiment into white-label, out-of-the-box rage, generalised and consequently limiting your band to some totally neutered, dull pantomime. Like, seeing supposed Discharge superfans greet anything directly political from the contemporary world at the punk gig with scoffing derision is hilariously depressing. It's basically Cosplay with a Discogs account at this point. Go get into civil war re-enactment or something. LARPing? This isn't about the need for some kind of lost '90s style sincerity, either, I don't think. We all know how that turns out. Maybe it made everyone so scared of being accused of hypocrisy that no one dared to even attempt to say something. But did you ever think that maybe you're just scared to pin it down? To specify? Maybe you're nervous. But hey, come on. Running around a room shouting at people is already pretty silly so a bit of focussed intent could at the very least make your band *appear* like a vital force in these dangerous times.

****

Last month I began writing about the Self-Organised London project. This month's column was meant to be a pure continuation of my "write drunk-edit sober" diatribe in relation to that, but aforementioned Maggie Death meant that it would be remiss of me not to have started with some thoughts on the last twelve hours. And this was a woman whose policies created the housing crisis we've been mired in for years, and whose poisonous acolytes continue to enforce a rule of law that allows inequality to spread like a virus, so the link with neoliberal market economy and an action that involved a direct challenge to the continued erosion of a basic right is pretty obvious.

We were invited to be involved with SOL by the crew who squatted this huge seven story office building, as the co-conspirators on the DIY Space for London project we're working on to make a punk-run gig space. Over the course of the six weeks, we ran our first big open meeting about DSFL, and put on two all ages BYOB gigs. As arguably the biggest squatted social space London has had for a good twenty years, it's still crazy to think that such a high profile building managed to last so long, with the SOL project in situ there for just over six weeks, five of which came after possession order had been granted by the highest court in the land (giving the owners legal right to evict the occupiers.) Different crews occupying different floors treading

wide-eyed on egg shells for much longer than anticipated. It was a really exciting thing that made me miss the days of doing more regular squat gigs. It also raised many of the same old questions about what it really means, in practice, to self-organise, and who gets to wield power and control in these sorts of "autonomous" spaces, or in any avowedly radical group or space. To what extent are we hardwired to create communities where roles are assigned and how do hierarchies or knowledge, power, time, energy sprout from this? These are the questions that make my head spin and preoccupy me always. This is where sparks fly and no amount of carefully honed safer spaces policies can make you feel ready to challenge an entitled anarcho breathing down your neck. Even the most studied personal politics often give way as people still unwittingly or otherwise create new rungs of new ladders, sadly often finding new ways to silence each other. Yet on the other hand, there exists in these spaces the fragmented, rare opportunities to bond with new strangers in ways we are socialised never to. One just must, must, must outweigh the other.

Endnotes:

1. An apparently first-time reader of this magazine recently penned a cute piece of fan fiction for his local debating society/personal world wide website; a studious condemnation of the female columnists (...and G. Tabb) really upset that we don't write enough about music. Of myself, they noted that "Bryony Benyon (sic) writes about herself, her family, her holidays and her clothes, giving the impression throughout of being tremendously busy and rather important." I would like it noted for a matter of public record that I will unequivocally plead guilty to both these charges, as well as being the best-dressed person a lot of people know. (In the interests of actual facts, though, *MRR* has long published both "music" columnists and "non-music" columnists, we even have different deadlines—both of which I am well past, for your info. See me after class, dummy.)

2. *She Said Boom: The Story of Fifth Column* was an incredible watch. Putting Queercore in proper context, it also provided yet another example of how the work of even the most innovative, game-changing musicians and artists gets sidelined when the history gets written, especially if those people are not straight, white or gender-conforming. The rawest and most explosive ideas become titillating grist to the same old mills. One of the biggest things I took away from the documentary was the power and currency of The Disagreement in the creative process, i.e. in this case, when writing songs, being in bands, making films. I was in the midst of a tetchy band email carousel about artwork for a single when I left the house to go see this film, and hearing the tales of extreme confrontation that these women subjected each other in trying to bring their ideas together left me feeling like, rather than being an unnecessary and unseemly distraction, these conflicts, compromises, and interpersonal dramas are crucially important. They should be a permanent feature of any collaborative project, to varying degrees; that tussle and the toss over how we make things together, that it is all an inherent part of what it really means to care about what we make and do, especially as punks whose output wasn't made to shift units or ever do something crazy like cover your rent. Seeing some amazing Anti-Scrunti Faction footage on the big screen at the British Film Institute in the documentary was super weird, but cool, too!

Ugh. I apologize for my absence last month, I was laid out with a fucking brutal case of the flu which required both intravenous fluids and multiple viewings of direct-to-video horror anthology films to overcome. If there's an upside, it's that my mailbox virtually overflowed with excellent releases in the interim.

First off, after a cassette EP that I praised to the high heavens a couple of years ago, ILLYA return with their first vinyl release, an EP entitled *Determination*. And holy shit, this thing is a monster. This record effortlessly captures the very best of the "Burning Spirits" era of Japanese hardcore, with the DEATH SIDE influence being the most pronounced. Which is to say, the vocals are tough as fuck, the solos are ridiculously shredding and the gang choruses are all over the place and just as tough. That being said, there's an edge of melody that raises this above simple hero-worship status, with some BALZAC-worthy "woah-oh"s in the mix and some catchy leads that may suggest a bit of POISON ARTS in the mix as well. As far as I'm concerned, this EP and the preceding cassette release have already cemented ILLYA's place in hardcore history. (Captured records, www.captured.web.fo2.com, capturedrecords@hotmail.co.jp)

Unfortunately, ILLYA lost their guitarist and bass player in the interim between the recording and release of this EP, so they quickly followed the record with a new "2012 demo" that showcases a different but equally compelling approach. While the riffing and solos are still top-notch (maybe better?) and the vocals and drumming are as gritty as ever, this new lineup has a much more expansive approach, at times very much feeling like a new-era model of early PAINTBOX. Certainly the quiet-picked part into raging solo into ridiculously tough chorus part section of the second song on the demo is easily up there with the best work this band has ever done. While the loss of half a band is always devastating... those dudes from DEATH SIDE transitioned to PAINTBOX pretty well, and I don't see why these dudes can't do the same. At any rate, I'm dying to hear more. (self-released, try the vocalist at bravelybravely@hotmail.com)

Meanwhile, FILTHY HATE managed to sneak out a split EP that I haven't heard yet and have remerged with a new cassette/CD-R demo that sees this pack of younger hardcore goons transitioning from their loose HERESY/RIPCORD derived sound into a more complex and metallic INTENSE DEGREE/early NAPALM DEATH vibe. Certainly there is a greater wealth of joyously sloppy blasting, surprisingly great mosh parts and proto-grind riffage on the very fine *Possessed to Satan* demo. But while the sound may have strayed into later Brit-core territory, the sense of fun and youthful rebellion remains intact. While it's a shame to have to do it from across a very large body of water, I am very much enjoying the process of following along with FILTHY HATE as they experiment and grow as a band (and again, if you haven't checked out their double flexi release, you *need* to hear that shit, it's super classic early fast-core style!). Unfortunately for Western fans, they're super DIY and their Bat Man records imprint does not have a web presence, so check with Japanese stores for more info (Bat Man records...etc.)

I guess it's obvious by now that the ridiculous new-age assertions of a Mayan apocalypse aren't really coming to pass, but at least that faded catastrophe has left one memorable legacy in the form of a great themed comp EP. That would be the

Acceleration to Doomsday comp, which joins an end-of-the-world theme to a handful of brutally apocalyptic bands. LASTLY starts off the lineup with one of the best examples yet of their DISCLOSE meets GLOOM crasher style, featuring a sickeningly tough bass break. DISTURD follow with one of their more explicitly SDS-influenced songs, joining howling vocals to a searing riff and nasty tight rhythm section work and topping it all off with a classic four-note string bending solo. I just don't understand (aside from the goofy name) why this band's logo isn't appearing on denim jackets worldwide at this point. Hardly nobody is doing what these guys do these days and they're so fucking good at this uncompromising driving crust style. On the flip, the two mildly lesser-known bands ply their trade. First come the very promising DESPERDICIO, who follow up their Overthrow records EP with another track of total '80s Spanish HC worship in the vein of R.I.P. and MG-15. From the reverb vocals to the simplistic 1-2 drums to the rudimentary solo, it's just bloody perfect. Maybe their best song yet, and for a bunch of dudes doing a 20 year old style it's fucking amazing. AGAINST THE GRAIN close the comp with about a minute and a half of sloppy proto grind that very much leans toward the American REPULSION/IMPETIGO style of chaotic everything-fast style metal. I know import prices are crazy, but along with the *Raw Punkz* EP, this is another must-have Japanese comp this year already. (NARM Discos, www.narmdiscos.com)

I would suspect that, apocalypse or no, TOM AND BOOT BOYS would remain. And true to form, this long too drunk to record band have finally returned with a new record (which you already should have bought!). The impossible-to-resist name of this new record is *Stupid and Naked Punks are Running in My House*, and the title track is only the beginning of the fun. Fucking hell, there's cowbell, Nori's incomparable drunken vox, some of the best UK street punk riffing imaginable and a fucking CHAOTIC DISCORD cover. What the fuck?! Buy this shit! For those who don't know, TOM AND BOOT BOYS along with DISCOCKS, SHIT-FACED and a host of others were the Japanese equivalents to the dumb drunk NYC pogo-punk revivalists of the early/mid '90s, and if anything were better at their jobs than their Western equivalents, both in terms of sonic output and alcohol consumption. It's glorious to see Pogo 77 Records revived at all, but it's doubly glorious to see them revived for such a monumental piece of gloriously shitty nonsense. I fucking love this record. (Pogo 77 records, www.pogo77.com)

Meanwhile...LIFEFORM released the sick EP I mentioned a couple of columns ago, and to no one's surprise it's a fucking killer. Compared to the demo this is a much mean and sonically lean band, stripping the sound down to a flanged bass, a hint of noize guitar plus plunking drums in the back and a face full of the snottiest US vox since CHAOS DESTROY. This is one of the rare noize-core recordings, up there with GAI and JIGOKU MANJYU flexis in terms of its menacing quality and intrinsic chaos. Furthermore, this is (yet another) case in which a seeming "bad" recording actually achieves an atmosphere that absolutely accentuates the quality of the recording. Honestly, I wish the last FUK EP sounded this good (or at least this desperate). I got one on glow-in-the-dark vinyl, go see if there's one of those left and/or demand a repress! (Distort Reality, www.myspace/distortrealityrecords)

Fuck, I really apologize for the delay, but I'll be caught up next month, with at least one rad demo I got sent in the mail, one on the internet and at least a couple of great Japanese jams! Get stoked for the LIFE new LP, I know I am! Until then write me c/o *MRR* or at agunderwood@gmail.com. And watch out for this shitty flu.

I have been thinking a bit lately about the cumulative impact of the punk scene/movement. That is to say, after something like 30 years, this subculture/counterculture/lifestyle has affected many more people than its founders could ever have imagined. Cultural historians talk about movements like DaDa or the Beat Poets in terms of a fixed group of people in a time and place. But hardcore/punk has continued to evolve and grow, a living breathing subculture, a way of life for many thousands. One of this scene's great strengths is that it is so heavily focused on youth. As such it is constantly recruiting new adherents to replace those who fade away. It's also has a continued and widespread appeal. Punk is still growing and attracting disaffected young people in places as diverse as small towns in the Midwest, upper class suburbs on the East Coast, housing blocks in the former USSR and big cities in the Philippines and Indonesia. In comparison, many scenes that were a big deal a few years ago, aren't exactly thriving. House? Deadheads? Gabber? Swing Dancing? I am sure each of these scenes has its die hards, but it's not a going concern worldwide the way punk is. Instead of going to shows and seeing the same old faces, I feel like every gig I go to is a whole new crop of people I don't know. And while the new waves might bring in influences I don't care for, they are shaking things up and creating something of their own.

But what I have mostly been thinking about are the people who have passed through. For most punk was a fleeting fancy of youth. Maybe a few years of going to gigs and hanging out with friends who shared the punk subculture. For others, the interest was more profound, they played in a band, booked gigs, started a label. And some people made a serious commitment for many years of hard work touring, distributing records, editing fanzines, and then eventually faded away.

In the early '80s a wave of social activism swept through the punk scene. Punk then was much more political than it is today. There was a real feeling that punk, like the counter culture movements of the '60s was some kind of radical force for social change. This kind of thing seems quaint and naïve now, but it was widely accepted at the time. I would argue that, while punk failed to achieve radical social change in those days, it's long term effects have perhaps been more profound then we think. That is to say, the waves of people who have moved through the scene over the past three decades may have taken with them into their later lives and careers some of the fundamental precepts of the punk ethos and applied them elsewhere. Has then the social impact of the movement been wider than we think? Or does punk simply mirror social movements already in vogue among the youth?

In challenging the conformity and conservatism of the Reagan/Thatcher era, did punk help create a social space in which issues like discrimination, racism and social equality were discussed and confronted? Or were these already the hot topics on college campuses and punks just played a part? One thing is for sure; mainstream culture is a great deal more tolerant and less violent towards outsiders and non-conformists than it was 20 years ago. Would veganism and vegetarianism be as mainstream and widespread had they not been disseminated by legions of punk bands from anarcho punk to XveganX mosh warriors?

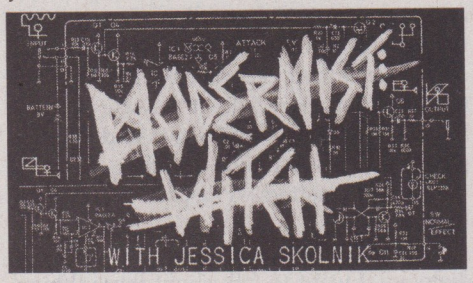
Interestingly, I think the place punk

influence has most infiltrated the mainstream is not in one of these social movements, but in the realm of design and media. Punk's influence on graphic design, fashion and media seem to be quite deep. It's not surprising, since the early punk scene attracted a lot of creative and art school types who went on to careers in fashion, design and advertising, from Vivienne Westwood to the present. I swear the cover of Business Week looks more and more like a punk 7" or fanzine cover with every issue. In an industry where a huge premium is put on new looks and new ideas, it's not surprising that the punk image and look was quickly co-opted into the mainstream and is plundered again and again for new material.

If we look at the impact of punk in this realm, can we make the case that punk has spread its influence in other, harder to quantify areas as well? One could make that case. But one could also argue that the progressive social movements associated with punk in the early '80s were movements at large in society and that punk's part in those movements was smaller than it seemed. This is an easy case to make since the majority of people into punk music were not deeply involved with any kind of activism, but many of the movers and shakers and punk media was. This gives the impression of a bloc or movement where in fact a great deal of diversity existed. Indeed, there has always been a small but measurable radical right wing group within the punk hardcore scene at the other end of the spectrum. Most of the young people at gigs were just trying to have some fun while they were young, but certainly they absorbed some of the ideas and social undercurrents around them. So did these people bring with them into later life some ideals from their punk phase? Is there a wider tendency in society today to question authority? To reject conformity? To tolerate people with different ideas or lifestyles? And is this the influence of punk at work? Or is it just wishful thinking among an older generation of punks that believe that all that protest and anger had some effect on society (outside of fashion, music and graphic design) after all?

Certainly in the late '80s and '90s there was more of a feeling that punk wasn't going to change the world, but it could influence people to change themselves and the world around them for the better. Perhaps looking for wider social change is a mistake. The real measure of the influence of punk on all those who passed through the movement is at a more personal and individual level. People daily make choices in how they live their lives that are of great impact. What products you buy, the lifestyle you live has an impact on the world around you. In this realm I feel like we can safely say hardcore punk has had a great deal of impact on people's personal lives and the choices they make. Many years after reading the back cover of a Conflict record, someone might still choose to follow a vegetarian lifestyle or boycott EMI. They might be more likely to call bullshit on the media, politicians or cops who wish to lie and deceive. Ironically, this makes the impact of punk seem more like the influence of something like religious belief than of a social movement.

Did hardcore punk succeed in making the world a better place? A look around at how little has changed in the world since 1977, or 1984 or 1988 makes me doubt it. But it has probably made a lot of people's lives better, more worthwhile, more meaningful. Perhaps I am taking an overly optimistic point of view, but I do think it applies to some, perhaps most of the people who passed through the scene in the last 20 or 30 years.



How much art can you take, part the millionth

This is a continuation of *The Conversation* piece, I suppose. I have endless thoughts about such things.

Here is the thing that is frustrating: I believe all art, all speech, all perspectives have the right to be made and voiced. I absolutely do not believe in censorship.

Saying, "I find this offensive/hurtful" or "I don't want this in my space" or "This isn't a band I personally want to support because of this" is not censorship. There are many other places that art/speech can go. There is an audience for it. It is just not an audience I feel personally comfortable being a part of, if that is what I am saying.

I also feel that every piece of art should be judged carefully, in context. Who is making it? What perspectives is it coming from? What does it hope to achieve? How does it make me feel? Why is that? Who is the intended audience? What materials were used?

This is why it is hugely frustrating to me when people bring up other pieces of art, other actions in discussions like this. It is one thing to say, "Punk has a long history of confrontational and provocative art and actions, and that is part of the context." Absolutely, I agree! It is something I always take into consideration when I'm looking at art/listening to music/considering choice of imagery. But to bring up art that is canon-acceptable today: "Well, what about this? Or that?" We can talk about those works, sure, but there are two false arguments embedded in that line of conversation: an equivalency between two works created at different times by different people in different contexts (they are only equivalent insofar as they are both provocative, but then we have to get back into individual contexts and ask all the questions again that I did above about the art that is being compared), and an assumption that the person being argued with finds the given canon-acceptable thing personally acceptable (they may or they may not).

This is not to say that I think that ham-fisted progressive ideology works either. I don't think just roundly condemning one's peers is all that useful (this is where I part ways with many people and where I have been called weak), though I understand and empathize with the reasons why it happens (when it is coming from those who are marginalized in a situation). It is just not the rhetorical choice I make for myself most of the time (unless I am directly and personally insulted and in that case I tend to just shut down and leave).

There have been arguments made that the power structure in HC/punk has changed—that "social justice" now has the floor to the exclusion of other perspectives. I'd like to examine that argument a little bit. I agree that there are certain words and concepts that immediately provoke a reaction. I agree that sometimes that reaction goes into places that are not helpful, especially if they are coming from allies and not marginalized people affected by said phrases, words and concepts in a visceral way. I agree that we can sometimes get carried into argumentative places we don't necessarily want to go because of strong emotional reactions, and that is a thing that I think is worthy of recognition and respect—if someone is coming at you from a forceful emotional place, this is because these are subjects that are very important to them personally, and that is something worthy of respect in and of itself. (I am thinking here specifically about the Church Whip controversy and how I saw them called "rape apologists" a lot when that is not actually what was happening—as someone who does a good deal of sexual assault advocacy I find it important to name the phenomenon that was actually happening. They used a word that has a good deal of specific emotional weight in a way that was, to me, irresponsible and

which tied into a general at-large rape culture that minimizes rape-as-sexual-assault. But that is not what rape apologism is. Rape apologism is what happens when a survivor of rape is blamed for causing their own assault and/or other excuses are made for the rapist's actions. To position yourself against something you must understand what's actually going on at the root of that thing. But I understand why people were using that phrase—they felt that they didn't have better words to describe it, and they got caught up in the emotion that word can provoke. That is a legitimate thing worthy of understanding. It is still inaccurate.)

I also think that there is plenty of support out there for people who want to use provocative, potentially hurtful language, concepts and imagery in ways that I might personally avoid or consider irresponsible. There is a very loud voice that has, in my experience, even more punk legitimacy than the more "social justice"-oriented voices that says, "Why are you politicizing this," "You have a stick up your ass," "You're no fun." That isn't conducive to actual worthwhile discussion either, no matter how it would often like to frame itself as the "more enlightened" view because it can "separate" itself from emotional reaction (an idea steeped in white male intellectual/academic supremacy). There are histories of resistance to change on both sides. Both sides want to be right.

And I find it interesting how reactions to differing sides of this argument differ. While there may be threads on a messageboard discussing blacklisting a band (of white men) for using certain imagery (I am not getting into things like actual sexual assaults here because that is a different conversation not about art), calling them idiots or assholes or whatever, it is unlikely there will be long-term reporting as to their personal lives, habits and appearances. There are threads on messageboards that I have learned to avoid (but that get reported back to me sometimes) that I have mentioned in this space before—in which I am dissected as fat (I am, it's fine)/ugly (to some, not to others)/feminazi (have you read anything I have to say about mainstream Feminism ever, also that is the goofiest word)/bitch (also debatable)/lesbo (pretty much, it's fine). And what that means for my life, for my personal safety, is far different from what that means for that band's personal safety. Why? Because structural oppressions still exist in our sub/culture.

I would also like to investigate why when we tell our own stories—when I write about mental health, or being raped, or addiction, or the things I have faced being an out queer person, for instance—those things get dismissed as "whiny narcissism" or whatever. A white straight man that has never dealt with mental health, or addiction, or sexual assault, or gender/sexuality issues in his own life might get praise for writing about the same issues from the same crowd that would condemn me for writing about my life.

Position matters. Perspective matters. Power matters.

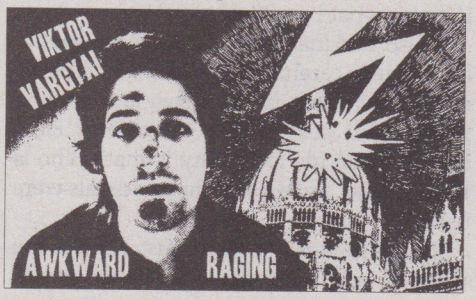
Why does it take removal from a subject to make it "legitimate?" I would argue that it makes it less legitimate if you are not telling your own story. I write (fictional) stories from perspectives not my own sometimes, or using characters who have backgrounds and experiences very different from my own, because I live in a world that contains people with backgrounds and experiences very different from my own, but I am very careful about how I handle such things, and I try to handle them with respect. I listen to people with those backgrounds and experiences if they tell me I am wrong. I am aware that I will probably fuck up. I do not *claim* their experiences. They are not mine to claim. Especially if they are people I hold social power over (within and without punk), they are not mine to claim.

Position matters. Perspective matters. Power matters.

This is about discussion. This is about dialogue. I want to talk about these things. We may differ on them, but, as I have said before in this space, if we come to all of this from a place of basic respect for one another, if we listen to one another, if we truly engage with one another's arguments instead of talking past one another, getting stuck in talking points rather than actual give-and-take dialogue, something worthwhile is happening. It happens, often in spaces away from the public eye, but I would like it to happen more often (between parties who agree *and* disagree with one another).

You may reach me at themodernistwitch.tumblr.com, modernistwitch@gmail.com.

Hate will be reported and not responded to, thoughtful & respectful dissent is fine.



This time around I'd like to talk a little about a band that is actually around today, instead of just focusing on long dead bands in this column. I thought I'd talk a little about the band PEOPLE, from Oita in Japan, which is easily my favourite band today and one that has proved elusive to *MRR* interview requests in the past. So, without further ado, here's a sort of oral-ish history of PEOPLE!

My first meeting with the wonderfully oddly-named Japanese punk rock band PEOPLE was upon hearing the *Noizenation* CD-R (Feminist records) in 2007. I still play this CD-R still today as it's got a pristine "SWANKYS' Children" style mix of punk rock with whiney vocals and noisy distortion guitars. The sound of the CD-R is actually so good too that I think it should be re-issued on vinyl. It was after playing the *Noizenation* CD-R nonstop way back six years ago that convinced me I needed to start a fanzine again with the exact reason to run an interview with PEOPLE, my new favourite band (I used to write punk zines as a kid in Sweden, growing up in the 1990s)! And that's just what I did…well start a zine that is. Problem was I could not find a contact for the band—in fact it was impossible finding anything about the band on the internet. You try searching for "PEOPLE". All I knew was that the band was based in Onomichi, close to Hiroshima, Japan.

But then one day I got an email from a kid in L.A. called Fabian who told me he was starting a new label called Damaging Noise records. He told me the first release would be a reissue of the PEOPLE CD-R on EP. Fabian promised to sort out a contact for the band so I could interview them, but nothing came out of that for various reasons. A year later I got a bunch of records from Fabian in the post, included the amazing PEOPLE *Fetish* EP (I was lucky to get a copy both versions) as well as his other new release (DEAD NOISE EP). PEOPLE's debut EP was not just the CD-R on vinyl as Fabian had said it would be, but a brand new five-song recording, which continues in the same vein as the CD-R (albeit with slightly poorer sound mastering compared to the CD-R). Shortly after the EP came out, *Maximum Rocknroll* asked me if I could help find a contact for PEOPLE for an interview, but getting hold of the band proved impossible, almost as difficult as getting Fabian to answer my emails! Then in the autumn of 2008, the legendary *Fairy Tale* album was released on cassette (and later on two different CD-R versions) on PEOPLEs' own Feminist records. The album starts with a screeching hard distortion noise punk rock song and largely continues in the same vein, but aside from being simply "noise for

the sake of noise" the album reveals great song writing with catchy songs underneath layers of noise. A few years later, in March 2010 to be exact, Fabian dropped the news that he'd re-release the *Fairy Tale* album on a LP on his Damaging Noise records and soon began to sending out emails about the record, revealing that the LP would consist of the *Fairy Tale* album on the A-side with a new recording on the flip.

But still in 2008, I finally got hold of a member from PEOPLE, Haruki, then the guitarist of the band. We exchanged a few emails and he agreed to do the interview for *MRR*, but perhaps because of the language barrier nothing really came out of it. Some time later *MRR* once more asked about the interview, so I thought this time I'll get a Japanese friend to write the band in Japanese. My Japanese friend wrote a bunch of emails to Haruki, but after sometime without any answers my mate got hold of an email to Shingo, the vocalist of PEOPLE, and asked him what's up. Shingo responded a few months later (haha) saying that unfortunately the band was going to go into a hiatus. Hearing this I kind of figured the band had split up for good, which is of course very normal for punk bands. They all break up all the time, right?!

Next I heard of PEOPLE was from my friends in the WANKYS who toured Japan in January/February 2010. At one of the gigs, Shingo came to see The WANKYS and he explained that PEOPLE had indeed split up, because he was moving back to Kyushu, but once he's settled again in his home town Oita he would reform the band with new members. As a result of that meeting, PEOPLE were featured on Mr Wanky's compilation *Downtown Noise Punker Volume 3* that came out the same spring, with two songs taken from the *Fairy Tale* album. Sometime the same spring, Shingo had managed to draft new members to PEOPLE and a new line-up began rehearsing and playing gigs. Sometime in the summer, PEOPLE released a new cassette tape called *Meltdown*, which sold out in ten minutes after appeared in Japanese punk shops (no joke). *Meltdown* was impossible to buy anywhere else, but luckily I eventually scored a copy off Remi from Honda/Honda in France, who had got it in a trade from someone in Japan. This tape contains four live rehearsal songs recorded with poor quality—to suggest it was recorded on a mobile phone is probably not too far of the truth. Shingo had himself described it as "guerilla demonstration", or a bootleg demo, "undercover demo"... But more importantly, it is the first we got to hear of the resurrected PEOPLE, and even if the tape is suffering from severe sound quality, it was the first sign of the bands new direction. PEOPLE part two, basically, is less about hardcore and noise core, and more about the later Swanky punk rock sound that borders on pop punk. What's more, this tape also includes the instantly recognisable hit single in "You're Romeo, I am Juliet." In early 2011, the new line up of PEOPLE was busy gigging throughout the summer, no doubt making the band a lot tighter than ever before. In the autumn, PEOPLE were on the Vox Pop label Earthquake charity compilation called *Heal For Unality Touhoku*, with the previous mentioned song "Romeo."

During the winter of 2011 a photo of the PEOPLE LP test was posted on the PEOPLE website. Like most people, including the band, I had given up hope that Fabian would ever release the goddamn record, and for almost six months after that not a sound came from the label. But in February 2012, Fabian seemingly returned from the wilderness and announced that the LPs were due in just in three weeks. Understandably disappointed by the delay, Shingo announced the record on the band's website: "Soon to be released from Damaging Noise record in the USA, from our original cassette release on our label Feminist records, now comes the LP version of the album we produced while still based in Hiroshima. This is an old line-up of the band. Thank you, but this is a thing of the past." At the time of writing (April 2013), I am still waiting on the mail-order special blue vinyl *Fairy Tale* LP with badge that I ordered from Fabian's pop-up webstore immediately after the record came out (as well as a standard version of the same record). But nevermind, I of course grabbed a copy of the LP from La Vida Es Un Mus, just to be on the safe side, haha. What can I say about *Fairy Tale* LP that has not already been said? Look, I have the album on tape and on the two different CD-R versions, and it's been my go-to preferred album for over two years. And on vinyl, the record is still fucking great! The pre-release hype and fan speculation suggested the LP would be the *Fairy Tale* songs rerecorded, or remastered, with additional songs, possibly a second demo on the B-side. Well, the B-side of the LP sounds like a live rehearsal recording of the Hiroshima line-up rescued from the garbage bin. The sound is poor, comparable with the *Meltdown* tape. Mr Wanky said it was both the best record released ever (A-side) and the worst record released ever (B-side). It is nothing less than a ROCKNROLL SWINDLE, I'd say!

Having decided to ignore the scandal of *Fairy Tale* US vinyl release, in 2012 PEOPLE were busy with more important matters, such as writing new songs for a second album. The band played out very regularly last year, definitely looking to develop the prefect (new) sound. The album came out in September last year, again on Feminist records, and this time as a CD only release (although it will get vinyl treatment later on by a label in England, hopefully sooner than the previous LP!). My expectations for the second album was very high—based on *Meltdown* many suspected it would be a *Never can Eat Swank Dinner*–style pop punk record with less emphasis on noise than before. Shingo had said their new style was "rockabilly noise," and that of course got everyone even more curious! It's rare these days that you get excited about a new record, partly because there's so many new records that come out, and partly because a lot of new records just sound like old records. But even when you occasionally do get excited about a new punk record, typically the excitement dies down after a few plays, after which you place the record next to the other 5,000 new releases you acquired in the last month and then you forget about the fucking record. Look, I am not jaded, I am a realist. My point is *Authentic Oral Communication* is not just another punk record.

To begin with, as stated by the band, this album is almost a different band to the one made world famous by the *Very Best of Hero* noizuka of the first album *Fairy Tale*. This is in fact PEOPLE part two, and the album is very different to *Fairy Tale*. The starting reference point of this album will inevitably be the SWANKYS' second album *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner*, but actually after awhile you may perhaps notice an equally important influence: the criminally underrated Kyushu punk band the CUT, especially the studio songs on their only full-length album *Categorize*. And appropriately enough, Comic, the singer from the CUT, drew the artwork for the new PEOPLE album. Of course, one of the defining characteristics of PEOPLE has been the singer's style of singing that mimics that of Watch from the SWANKYS and you'd be excused for thinking that PEOPLE's creative destiny was always to follow that of the SWANKYS: from noisy hardcore (GAI) to melodic punkrock (i.e. *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner*). Inevitably, a lot of people will consider the new PEOPLE album as their *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner* moment, and not all will like it (just like not everyone likes the second the SWANKYS album (idiots)). But there is

more to *Authentic Oral Communication* than looking backwards and giving homage to old heroes. I'd argue that *Authentic Oral Communication* is nothing less than the invention of a new genre of punk rock: Pop-Noise. I already suggested that a lot of punk records nowadays just sound like rehashed sounds of old bands. The problem is not trying to stay within the boundaries of "how punk sounds like" by copying the past or assimilating old fashions, but exactly in failing to write great punk songs. Like Mark Wankys said about DISORDER, early DISORDER songs are fucking classics, and few bands today are able to match the song writing of DISORDER (even as that band is popularly remembered as being a chaotic drunken mess!). Out of the eight songs on the new PEOPLE album, almost all of them are for sure to-be-classic punk rock songs and they sound nothing like any other band today. The songs are "contemporary" yet with enough spit and vomit to fit perfectly within the stylistic boundaries of punk, and punk only I should add. *Authentic Oral Communication* is at turns melodic, in a way that recalls old rockabilly, with that twangy rock'n'roll guitar sound, but also noisy, with a guitar that is so noisy it is hard to hear any riffs, like a broken transistor radio.

Ok, predictably, some may say that PEOPLE has stopped playing noise-core on their second album, which is of course right, but if you listen to everything the band has done before you will hear the seed of the new album. And while the new album is in some ways "pop," it is far from mainstream pop. Shit, I don't think any radio channel anywhere will be playing PEOPLE any day soon, if you know what I mean. Personally, I continue to play the CD pretty much daily.

While PEOPLE have expressed a desire to come and play in England, it is by no means guaranteed that they will ever play outside of Japan; anyway, a tour would be difficult to arrange as they're not the type of hardcore punk band that enough people are into today, particularly as the band has shaken off the cloak of "Japanese noise-core" with this latest masterpiece album. But for those planning on going to Japan, like most Japanese bands, PEOPLE continue to play live regularly, often arranging gigs for touring bands such as OLEDICKFOGGY, CAPTAIN IDOL, CONTROL and many more under the name "Public Organization." While I sit here hoping that my favourite band will come to England this year, and while I continue to daydream of going to Kyushu, in the meanwhile let's hope PEOPLE record a new record soon!

"What the fuck is that?" I think to myself as I hear something moving through the dead grass, breaking twigs along the way. I look over at My Ex-Mommy, and she's fast asleep. Suddenly I hear the sound again, and I start to make some noise. I'm scared. It's only my second time ever in the woods.

My Ex-Mommy opens her eyes, tells me everything will be okay, and rolls over and begins to snore again. More rustling sounds. But this time it's closer to the window of the cabin I'm staying in.

"Wake up," I say to My Ex-Mommy, but somehow it only comes out as a faint whimper. Then I see them outside. The eyes of death. Shimmering in the blankets of darkness. Reflecting the fear that has reached down and seized my soul.

I think it was then I howled in fear.

***

I should have known things were getting strange a few days earlier. I had just finished eating a bowl of rice and beef and drinking ice water. I was drying my face on the side of the couch, as I usually do, when My Ex-Mommy took out a suitcase. I looked at her and wondered where the hell she thought she was going.

"You want to go on a trip?" she asks me in that high voice she uses when she talks to me like I'm a three year old.

I look at her, say nothing, then lay down on my back.

"So you are going to ignore me?" My Ex-Mommy says.

I yawn, and continue to stare at her.

"Fine," she says, and starts to pack up some belongings.

As she does so, I just watch television upside down. It looks better that way.

Finally, My Ex-Mommy finishes filling her bag, and asks me what I'd like to take with me.

I tell her to just pack up my toys and some food, and maybe a coat- if where we are going is cold.

She looks at me as if she understands what I'm saying. But I know she doesn't, because she starts to pack up my shampoo and various sorts of pills. I take lots of those.

"Anything else?" she asks me as she goes into the bathroom with a stool and takes down some freshly cleaned towels.

I scream at her to get off the fucking stool, that it scares me because her balance, well, sucks. But as usual, she just ignores me.

Finally she finishes packing. So, I go into the bedroom and whine for her to come to bed. She ignores me so I go back out into the living room and whine in her face some more. Eventually she comes to bed, and I curl up into a little ball next to her warm body and fall asleep, dreaming of finding yummy things to eat on the streets of the city.

The next morning is, well, fucked up. To say the least.

My Ex-Mommy tells me we're going to visit my cousins Elijah, Emily, and Loki. Then we get into a car and the next thing I know, she's shoving pills down my throat and I'm falling asleep.

I wake up in complete darkness what I think is a few hours later. Beneath me, I feel heavy rumbling, and I hear My Ex-Mommy's voice, although I can't make out what she's saying. I feel as though I've been kidnapped, thrown into a bag, and taken somewhere against my will. So I start to whimper.

"Quiet, P.J.," George says. I know it's him because I smell his cheap cologne.

"It's okay baby," My Ex-Mommy says, and takes me out of the bag underneath the airplane seat in front of her, and cuddles with me.

"What kind of dog is that?" asks this hot looking woman in a tight blue and red uniform, who seems to be giving out food to everyone but me.

"He's a Yorkie," says George, with his punk rock denim vest over his head, trying to take a nap.

"He's three years old and weighs eight pounds," adds My Ex-Mommy, before the next questions can be asked.

The lady nods her head and tells me I'm a good boy. If I'm such a good boy, why doesn't she give me any fucking food?

Eventually we land in someplace called California, and I take the longest and best piss of my life against the side of some guy's suitcase. Turns out it's my dad, George's suitcase.

A few days later I find myself staying in this small house. Well, smaller than the house that my cousins Elijah, Emily, and Loki live in. But, still ten times larger than my home in New York.

"Are you having a good time?" asks My Ex-Mommy as she sun bathes on a plastic chair in front of the small house, reading one of her smelly magazines.

I think about that. If having a good

time means running around with no leash, taking shits outside whenever I feel like it, eating off Emily and Elijah's plate, never mind eating out of Loki's bowl, as well as the bowl of those two cats- then I'm having a *great* time! So I bark with joy.

***

Later that night, after taking my final dump of the day, I hop up into bed and settle in for a good night's sleep between my mom and dad.

And I do get some. For about three hours. Then I hear it. The sound.

It wasn't like the noises I hear back at home. It didn't vibrate with those low frequencies like those huge trucks that collect all that yummy stuff in plastic bags. Nor did it go "Wooooo-Woooo!" like those big red trucks and funny blue cars with all the lights.

No. This sound was different. It sounded like *someone* moving. Right outside the window. In the dry grass.

So I made the mistake of looking, and it was then I saw the two eyes of Armageddon. I began to howl with fear, then bark furiously. Mom or Dad *had* to wake up. Finally My Ex-Mommy speaks.

"What's the matter, honey?" she says, scooping me up in her arms and then falling right back to sleep.

"Screw this," I say to myself, leap up, and bark right in George's face. As loud as I can.

"Huh?" my dad finally says as I wake him out of his little green and little white pill haze. I scream to George that there is a demon outside the window, staring in, and it's probably here to kill us. And for him to do something.

So my dad does. He gets up, looks out the window I'm barking at, sees the eyes like I do, and screams. Then he runs back into bed, hides under the covers, and wakes up My Ex-Mommy.

"What's all the noise about?" mom finally asks.

George tells her that he sees huge devil eyes staring at us. And that connected to those devil eyes is a mean long face, and horns!

I bark in agreement. My Ex-Mommy tells us that we are both nuts and gets up to look for herself. And when she does, she doesn't scream. She doesn't even cry. Nope. She just says, "awwwwwww!"

"What are you 'awwwwwing' about?", screams dad, "Satan's come to Santa Cruz!"

"Put on your glasses, George," My Ex-Mommy says as she picks me up, and takes us both to the window.

"See?" she says, as we all look at the horned thing with the big eyes, "It's Bambi, all grown-up!"

"Doh! A deer!" yells dad.

Mom laughs, and that's the end of my shaggy dog story. And I'm sticking to it.

Take My Life, Please.

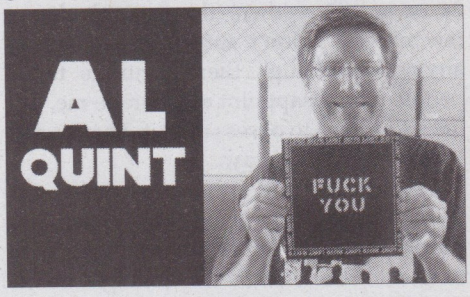
Endnotes:

1. PJ was a great writer when he was three. Since then he's gone on to pen three original novels and ghost wrote all the *Harry Potter* books and *Twilight* ones, too. And you'd think he'd share some of his dough? Nope. Instead, he's got gold bones buried around the whole city. Kids.

2. Drug Front records just may be the best Punk Rock Record Label to ever come out of NYC! Run by engineer, producer, bass player, and all around great guy, Dean Rispler, has signed the best of the Big Apple, and man, what a line-up! "The Mess Around" is one of the bands, and their first CD, *Boner Time* is straight up rock'n'roll like I haven't heard in decades. Real blues-based hard stuff with tunes like "Shake It On Down," "It's Alright" and "The Coldest Month," this is real rock and real music that makes you want to dance! Get this album and try and seem them at some dingy dirty bar before they get huge, cause they are fun in *that* way! Hell Yeah! Also on Drug Front is the new one from those Hockey nuts outta Long Island, 2 Man Advantage. More songs about hockey and beer from this stick swingers that'll hit you like a puck right between the eyes. Songs like "Rookie Season", "Keepers of the Cup" and "Legend of the Pond" really say it all. Hockey, Punk Rock, Beer and More Hockey! Great stuff that should go over huge up North in Canaduh! Then there is the last Candy Snatcher's album, *Down at Delilah's* which rocks almost as hard as Larry's new band (Larry being the singer from the now defunct Candy Snatchers) Born Loose. Oh yeah, RIP Matt, guitarist of the Snatchers, who was a great and funny and really nice guy. He will be really *really* missed. Anyway, Born Loose play that hard-ass Punk Rock that's in the same vein as Zeke, Super-Suckers and Whole Hog. Great American tunes that will have you up and kicking ass in no time. The guys play it hard, and with Suke on guitar, who used to be in Iron Prostate, you know they know their stuff. There are also other great bands like Cudzoo & the Faggettes, the Live Ones and more. And I'll get to them…

3. World War IX is another great NYC local band who have a new EP out called *Off the Wagon*. These guys sound like more like early Black Flag than Black Flag sounded like early Black Flag. Think "Jealous Again" meets "Six Pack" meets "Gimmie Gimmie". Yeah, they are *that* good. Hard as fuck, scary amount of rage, and fun and funny. These guys have it all. I will go out on a limb and say this band has a couple of tunes that may stay in my top ten forever. Great! Also check out Justin the guitar player's comic books, *Earaches and Eyesores*. Comics about life in the East Village and LES that are so true it hurts., really! Justin has Punk Rock life here down pat. He's all around talented guy. Actually, New York is lucky to have him. You go, Justin!

4. Just want to officially welcome the new editor(s) at *MRR*! It's a hard job, and I really really *really* appreciate it. And so should you. Or this ink-fest wouldn't be in your hands, turning them into Zebra skin! You go!



The "FUCK YOU" Hall of Fame

"Gonna buy me a gun just as long as my arm/and kill everyone who ever done me wrong"—Gun Club, "For The Love Of Ivy."

I have a long memory. Some might say too long though I don't think it's as long as Ellen's. She remembers everything, especially when it applies to something wrong that I did in the past. Even if I don't remember all of them, I assume they couldn't have been that bad because, this month (June 5), we'll have been married for 25 years and we've been together for a total of 34. As I always say, it's amazing she's put up with my nonsense as long as she has. That's why she's one in a million. (OK, stop making *awwwwww* noises now)

But, yeah, the long memory. Recently, while I was moving stuff around to clean my bureau, the only two sports trophies I ever won caught my attention. Won 'em in 1971 and 1974, for basketball. Basically, I was lucky enough to get on two championship teams despite my dubious playing skills—zero points for the first team, four for the second. That's for the whole season, by the way. And it made me think there could have been a third trophy in 1973 if I hadn't been kicked off the team by the asshole captain, a guy by the name of Marty. The team went on to be undefeated and I got ganked. I ended up playing on whatever

team needed a warm body each week for the rest of the season. It's not something that left me permanently scarred, but I never forgot about it. Pathetic, I know. Marty went on to have a pretty good jock career at Swampscott High and I have no idea what happened to him afterward. I thought I saw him on Facebook at one point and considered sending him an email about how he ruined my opportunity to have that third trophy, but he seems to have disappeared from the site. Hopefully, he's been divorced a couple of times, works at a shitty middle management job and is paunchy and bald. Bitter? Me?

So I'm thinking that maybe I should make a list of people who did me wrong from childhood up until, say, when I was 24 or so. Since then, the list only has a few names. I don't suffer fools as easily anymore, although there continue to be people who disappoint and enrage me. But life's too short to obsess over it. That's what I keep saying, anyway.

Really, though, my younger years weren't *completely* hellacious and you should view this list more as venting with tongue in cheek. I was only joking with the Gun Club quote above, but it did plant the seed for this column. I was listening to some of their stuff last night and woke up today with that song stuck in my head. It's on their first album *Fire Of Love*, which I highly recommend. The band was at its pinnacle.

And away we go!

–FUCK YOU Mark, for pissing on my jacket in the woods when we were in grade school. Thing is I didn't remember this incident until he told me about it some 38 years later. We reconnected around 2004 and he thought I'd be mad at him about that and apologized, so he's actually off the hook.

–FUCK YOU Tina, for scratching my face when you found out I liked you in the 4th grade. The school nurse got a kick out of my failed romantic overtures while she cleaned up the wound. And FUCK YOU to your brother Miles kicking my ass at bowling.

–FUCK YOU Jane, for being a smarmy asshole to me in the 6th grade and calling me "Googy" for some odd reason. This was long before the Misfits existed, too.

–FUCK YOU Marty, for throwing me off the basketball team in '73 (we already covered this).

–FUCK YOU Skip, for thinking it was funny to put a padlock on my locker where I had stored my clothes during a basketball game and I had to walk home in the snow wearing shorts and a basketball shirt to change and then come back with my old man to discover it was you who had done it.

–FUCK YOU Dick, for being an asshole to me when you were my Little League coach. At least he didn't throw any balls at me or hit me like that basketball coach at Rutgers who just got fired for his verbal tirades and physical assaults of his players.

–FUCK YOU Mike, for sucker-punching me in the face at the Boys Club camp in Middleton. Glad they tossed your ass out of camp for a few weeks.

–FUCK YOU Mrs. M, for reading our grades out loud in French class and, when you got to me, you said the following: "C-minus...*barely*." Incidentally, it turns out her nephew played in a fairly popular Boston pop-punk band in the '90s. He once asked me if I knew his aunt and I told her that story. He got all apologetic. I told him it wasn't necessary. He used to hook me up with free burritos at a shop he worked in. I can't remember if that was before or after I told him about his aunt but perhaps it was his way of trying to make amends.

–FUCK YOU Denise, for firing me from my bagger job at Star Market. And other FUCK YOUs go to Mrs. G and the lady who ratted me out for putting her eggs in the bag the wrong way.

–FUCK YOU to the bullies—there were only a few, but one in particular, Bobby, basically made the last year and a half of my high school years pretty miserable… mainly because I was too much of a wimp to fight back.

–FUCK YOU to a few of my college roommates and dorm mates. Maybe I wasn't ready for the college experience, not all that mature, but I know about the smarmy comments behind my back. That includes Dave, who insisted on smoking in the room even though smoke bothered me. I did spray air freshener on him one time, though. Actually, I take the FUCK YOU back a bit. He wasn't that bad a guy and did apologize for being nasty to me when he was kissing the porcelain throne in the bathroom after imbibing a bit too much and I helped him out. Let's just say a six-pack and Riunite wine aren't a good combination. We had to throw away the sheets he ralphed on.

–FUCK YOU Ellery, my supervisor at my first post-collegiate job as a retail management trainee. Sure, my heart wasn't really in it but when you tell me I'm not putting in enough time when I'm working 50 or so hours a week... fill in the rest.

–FUCK YOU Harry, my boss in the loan department at the bank. This guy was disappointed that I'd been a fuck-up and said he was particularly disappointed in me because "guys can do a job better than a girl." And FUCK YOU to Sandy, who complained to him about my failings instead of talking to me about it, first. FUCK YOU BOTH for smoking all day in a windowless office. Whew... enough of that. Besides, the passage of time has lessened the bitterness a bit. Now I can look back and laugh. Hmmm, where have I heard that before?

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Rekkids And Such

The latest 7" by NEO CONS, *Idiot Circus* (their third) is their best to date. Vocalist Jason Halal once got irked when I referred to his band as "garage" and I can kind of see his point. This is just good, thumping punk rock, veering into speedier territory at times, with plenty of snot 'n snarl and sarcastic lyrics that still have a message. Making fun of economic Darwinists, warmongers and NIMBY ("not in my backyard") snobs and it's done without heavy-handedness. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

Speaking of snot 'n snarl, there's ex-PINK LINCOLN Chris Barrows's new band SACK, with their debut CD *Punk is Not Dead*. Old punks never die and don't have to fade away, either. Damn, that's trite but what I'm trying to say is Chris ain't no spring chicken and is still involved in this thing we called punk and his new band provides a bashing good time. Rough, loud swill that comes across as more aggressive than the Lincolns (although they were hardly a soft rock band). The bass is particularly pulverizing and it toughens up the sound. Simple and straight-forward and that's all ya need sometimes. (www.facebook.com/SAC666SAC)

I loved the BAD DADDIES's first 7" and split with WHITE FANG and their new EP, *Bad Year*, is just as great. On the first side, it's five quick punk songs with lots of buzz, burn and guitar feedback and vocals that are both sweet-sounding and tough-as-nails. "Short Sale" is the epic, nearly two minutes long, with a bass/drums intro flowing into catchy punk and then into a noisy morass. There's only one song on the flip and it's a cover of "If I Gave You A Party" by SEXUAL HARRASSMENT, who, in all honesty, I hadn't heard of before. Turns out they were an early '80s group from Cleveland and YouTube reveals a quirky, near-novelty tune consisting of vocals, rhythm machine and synth. The Daddies do a short version of it and punctuate it with plenty of feedback and it's one of those doggone earworms I can't shake off right now. 137 copies this time so don't dawdle. (Central District, schwoeff2@hotmail.com)

RATSAK are loud 'n raucous Aussies with a muscular, guitar-driven approach

and beefy vocals and they've released a fine debut four song 7". Thorny, coming on like a cross between West Coast punk and early FUCKED UP. Fiery and driving but without the bombast. Nearly catchy, dare I say. And I'm looking forward to hearing more. (12XU, 3005 S. Lamar Blvd., D109-403, Austin, TX 78704, 12XU.net)

SECRET PROSTITTUES and COLA FREAKS team up for a pretty damned good 12". You might think that a band from Houston with a vocalist who sings in Indonesian and a band from Denmark whose vocalist sings in, well, Danish might not have a lot in common but that's not really true. Both the Secret Prostitutes and the Cola Freaks (who recently called it quits) have a jittery sound inspired by '77 punk but they each add their own warped elements to it. The production on the Prostitutes' tracks sounds a bit clearer than in the past, but it's certainly not slick (thankfully). Short, simple, succinct (and catchy) songs. Cola Freaks have always had a jumpy, minimalist sound and the keyboards add to that nervousness. The final track, the lengthy "Had for Had," has a numbing and repetitive arrangement that comes across like Krautrock gone punk, with more dominance on the keyboards. Something like that. Killer material by both bands (Bad Hair Life, badhairliferecords.blogspot.com)

After a number of decent-if-not-mindblowing 7"s, the SHIRKS make their 12" bow and this self-titled disc is quite good—it flat-out fucking rocks, in fact. Slammin' bangin' punk rock with a semi blown-out sound that makes the speakers shake if you play it loud enough—and I've been doing just that. The one-two punch that starts this disc, "Motherhood Of The Wolf" and "Sex Gear," don't allow you to take a breath. They occasionally opt for a poppier emphasis ("I Don't Want To Work It," "Bad Area") and the rough production prevents it from getting wimpy. Nice chiming guitar solo on "I Don't...," as well. (Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

And finally, there's the vinyl pressing of Portland band TRAUMA's 2009 demo. Trauma includes Billy and Todd from TRAGEDY (and a million other bands) and Jeff Paul from '80s hardcore band FINAL WARNING. Sadly, Jeff was killed in a motorcycle accident earlier this year. This was his first band since the '80s and he still sounded as bellicose as ever, accompanied by the full-on, D-beat hardcore blitz. Packing plenty of unfettered rage with nothing complicated to mess things up—a complete ripper. I might like this better than the 12" that came out last year on Feral Ward, although that's definitely worth hearing as well. R.I.P. Jeff. (Bulkhead, 6376 N. Vancouver Ave., Portland, OR 97217, bulkheadrecords.com)

Before wrapping things up, some news about my radio show Sonic Overload. In addition to the Monday show that I record and then upload, there's going to be a live show on Stench Radio (www.stenchradio.com), tentatively scheduled for Wednesdays from 6 to 8 pm Eastern. Check the site for more details.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net, subvox.blogspot.com

R.I.P. Barbara Quint—my Aunt Barbara

This time around I'd like to talk a little about a band that is actually around today, instead of just focusing on long dead bands in this column. I thought I'd talk a little about the band PEOPLE, from Oita in Japan, which is easily my favourite band today and one that has proved elusive to *MRR* interview requests in the past. So, without further ado, here's a sort of oral-ish history of PEOPLE!

My first meeting with the wonderfully oddly-named Japanese punk rock band PEOPLE was upon hearing the *Noizenation* CD-R (Feminist records) in 2007. I still play this CD-R still today as it's got a pristine "SWANKYS' Children" style mix of punk rock with whiney vocals and noisy distortion guitars. The sound of the CD-R is actually so good too that I think it should be re-issued on vinyl. It was after playing the *Noizenation* CD-R nonstop way back six years ago that convinced me I needed to start a fanzine again with the exact reason to run an interview with PEOPLE, my new favourite band (I used to write punk zines as a kid in Sweden, growing up in the 1990s)! And that's just what I did…well start a zine that is. Problem was I could not find a contact for the band—in fact it was impossible finding anything about the band on the internet. You try searching for "PEOPLE". All I knew was that the band was based in Onomichi, close to Hiroshima, Japan.

But then one day I got an email from a kid in L.A. called Fabian who told me he was starting a new label called Damaging Noise records. He told me the first release would be a reissue of the PEOPLE CD-R on EP. Fabian promised to sort out a contact for the band so I could interview them, but nothing came out of that for various reasons. A year later I got a bunch of records from Fabian in the post, included the amazing PEOPLE *Fetish* EP (I was lucky to get a copy both versions) as well as his other new release (DEAD NOISE EP). PEOPLE's debut EP was not just the CD-R on vinyl as Fabian had said it would be, but a brand new five-song recording, which continues in the same vein as the CD-R (albeit with slightly poorer sound mastering compared to the CD-R). Shortly after the EP came out, *Maximum Rocknroll* asked me if I could help find a contact for PEOPLE for an interview, but getting hold of the band proved impossible, almost as difficult as getting Fabian to answer my emails! Then in the autumn of 2008, the legendary *Fairy Tale* album was released on cassette (and later on two different CD-R versions) on PEOPLEs' own Feminist records. The album starts with a screeching hard distortion noise punk rock song and largely continues in the same vein, but aside from being simply "noise for the sake of noise" the album reveals great song writing with catchy songs underneath layers of noise. A few years later, in March 2010 to be exact, Fabian dropped the news that he'd re-release the *Fairy Tale* album on a LP on his Damaging Noise records and soon began to sending out emails about the record, revealing that the LP would consist of the *Fairy Tale* album on the A-side with a new recording on the flip.

But still in 2008, I finally got hold of a member from PEOPLE, Haruki, then the guitarist of the band. We exchanged a few emails and he agreed to do the interview for *MRR*, but perhaps because of the language barrier nothing really came out of it. Some time later *MRR* once more asked about the interview, so I thought this time I'll get a Japanese friend to write the band in Japanese. My Japanese friend wrote a bunch of emails to Haruki, but after sometime without any answers my mate got hold of an email to Shingo, the vocalist of PEOPLE, and asked him what's up. Shingo responded a few months later (haha) saying that unfortunately the band was going to go into a hiatus. Hearing this I kind of figured the band had split up for good, which is of course very normal for punk bands. They all break up all the time, right?!

Next I heard of PEOPLE was from my

friends in the WANKYS who toured Japan in January/February 2010. At one of the gigs, Shingo came to see The WANKYS and he explained that PEOPLE had indeed split up, because he was moving back to Kyushu, but once he's settled again in his home town Oita he would reform the band with new members. As a result of that meeting, PEOPLE were featured on Mr Wanky's compilation *Downtown Noise Punker Volume 3* that came out the same spring, with two songs taken from the *Fairy Tale* album. Sometime the same spring, Shingo had managed to draft new members to PEOPLE and a new line-up began rehearsing and playing gigs. Sometime in the summer, PEOPLE released a new cassette tape called *Meltdown*, which sold out in ten minutes after appeared in Japanese punk shops (no joke). *Meltdown* was impossible to buy anywhere else, but luckily I eventually scored a copy off Remi from Honda/Honda in France, who had got it in a trade from someone in Japan. This tape contains four live rehearsal songs recorded with poor quality—to suggest it was recorded on a mobile phone is probably not too far of the truth. Shingo had himself described it as "guerilla demonstration", or a bootleg demo, "undercover demo"... But more importantly, it is the first we got to hear of the resurrected PEOPLE, and even if the tape is suffering from severe sound quality, it was the first sign of the bands new direction. PEOPLE part two, basically, is less about hardcore and noise core, and more about the later Swanky punk rock sound that borders on pop punk. What's more, this tape also includes the instantly recognisable hit single in "You're Romeo, I am Juliet." In early 2011, the new line up of PEOPLE was busy gigging throughout the summer, no doubt making the band a lot tighter than ever before. In the autumn, PEOPLE were on the Vox Pop label Earthquake charity compilation called *Heal For Unality Touhoku*, with the previous mentioned song "Romeo."

During the winter of 2011 a photo of the PEOPLE LP test was posted on the PEOPLE website. Like most people, including the band, I had given up hope that Fabian would ever release the goddamn record, and for almost six months after that not a sound came from the label. But in February 2012, Fabian seemingly returned from the wilderness and announced that the LPs were due in just in three weeks. Understandably disappointed by the delay, Shingo announced the record on the band's website: "Soon to be released from Damaging Noise record in the USA, from our original cassette release on our label Feminist records, now comes the LP version of the album we produced while still based in Hiroshima. This is an old line-up of the band. Thank you, but this is a thing of the past." At the time of writing (April 2013), I am still waiting on the mail-order special blue vinyl *Fairy Tale* LP with badge that I ordered from Fabian's pop-up webstore immediately after the record came out (as well as a standard version of the same record). But nevermind, I of course grabbed a copy of the LP from La Vida Es Un Mus, just to be on the safe side, haha. What can I say about *Fairy Tale* LP that has not already been said? Look, I have the album on tape and on the two different CD-R versions, and it's been my go-to preferred album for over two years. And on vinyl, the record is still fucking great! The pre-release hype and fan speculation suggested the LP would be the *Fairy Tale* songs rerecorded, or remastered, with additional songs, possibly a second demo on the B-side. Well, the B-side of the LP sounds like a live rehearsal recording of the Hiroshima line-up rescued from the garbage bin. The sound is poor, comparable with the *Meltdown* tape. Mr Wanky said it was both the best record released ever (A-side) and the worst record released ever (B-side). It is nothing less than a ROCKNROLL SWINDLE, I'd say!

Having decided to ignore the scandal of *Fairy Tale* US vinyl release, in 2012 PEOPLE were busy with more important matters, such as writing new songs for a second album. The band played out very regularly last year, definitely looking to develop the prefect (new) sound. The album came out in September last year, again on Feminist records, and this time as a CD only release (although it will get vinyl treatment later on by a label in England, hopefully sooner than the previous LP!). My expectations for the second album was very high—based on *Meltdown* many suspected it would be a *Never can Eat Swank Dinner*–style pop punk record with less emphasis on noise than before. Shingo had said their new style was "rockabilly noise," and that of course got everyone even more curious! It's rare these days that you get excited about a new record, partly because there's so many new records that come out, and partly because a lot of new records just sound like old records. But even when you occasionally do get excited about a new punk record, typically the excitement dies down after a few plays, after which you place the record next to the other 5,000 new releases you acquired in the last month and then you forget about the fucking record. Look, I am not jaded, I am a realist. My point is *Authentic Oral Communication* is not just another punk record.

To begin with, as stated by the band, this album is almost a different band to the one made world famous by the *Very Best of Hero* noizuka of the first album *Fairy Tale*. This is in fact PEOPLE part two, and the album is very different to *Fairy Tale*. The starting reference point of this album will inevitably be the SWANKYS' second album *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner*, but actually after awhile you may perhaps notice an equally important influence: the criminally underrated Kyushu punk band the CUT, especially the studio songs on their only full-length album *Categorize*. And appropriately enough, Comic, the singer from the CUT, drew the artwork for the new PEOPLE album. Of course, one of the defining characteristics of PEOPLE has been the singer's style of singing that mimics that of Watch from the SWANKYS and you'd be excused for thinking that PEOPLE's creative destiny was always to follow that of the SWANKYS: from noisy hardcore (GAI) to melodic punkrock (i.e. *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner*). Inevitably, a lot of people will consider the new PEOPLE album as their *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner* moment, and not all will like it (just like not everyone likes the second the SWANKYS album (idiots)). But there is more to *Authentic Oral Communication* than looking backwards and giving homage to old heroes. I'd argue that *Authentic Oral Communication* is nothing less than the invention of a new genre of punk rock: Pop-Noise. I already suggested that a lot of punk records nowadays just sound like rehashed sounds of old bands. The problem is not trying to stay within the boundaries of "how punk sounds like" by copying the past or assimilating old fashions, but exactly in failing to write great punk songs. Like Mark Wankys said about DISORDER, early DISORDER songs are fucking classics, and few bands today are able to match the song writing of DISORDER (even as that band is popularly remembered as being a chaotic drunken mess!). Out of the eight songs on the new PEOPLE album, almost all of them are for sure to-be-classic punk rock songs and they sound nothing like any other band today. The songs are "contemporary" yet with enough spit and vomit to fit perfectly within the stylistic boundaries of punk, and punk only I should add. *Authentic Oral Communication* is at turns melodic, in a way that recalls old rockabilly, with that twangy rock'n'roll guitar sound, but also noisy, with a guitar that is so noisy it is hard to hear any riffs, like a broken transistor radio.

Ok, predictably, some may say that PEOPLE has stopped playing noise-core on

their second album, which is of course right, but if you listen to everything the band has done before you will hear the seed of the new album. And while the new album is in some ways "pop," it is far from mainstream pop. Shit, I don't think any radio channel anywhere will be playing PEOPLE any day soon, if you know what I mean. Personally, I continue to play the CD pretty much daily.

While PEOPLE have expressed a desire to come and play in England, it is by no means guaranteed that they will ever play outside of Japan; anyway, a tour would be difficult to arrange as they're not the type of hardcore punk band that enough people are into today, particularly as the band has shaken off the cloak of "Japanese noise-core" with this latest masterpiece album. But for those planning on going to Japan, like most Japanese bands, PEOPLE continue to play live regularly, often arranging gigs for touring bands such as OLEDICKFOGGY, CAPTAIN IDOL, CONTROL and many more under the name "Public Organization." While I sit here hoping that my favourite band will come to England this year, and while I continue to daydream of going to Kyushu, in the meanwhile let's hope PEOPLE record a new record soon!

Trigger Warning

I was on the BART when I got to a sad part of a tattered copy of *Sirens of Titan* and fully started crying. This character Unk was in front of a crowd, racking his brain for a good thing he had done in his life, anything at all. He said he had a friend, a good friend. In front of this crowd Winston Niles Rumfoord, a preacher of sorts, reminded Unk's brainwashed mind that he had killed that friend. He had killed that friend with his bare hands. Strangled him to death. ugh ugh ugh.

In the book Unk is kind of a piece of shit, but he also manages to be the most sympathetic character. Or not the most sympathetic character, but the way the book is written he is set up as the one to sympathize with. Someone who is a despicable person in a lot of ways, that finds the only thing he had done that was good only to be told he destroyed it in this deeply terrible visceral way. My mind wandered. I was thinking about myself. Terrible things I have done and terrible things that have been done to me. I was thinking about Steubenville. These teenagers that have done this incredibly vile thing. The media is talking about the perpetrators lives being ruined and then when the attention is swung to the survivor it's like ,"but think about how ruined she will be!"

Steubenville. Major news outlets have mainly focused on the lives of the perpetrators—these untouchable football players, these pieces of pride in a dilapidated town. And how even after being found guilty the apology we get is, "we're sorry we took pictures," aka "we're sorry we got caught." And then CNN sits around and talks about how their careers are destroyed—because sports are more important than humanity. Because creating and maintaining a society where women and girls are kept scared and invisible, a culture that says you should have known you would get raped if you got drunk, and that you deserved it because you drank is an OK and possibly even a desired side effect of winning a football game or something. Rape exists as both so normalized that it is part of "boys being boys" and so horrifying that it becomes a cartoon. Rape is viewed as such a terrible thing that whatever violation men indulge in it could never be rape because they couldn't be *That Guy*. *That Guy* is a fucking monster. At the same time that violation is no big deal because fucking a girl who's passed out or squirming is no big deal, that's just what one has to do to get laid, right? No means maybe because girls are teases, because they are trying to be "good" or virginal or something and they just don't know? Or like my sister who is a fifth grade teacher told me when one of her kids won some spelling bee or something two other kids in her class told him, "you totally raped that spelling bee.". Like you fucking owned it or like, "yeahhhhh winner!" It's completely insane that vernacular could get that twisted and then find it's way out of the mouths of ten year olds. Or all the fucking footage of the Steubenville teens bragging and instagramming bullshit like, "we crossed the fucking finish line, we totally raped her, we wooooonnnnn." It's like rape exists as horror, as whatever and as an achievement all at the same time. I'm not really trying to pin all blame on society here, while it may have molded and influenced the Steubenville teens, and every other rapist ever, it does not deny the fact that they still fucking did it.

And while I believe rape is about power I also believe it is about entitlement. When I was assaulted I don't think the guy was trying to wield power over me, I think it was more like he put his shit above my shit. His pleasure was more important than mine, his pleasure was more important than violating another person. He felt entitled to my body. And those teenage football players felt entitled to that girl's body. Like, no biggie that this girl is saying stop or is completely unresponsive, just trying to get my groove on. Ugh ugh ugh.

A friend of mine forwarded me a thing Henry Rollins wrote about the Steubenville case and pointed out a particular sentence:

"It is ironic and sad that the person who is going to do a life sentence is her."

And I can see what he is trying to get at. While major news outlets are talking about the boys lives being ruined the easiest and most effective way to redirect attention to the plight of the survivor or to even just attempt to reiterate that what they did was so incredibly fucked up is to do this "their lives are ruined? What about her life!" shtick. But saying, "her life is ruined!" is problematic because it implies that there is only one way to experience sexual assault; that you are ruined for life. It is a statement that continues to control survivors by telling them how they should feel. In a way it is saying, "if you aren't ruined then it wasn't rape." It even reflects back onto the perpetrators by saying, "men shouldn't rape women because it destroys women emotionally," rather than just, "men shouldn't rape."

It also implies that sexual assault is a far worse violation than any other assault. But why? Because the majority of victims are women? Because it's sexual? Meaning that sexual assault ruins us, but being beat up isn't as bad? It seems that the reason it is deemed so much more of a life-ruiner than any other violation is because women are supposed to be clean and virginal and rape makes us tainted and ruined, damaged goods. If we aren't completely ruined by this "shattering of innocence" or whatever, then we must be just sluts, right? And sluts are worthless, right? Sitting around talking about how emotionally damaging rape is—how damaging it should be, is not only again asserting control over women, but it is literally telling women that it should be damaging, that they are damaged goods. And if it's not a chorus of people saying, "her life is ruined," it's a pack of, "she was asking for it." Ugh ugh ugh.

For me, I cuddled with the guy for the rest of the night. I was seeking out some sort of comfort or something and he was the only other person there and it somehow made sense at the time. Later on I wrote a

couple angry tirades, I drew some pictures, had a really shitty summer and got over it—because sometimes a violation destroys forever, sometimes a little while and sometimes not at all. A friend of mine once said, "you know, sometimes women get raped and then they get over it." Sometimes it's true and sometimes it's not. And the myriad of reactions are completely valid.

My point is that there is a girl in Steubenville whose life may be ruined, but it also might not be ruined. But that part is completely irrelevant because no matter what she should have never been raped in the first place. And when the news talks about the ruined lives of these boys I know this is code for "their football careers are over," which I guess is true? But it's also pretty clear that they're going to be taking a journey through a system where the likelihood of them learning or figuring out or realizing that the part of the evening that was a completely heinous thing to do was not just the taking of pictures and the bragging, though those things are also terrible, but the rape, is just about nil.

And all of that is just barely scraping a surface and with some sweeping generalizations...and then I kept reading and thinking and crying on the train.

I've gone from the naïve revolutionary optimism of my youth, to a world-weary pessimism that I pretend is realism, now that I'm on the downhill side of sixty. I like to believe that its not just me, that studying history counts for something and that humanity seems to have been going to hell in a hand basket for quite some time now, taking the planet along for the ride. I'm thankful that I'll be dead long before the worst happens.

I consider myself to be a socialist, someone desirous of a global society and ecology based on justice, peace, freedom, equality, solidarity, cooperation, interdependency and sustainability. But the heritage of socialism that I claim went from revolutionary internationalism to scheming nationalism in the space of a mere 80 years. Socialism's initial ardent internationalism was not compromised by efforts to initiate electoral democracies based on working class suffrage. Nor did the roller-coaster history of the international workers' movement (1848 upheavals, 1871 Paris Commune, 1905/1917 Russian Revolutions, 1918 German Revolution, 1920s Italian insurgencies, 1936-39 Spanish civil war), the splits into various political tendencies (social democracy, anarchism, syndicalism, communism, left communism, and sects thereof), or the partisan/personal conflicts between individuals (Marx versus Bakunin, Luxemberg versus Bernstein, Lenin versus Kautsky) endanger socialism's international status. Yet international socialism gave way to "socialism in one country" in little over a decade, from Lenin's death and Stalin's rise to the defeat of the Spanish Republic.

The factors that produced the degradation of international socialism into one or another type of nationalistic socialism were straightforward. Socialism in one country had become a morbid equivalency between proletarian internationalism and socialist patriotism, thanks to Lenin, Stalin, Mao, Ho Chi Minh, Castro, *et al*. Socialist struggles for national liberation had devolved into mere national liberation struggles by the time I became politically conscious in 1968. Avidly nationalistic regimes promulgating various and sundry quasi-socialistic elements abounded, as was the case with a PRI-dominated Mexico or India under the National Congress Party. Social Democratic and Labor parties, strictly confined to their respective countries, vied for election in national parliaments in western Europe. Even nationalist socialism (à *la* Ze'ev Sternhell), the fascist *bête noire* of the 1920s and 30s so roundly defeated during the second World War, occasionally triumphed around the world, as was the case with Peron's Argentina and Nasser's Egypt. Certainly, the true socialist internationalism of anarchism, syndicalism, and left communism was entirely absent from the historical stage from 1939 to 1964, when the New Left's nascence promised its revival.

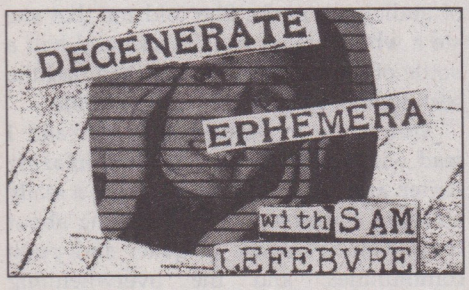
Yet the rebirth of anarchism, syndicalism and left communism during the 1960s, extolled by myself and my anti-authoritarian comrades, was paltry and weak when compared to the growth of the Maoist New Communist Movement, a reanimated Trotskyism, and a myriad of Third Worldist cheerleaders, let alone the expanding geography of "real existing socialism," whether of the Soviet, Chinese or Third World varieties. The sybaritic, apolitical hippie counterculture was no match for commercial capitalism, which in its corporate, transnational form quickly defeated the rank-and-file labor revolts of the 1970s. In turn, neither hippies nor the 70s working class could compare to the proletarian organizing and cultural resistance of the 1930s. The anti-authoritarian political threads that emerged in the 1960s continued through the anti-nuclear, anti-apartheid, anti-globalization, and anti-Wall Street movements. They grew only modestly however, even with the collapse of the Warsaw Pact and the Soviet Union, the capitalist buy out of promising, victorious socialist national liberation struggles, the decline of the organized international working class, the dissolution of the old Old Left and the old New Left under the acid rain of postmodernism, and the unequivocal triumph of transnational capitalism worldwide.

Insurrectionary anarchism may be all the rage for the past several years, and the Black Bloc might be their poster boys (and girls), yet this inchoate rabble can barely squat a house or manage an infoshop, let alone run a neighborhood, operate a local economy, or govern a city. These bad boys (and girls) fuck shit up as naturally as breathing air, but they streetfight cops and trash private property with a serious disdain for tactics and strategy. Smash the state and overthrow capitalism? Foment world revolution? Forget about it! These idiots might accidentally attain something positive, but to actually, consciously accomplish something radical, perhaps revolutionary? Not a chance! Old school international socialism and the international proletariat had a real potential for overthrowing the capitalist ruling class, dismantling its instrumentality of nation-states and achieving a global communist society. Even the Soviet, Chinese and Third World "real existing socialism" of the Cold War era had the possibility of defeating the capitalist "Free World" and founding a socialist reality, limited as it was by nationalist rivalry. But to believe that the insurrectionary anarchist Black Bloc wankers, who ran rampant through the streets of Oakland, from the founding of Occupy Oakland on October 10, 2011 until OO's eventual demise, had any ability to create their putative Oakland Commune, let alone take on the powers that be on any level, is utterly ludicrous.

It's not possible to change the world for the better without the actions of human agency, whether that be a mass movement

of some kind or a more conscious, smaller avant-garde. The historical agency of the international mass working class or more directed elements of socialism, for all intents and purposes, no longer exist. Insurrectionary anarchism and its clownish Black Bloc, frankly, are a sad joke, and I'm having a hard time identifying any other social movement or revolutionary grouping capable of even remotely taking on the job. Which means humanity, and the planet, are pretty much fucked. I'll finish with this doom and gloom next column, if I'm not too damned depressed.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, End Time, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called Fim in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



Crass Is Dead // Long Live Crass

Parting a sea of North Beach denizens clad in requisite St. Patrick's Day green, a small cadre of drably dressed trespassers trudge forth. A drunken amateur vomits into a shamrock bedazzled plastic hat, stumbles against the window of City Lights Booksellers and half a dozen police cars halt in the middle of the road. Pairs and trios in neutrally solid colors continue a little further and around a corner. Their destination is the Emerald Tablet (essentially a gallery in all but name), but it's ironically a sanctuary from the garish green elsewhere in San Francisco's forsaken North Beach neighborhood.

Gee Vaucher and Penny Rimbaud, best known as multi-talented members of seminal English anarcho punk group Crass, are in San Francisco for a series of events. V. Vale, operator of long-running Bay Area publishing house Re/Search, arranged a screening of Vaucher's film, *Angel*, and a small display of her visual art at the Emerald Tablet for which the cadre of supporters in attendance braved North Beach on St. Patrick's Day. Vaucher and Rimbaud live at Dial House, a self-sustaining communal home outside of London, and the event intends to raise funds for establishing Dial House as a trust.

The event could have easily drawn more attendees, but it was undersold in typical punk fashion, tickets limited ahead of time and room for additional seating wasted. Rather than the cold profiteering of former Crass singer Steve Ignorant's performances in 2011, this event immediately benefitted Dial House, a model for sustainable living championed by Rimbaud before, during and after Crass. Furthermore, it showcased recent work of the two, rather than opportunist rehashing of a band that existed for seven years out of Vaucher's life-long creative career.

Forty some-odd people passed through North Beach's green melee of ritualized self-destruction and sat inside the Emerald Tablet. A small display of Vaucher's prints rested on a wall. Her most iconic work, like Crass' *Feeding of the 5000* cover and the inner-poster of the group's "Bloody Revolutions" single, hung alongside work from her own *International Anthem*, a publication conceived as a vessel for Vaucher's more radical work while she was earning a living producing graphics for publications in New York. Other, less obvious work of Gee was represented as well, like "Pretty Polly," a gorgeous CMYK screen print with only a hint of the collage style characterizing much of her work.

The diversity of work represented in Vaucher's prints alone reminded attendees that the evening wasn't all about Crass, though. For Vaucher and Rimbaud, Crass is a segment of their creative oeuvre, and one that much of their work before and after bares little similarity to. Escaping one's own shadow can be difficult and disheartening. This very predicament is central to what motivated Ignorant to drag Crass songs through the proverbial mud—his own projects after Crass, like Stratford Mercenaries and Schwartzeneggar, were flops compared to his tenure as an anarcho titan. To grapple, he concocted The Last Supper Tour in flagrant disregard for Crass' original intentions and defended his right to do so with a casual shrug to the ensuing criticism. Meanwhile, Vaucher and Rimbaud progressed and diversified as artists, accepting, if not content, with their inevitable decline from the slogan-ridden stages of so many Crass gigs.

Rimbaud performed two rousing poems for the small audience. He cited a Vaucher piece hanging on the wall entitled "Oh America," which became a Tackhead album cover, as inspiration for the first. He spoke chiefly from the perspective of Lady Liberty, who ultimately resolves that the United States is no longer a country of refuge. Rimbaud crouched as if conjuring strength from the earth and lunged into an exasperated delivery, at times yelling or dramatically rolling his R's as he veered between various topical, post-millennial issues in the poem. All the while, his face partially obscured by scraggly yellow hair like the faded jackets of Crass albums in attendees' collections at home.

Vaucher's new film *Angel* screened next. She filmed the face of her eleven-year-old niece, Angel, for over an hour, then slowed the footage and condensed its running time to 41 minutes. Angel's slight blinks and giggling were expanded well beyond the natural duration of such movements, effectively manipulating viewer's perception of time. Meanwhile, sound-collages built into frantic crescendos and retreated, providing a counter-point to the slow unfolding of youth on screen.

Vaucher caught Angel on the cusp of adolescence, in the period of clichéd innocence, and prolonged it. But, the film illuminates the nature of Vaucher's creative continuum. In her most famous multi-media work for Crass, Vaucher brazenly appropriated graphic depictions of war, politicians and religion to comment on their horror. Often, she was heavy-handed. For instance, the classic steaming pile of shit collaged beneath Margaret Thatcher's nose comes to mind. To Reagan-era sensibilities, her work was alarming in the ideal, meaningful sense of "shock value."

Crass' profile and reach brought Vaucher's work to an audience that didn't share her values. *Angel* was shown to a very small audience that at least sympathized with her values, but the film's dawdling pace, lengthiness and utter lack of action challenged the audience to even show up. Many punks I spoke with prior to the event were hesitant to invest the time and money into what appeared to be an utter bore. *Angel* isn't a bore, though. It's just unintentionally created as the antithesis of punk. Long, innocent and ponderous, Vaucher's film challenges the expectations of her modern punk audience, which is actually more confrontational than performing Crass' songs nowadays. As far from their famed personas and tactics as possible, but Vaucher and Rimbaud won't be neutralized.

****

Suss out the hype and iterate your manifesto.

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We see through you

With imogen binnie

Hey whatup from The Road, *Maximum*. I am on tour! I've been on tour for a fucking month and I feel like I've been tired for that whole month and it's kind of hard to tell what's real and what isn't, and like which way is north or whatever, but if you know anything about The Road you know it's one of the best kinds of exhausted and disoriented. Right now I'm on this posh as hell Amtrak train headed from Philly up to Vermont, where I'm gonna get to sleep in the same bed for a week. It's gonna be so rad. I can't wait. I'm gonna eat hella kale and do yoga and align my chakras and wash my hair and fuckin—I don't even know, just like take a break before I do three more weeks of readings every night down the east coast, like to Texas, then back up to Canada.

I think other writers might not treat book tours like band tours?

This book I wrote called *Nevada* came out at the beginning of March, even though the release party was in the beginning of April, two days ago. But I toured for a month before the actual release party. My publisher Topside Press was like, "We will give you money for gas and food to go on tour for two months," and since my experience with touring is the week and a half tour my band Correspondences did with Swaath, where we felt like we were the greatest geniuses in the history of dumb loud rock because we sold enough tapes and shirts not to lose money paying for gas, I kind of figured this would be the same kind of tour. Which means, like, camping, and staying on friends' couches, and sleeping in the car, and never showering or getting any exercise. Turns out if you get some money from your publisher to do a tour you can stretch it really far if you panickingly believe, all the time, from the get-go that you are about to run out of money.

But it's been unreal. Seriously, write a book and get Topside to publish it, I recommend this shit very strongly. Actually I also recommend dating my girlfriend Alex, too. With Tom at Topside and Alex collaborating on Excel spreadsheets or whatever the fuck, all I've had to do is read sentences out loud, eat food and buy shoes. Like in Seattle, I got a pair of Britpop Pumas that make me feel like I am in Elastica and then, a couple weeks later, in Hollywood I got a pair of black cowboy boots that I'm preeeeetty sure used to belong to Slash. I just have a feeling.

Anyway. Tour stories.

I think the raddest tour story is that when I was setting up the show in Olympia, Kelsey, the librarian at the Timberland Library, was like, "Oh really, you can only be here on a Friday? Hmm nobody ever comes to readings on Fridays, do you want to have a band play?" I didn't know what to say and Alex was like "Dude, RVIVR is from Olympia," so I was like "Oh yeah! How bout RVIVR!" and Kelsey was like, "Sure, they love the library."

So I got to do a reading with RVIVR at the Timberland Library in Olympia for the second show of tour. It was rad, the poet Sarah Pinder read with me for the first few nights, and she read first, then I read, then we talked for a minute and then RVIVR played, like, the first half of their new record *The Beauty Between* (which has been the soundtrack of this tour—although also can I tell you that Swaath from Maine, some of the best boys that I know, finally set up a bandcamp page so you can download their side of the split they did with Correspondences there? I'm so stoked, I'm listening to it right now, it's killer sludgy doomy very loud metal stuff from the frozen basements of Portland, Maine. When I move back to the bay at the end of the summer, I'm totally gonna bite their vocal distortion thing, it's so fuckin good. They're at swaathmaine.bandcamp.com) and then... what happened was, Erica from RVIVR was like, "Hey since this is your thing do you have any requests?" I panicked and started listing all the RVIVR songs I like, I was like, "Will you do 'Tiny Murders' and 'Paper Thin' and 'Seethin' ", and Erica was like ok we will do "Paper Thin" and "Seethin'" but not "Tiny Murders." It ruled. They just did the first half of the new record straight through, which was awesome, and then "Seethin'" and then the "Hunger Suite" from the end of the new record.

Man RVIVR is so good—we traded books for records and Mattie talked about the politics of growing a beard as a genderqueer person between songs and they were like, "If it's weird to be at the library when loud punk music is playing, imagine how weird it is to be in the library playing loud punk music." Then after they played they went directly to Europe.

Oh, also, a rad thing happened where Erica was wearing a Ragana backpatch on her vest and I had one on the back of my hoodie and I said something about it into the microphone, like I don't know, like "Ragana rules" or something, and then fuckin after I read and was selling books and stuff Maria from Ragana was like, "Hey, thanks for reppin my band into a microphone." Haha. I didn't know she was there! I think Olympia is kind of magic. The next morning I took the obligatory picture of a sign that said "Sleater-Kinney" on it, fucked around at a Starbucks for a couple hours and then went directly to Canada.

What happened was, Alex worked out a hundred tons of logistics—pretty much every possible thing except checking whether her passport had expired last June. So while me and Sarah smuggled books into Canada to do a reading that our friend Kay Lamothe—who's in the bands Screaming Queens (myspace.com/eastvanscreamingqueens) and Velvet Fist (velvetfist.bandcamp.com)—set up, Alex camped an hour south of the Canadian border with our dog Pants and a laptop full of audiobook mp3s. She told me that she ate a whole box of fruit snacks and half a bottle of wine, threw up and then had the best night of sleep she'd had in a while.

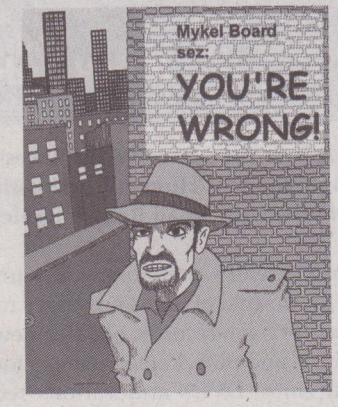
Meanwhile in Vancouver, Sarah and I read with Amber Dawn, another amazing writer, and then I ended up having a really amazing conversation after reading about trans women's space in queer and punk communities, and the overwhelming frequency with which trans women self-select out of those communities in disgust, frustration or hurt. And we talked about inclusion theater, patriarchy, sex, whether the trans movement is forty years behind the women's movement (the answer is that it is not, for a lot of reasons, including the fact that forty years ago nobody got to read Bell Hooks), and honestly? One of the best things about that reading is that Natalie Reed was there, which meant if I got tangled up in trying to talk about some very intricate thing I could just be like, "I don't fuckin' know, Natalie, will you explain this thing?" And she would. Do you know Natalie? I don't know what she's going to be up to by the time this is printed, but right now while I'm writing it, she's just finishing up over a year of blogging at freethoughtblogs.com/natalierereed, which you might check out if you want to read thousands of words laying shit out for you about trans women and oppression and everything.

Kay and Sarah and I got sushi with her afterward. It was awesome.

Man there's a lot of other stuff that happened, I got to read at the Denver Zine Library with Kelly Shortandqueer, where he talked about tailoring his pants 'cause he's short and I talked about tailoring my shirts 'cause I'm tall, and I got to read at

One N Ten in Phoenix, and Casa Libre in Tucson, I don't know. Modern Times in San Francisco, Pegasus in Berkeley—that one is actually up on youtube somewhere if you want to see video of me wearing a filthy Girls Rock Philly 2011 t-shirt and cussing. Colin Entropy came to the book release party in Manhattan and gave me all the issues of Slice Harvester! Annie Danger did tattoos at the book release party, I got a pink line most of the way around my wrist and my friend Dave got the logo of his band Sex on his ankle. Somebody else got Eve pawprints on her chest and I forget what everybody else got but it ruled that we did tattoos at the book release party in the Queers For Economic Justice office in Manhattan (thanks QEJ). Probably lots of other stuff. One cool thing is that the book is called *Nevada* and the west coast half of the tour pretty much circumscribed a donut around the state of Nevada without entering it. That was unintentional and weird.

Like always, if you want to talk about it email me at imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com. I've been posting short tour diaries at topsidepress.com if you want to read them. Whatever. Did you know that last summer on the Swaath/Correspondences tour we stayed at Colin Entropy's apartment? He wasn't there, which was a bummer, but we listened to all his records anyway. One thing that rules is listening to the self-titled Rancid album with a bunch of other punker dorks. Okay this is Rancid signing off for now! Until next time we'll see you guys later! Fuck yes.



"What we are facing is a conspiracy of sedition, division and destruction of our homeland."

—Abraham Lincoln

It is brother against brother looking at one another through gun sights. It's just terrible- a dividing line in the dirt puts... Fizz! Bing! A bullet enters his face, right at the right cheekbone. It tears a small hole the size of a large wart as it enters, then it tears through the inside of the skull, and then comes out through the back of the head. A baseball-sized hole is left with brain spraying gray matter before the expression of surprise can leave the now dead's face…

"It's terrible. Terrible," says the President. "The nation is torn apart, but we have no choice, if we are to preserve the union."

Flash to Riverdale in the Bronx. I'm at dinner with friends at a friend's house. Shrimp, macaroni with tuna, little pieces of herring with toothpicks stuck through them, and flatbread with all kinds of toppings. There is a TV- bigger than my apartment and somehow fastened to the wall. On the TV smiles some dork in a Tuxedo.

Goddamn! It's the fuckin' Oscars. I was looking forward to missing the Oscars, like I miss the Super Bowl or Obama's inauguration. Like I've never seen *ET* or *The Titanic*. Like I can't tell Rihanna from Guyana. I live to be as divorced from popular culture as that soldier's brain is divorced from his head.

But here I am. Stuck like herring on a toothpick in front of Hollywood Hell in all its stinking glitter. The guys on TV talk about some movies. Nothing I've seen, of course. I don't like movies with white people in them.

There's one about killing Osama Bin Laden, another about escaping from Iraq, one about a colored guy and slavery, and one about Lincoln. They are all war movies in their own way. I hate war movies.

But, I love gore movies. Severed heads and still-beating hearts. I love to watch guys screaming as their balls are ripped off. Gangster movies too like the Chinese mafia taking out a rival gang...fists and bullets. Pow! Pow! Achah! Achah!

But I hate war movies. They're too close to the real world. I don't need movies for what I get in the *NY Times*. Besides, they remind me of football.

And Lincoln wasn't only in movies about the world of 1860. He's in the real world of now. That soldier in the first paragraph wasn't from the Confederate Army. He was from Syria.

That quote at the beginning of this column? I lied.

It wasn't from Abraham Lincoln. It was from President Bashar al-Assad, of Syria. The two, however, are not much different.

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery." That is a REAL quote from Abe Lincoln.

I bet Assad would agree.

FLASH TO THE 1970s: Marshall Tito is my favorite Communist. He's the president of Yugoslavia and will be until 1980. He keeps the various ethnic and religious factions together...without war. Today you have Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Kosovo, and who-knows-what-the-fuck-istan. Under Tito, there was only YUGOSLAVIA. He organized the fight against the Nazis. Everybody loves him. He keeps the new country together without war...only with charisma and statesmanship.

Tito is the guy who gives both Russia and the US a big middle finger. Then goes off to make friends with Egypt and India. After he dies, there is chaos and half a dozen tiny fighting countries.

Are there other Lincolns? You bet! A dime a dozen. Saddam Hussein in Iraq, who kept the Shiites and Sunnis in check and created a unified whole from a melting pot of fractious groups. Also without war until the Bushes invaded and there was chaos.

More? Mao Tse-Tung was the Lincoln of China. The Tibetans, The Uigars, and The Inner Mongols- they all wanted to secede and make their own countries. Seek their own destinies like the blue and the gray. It's a war that the current Chinese Lincolns continue to fight.

Vladimir Putin, the Lincoln of Russia, has been fighting the Chechnyan separatists since he took office. And there are more.

You get the idea. But what I want to focus on, with all this Lincoln hullabaloo, is why I wish the Confederacy had won the U.S. Civil War. Fuck Lincoln and his gold-plated Hollywood statues.

Imagine we have the USA and the CSA, a ragged border between the two- following the Mason-Dixon line, a leaping upwards over Texas, and Oklahoma! Newer regions join the USA or CSA. California and Nevada stay independent.

The relatively small United States needs the relatively small Confederate States for its cotton, bourbon, tobacco and oil. The Confederate States needs the U.S. for manufactured goods and a few resources like salmon and lumber.

Occasionally, there are trade disputes. The South puts a tariff on paper from the North. The North has a quota, or too high taxes, on tobacco and booze.

Slavery disappears in the Confederate States similar to the Caribbean, South Africa, and Brazil. The government will try to keep voting Whites Only, and to maintain segregation. Like they did in the U.S. until the 1964 or South Africa until 1990.

World pressure will end segregation, like it ended apartheid. By 1990, the world will celebrate the first Negro president of the Confederate States of America... probably before the first one up north in the USA.

More importantly, because what is now the US is in (at least) two independent pieces, neither side develops the power the U.S. has now. The sides join forces for WWII because of Pearl Harbor. The rest of North America (Canada and Mexico) are anti-Axis as well.

Young Strom Thurmond, the 40-year president of CSA, threatens to withdrawal Confederate troops from the Pacific front if Truman goes ahead with his plan to drop a new fangled Atomic Bomb.

"I didn't want us to get into this war in the first place," he says.

The bomb is never dropped. Japan surrenders anyway.

There is no Vietnam war. Although the U.S. wants to invade, the CSA wants no part in the invasion.

"We suffered our own invasion," says CSA president Strom Thurmond in 1966. "We don't want to be part of another one."

After WWII, the CSA follows a policy of isolationism that would make Ron (or Rand) Paul proud.

Over time, the cultures develop along lines similar to the present. The CSA adopts Evangelical Christianity as the official state religion. The USA, following its constitution, maintains separation of church and state.

There are generally friendly relations between the two countries. People bunch in the North- and in the new M.P.R.C (Mellow People's Republic of California). Texas Oil lets the CSA thrive, though the destruction left by the civil war, and the lack of advanced training of the former slaves, leaves a greater gap between rich and poor.

Something interesting also happens. Since the Civil War followed on the heals of the Mexican American War. The newly independent CSA says they had no beef with the Mexicans. The attack on Mexico was by the USA or otherwise known simply as, "that country up North."

California is already independent, so it's lost to Mexico. Arizona and New Mexico are just desert anyway. Who needs those places? Give 'em back to the Mexicans, the CSA urges the USA. We'll support Mexico until you do.

Thus a great new friendship is established between Mexico and the CSA. Travel between the two countries opens. No passports. No visas. As easy as crossing into Canada to see Niagara Falls used to be.

After World War II, the USA looks East, while the CSA looks South. Franklin Roosevelt, already pals with Stalin and Churchill, embraces Russia in a *Grand Coalition*. The USA continues to expand its welfare and social services and Russia continued to expand its personal liberties and access to pornography.

There's never a cold war. No one attacks the World Trade Center because the US does not have the power to wage the anti-Muslim wars that make Al Qaeda want to attack in the first place. The world becomes a happy and peaceful place from the end of the second world war, right until... well... right until now.

It all would have happened if it weren't were for fuckin' Lincoln. If only John Wilkes Booth were a few years earlier. The Oscars be damned!

—>Jailbird pal Kyle sent me an article about Samsung TVs. Their build-in cameras allow outsiders to gain "root access" to the TV. Remember in the book *1984*, at the end, Winston Smith finds the camera behind a picture in the wall of his apartment? Now, it's not only that bedroom picture you have to worry about.

—>*Oh no dept:* Could it happen in Scandinavia? Home of my favorite governments? Well, according to the local paper, Iceland will "become the first Western democracy to ban online pornography." Yep, official government censorship... like in China. I fear it's the beginning of the end! Watch the Republicans change their tune about the evils of Scandinavia once those blonds ban porn.

—>*My kind of city dept*: On Feb 4, 2013 Charlottesville, Virginia became the first city in the US to pass a resolution against the domestic use of drones. It also calls for Congress and the state of Virginia to adopt legislation prohibiting information from domestic drone use from being introduced into a Federal or State court. Furthermore, they want to prohibit drones equipped with anti-personnel devices, so people cannot be killed remotely.

Hmmm, killing people remotely, trial by missile, who'd want to do something like that? It's hard to imagine, huh?

—>*Legitimate targets? Is that like legitimate rape? dept*: Reason.com reports that a US Army officer said Afghan children are "legitimate targets."

"It kind of opens our aperture," said Lieutenant Colonel Marion Carrington. "We're looking for children with potential hostile intent." he added.

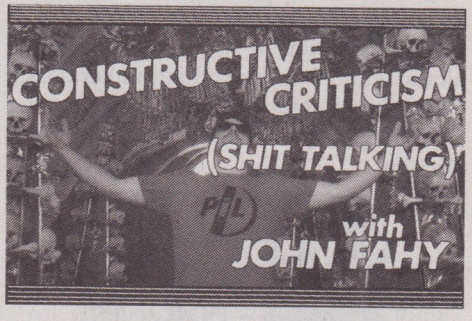
—>*Ah Michigan, how you've devolved dept: Progressive Magazine* reports that Michigan lawmakers proposed an amendment to the State's income tax code that would allow pregnant women to claim their twelve-week or older fetuses as "dependents." These same legislators pushed to cut a tax credit that applies to actual already-born children.

—>*School? Prison? What's the difference dept:* Wired.com reports the Northside Independent School District in San Antonio, Texas, suspended a student for refusing to wear a tracking device. It was a leg bracelet similar to the ones used on criminals on probation. Since the school's funding is based on student attendance, they use the trackers to prove students are in class. As of this writing, a judge has temporarily reversed the suspension.

—>*Students with balls dept: Censorship News* reports that the school administration of La Salle University told the student newspaper that they had to run an unflattering story about the school "under the fold." (That means the part of the paper that's hidden when it's folded on a newsstand or in a news box.)

The newspaper, *The Collegian*, printed the next issue with a blank top half, except for tiny print instructing readers to "See Below." Ten punk points guys!!!

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column. Your zines, CDs/records, and private videos...can and should be sent to me at: Mykel Board, PO Box 137, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012



How to Tour, Survive Instances of Spontaneous Human Combustion and Live with a Bad Record Review

I am currently preparing for tour and listing the arsenal of items necessary for the journey. We have records, old and new. We have shirts and pins. Personal items for sale include zines, DVDs and various records gained from trades and mail-friends. Tools to further our own documentary agendas will include a video camera and a tape recorder.

What else? Friends of mine will often bring blankets and pillows. This is smart, but I would rather bring drugs. I don't want to lean on any kind of comfort that can bring about an early night. Of course, when the partying is done, I'm that asshole looking for a pillow. I often tell my tour pals

that I will not need their shitty sleeping bags because I intend on slumbering in the chambers of my as-of-yet-unfound soulmate.

Van music! My own rule for this most sensitive of topics is this: whoever drives shall choose the tunes. If the vehicle owner is the predominant driver and you hate their selections, you have to shut the fuck up and endure. I have personally been tested by an entire three-week jaunt fueled by the catastrophic soundtrack of VAN HALEN, *Dookie*, and ICP's *Great Malenko*. Do worse than that. Not that I didn't complain—I did, loudly. But I observed this rule on the grounds that one day someone may hate my own choices of PRINCE, SCREECHING WEASEL, NIRVANA, GARBAGE and ORGY, and suffer equally.

This is the easy part. The "tour is two weeks away!" aspect of things. What of the three-month prelude? Is the fucking vinyl going to be ready? We have to screen-print the covers literally one thousand times... How many more shirts do we have to do? Are we going to have the tapes back from National Audio Company on time, since they've been heinously backed-the-fuck-up since a feature on the cover of the *Wall Street Journal*? Do we have a show in Ohio yet? If not, where the fuck do we go?

Nothing is more important than the music a band shall be touring on. Practice hells must be repeated to create the best possible example of whatever a band is trying to showcase in foreign towns and cities. Regardless of how much cool shit you have at the merch table, a crap show is not going to bring anyone there and your gas tank can fuck itself. You must practice until your songs are hymnal subconscious responses, able to resurrect at a moments notice.

Your own absence is one of the greatest things to prepare for. Is your job cool with a four-week tour? Will your house survive without your contribution? Are you prepared to give it your best? Because if you're not, why bother?

As of now, I am avoiding my habit of drinking. This is mainly because I want to prepare properly for tour. I love to drink. There are few things better in the world, in my opinion, than the venue to talk shit with good people alongside the presence of drinks. Drinking is a dangerous thing, to my thinking lately, though; it occurred to me one day that I'm generally *less afraid* when I'm drinking. This is not good for overcoming challenges. Fear is a potent inspiration for doing what we do and a necessary evil for motivating us. Not to say that I don't understand that fear can also cripple; mental instability can shut down creativity much more fiercely than apathy. In my own experience, however, tension is necessary to aspire to some kind of goal.

A further reason I'm apt to avoid drinking is the book I'm reading right now, *Ablaze!* by Larry Arnold, on the subject of Spontaneous Human Combustion. My introduction to this phenomenon was brought about first in a Reader's Digest book of old, *Mysteries of the Unexplained*. For the uninitiated, Spontaneous Human Combustion has been documented for centuries, commonly as follows; a lone individual, sometimes beset by an irregular thirst for spirits, is found burnt to death, seemingly victim of an internal explosion. SHC victims are usually burnt more severely in an instant than by long-term cremation, often with an extremity like a foot, calf or portion of skull oddly left completely intact. The violence of these unexplained explosions can break through walls and floors and yet the only residue of a human combustion is often ash, an unharmed extremity as mentioned previously, and a greasy residue coating the walls of the venue of combustion.

Arnold explains in his book that incinerating humans is no easy task, and delves into the labor of disposing of a human body in cremation and in circumstances of murderers trying to hide their victim's corpses. Common fires mostly leave more human remains than in instances of SHC. The largest difference between common fire casualties and the victims of SHC is that in instances of Spontaneous Human Combustion, usually any flammable surrounding material, whether wood, linoleum, fabric, or even a victim's own clothes, shall be left intact. Combustion will destroy in an instant the most difficult object, a human, and leave behind in some instances, a begging-for-burning bail of hay.

Larry Arnold has devoted six hundred pages to this phenomenon in *Ablaze!*, and if you couldn't gather by the title, as devoted as he may be to proving that SHC is a real, unexplainable scientific phenomenon, he is far too much of a weirdo to remain unseduced by the morbidity of it. While detailing one of the hundreds of SHC recordings throughout 1800's Europe, Arnold will drop tie-in phrases like, "meanwhile, in France, things were heating up for alcohol-imbibing citizens..." While this makes him somewhat harder to take seriously, the accounts he produces throughout the ages counteract the effect of his Vincent Price-like ghoul shit.

The common surroundings of the occurrence of SHC often make a stereotype, but not a rule. For instance, many victims are heavy drinkers, but not always. Victims are commonly alone, but not always. Victims are usually destroyed instantly, but not always; some people have unexplainably lost extremities, like the arm below the elbow, to explosion while still surviving. Some victims have waked in the middle of the night with fire appearing from their torsos, only to put out the flames and be awoken again later the same night by more fire from within.

One stereotype that simultaneously haunts and invigorates me the most is the common thread of SHC deaths being inflicted on *those who had lost the will to live.* One tale of a girl with a mental handicap logged in *Ablaze!* tells of a fierce, deep love for her kind mother and an existence destroyed by the loss of her parent, interrupted only by random, unexplainable, violent, instantaneous incineration. How glorious it would be for someone who had no will to live to receive the mercy of sudden, nonsensical explosion! I suppose my own ghoul shit is no better than Larry's.

And now for a few words on *MRR* record reviews!

Maximum Rocknroll is everything to everyone, including those who hate the entity. I've heard *MRR* described as "too political" and "too apolitical" equally. *MRR* is simply whatever punks want it to be, because punks make it up. Anyone can submit scene reports, interviews or columns and have their voice heard, provided the author is not unduly moronic. Even if your perspective is absurd, your voice can be heard, if this ongoing column is proof of anything. That is what makes *Maximum* an institution. As punk grows, so does the outlet.

Much ado is made of the "agenda" of *MRR* reviewers. I believe in no such thing without ever entering the *MRR* compound. I do think a realistic result of working and reviewing in San Francisco would result in a shared favoritism to certain records, but I also think that is likely because the records are good—and certain ones will always shine amid a litany of mediocrity. Yes, good records are overlooked in any similar project. That is a casualty of the effort. Good or not, easy to hype or otherwise, I think there are reviewers who are hungry for new sounds that appreciate the most miscellaneous of approaches to punk and that is what counts in my book.

MRR is often looked at as a biased entity to the many outsiders that submit music herein. I've rarely had a music review I'm satisfied with, but any band would say the same! The point of submitting to review is

that all releases get a shot at appraisal, even if not always a fair shake. Your release, if not half-assed, will be reviewed. Any revulsion felt toward your own release's sum-up should be short-lived, unless you were hoping your effort would adorn any *Rolling Stone* Top 500-type nonsense.

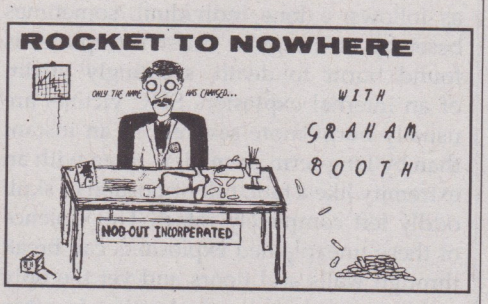
Moronic reviewers shall always exist. I think *HeartattaCk* will stand forever in the halls of bad reviews for its egotistical record reviewers, content to fill record and zine review space with the details of the reviewer's own vegan diet and other narcissistic cowdung. A bad review is worth calling out when someone has the nerve to expound on their ultimately pathetic persona while supposedly appraising a piece of punk, however great or shabby. But that's the luck of the draw; occasionally a release falls into the hands of a numbskull. Shit happens.

The only review that will ever matter is your own. If punk is about questioning any body, *MRR* is no different. Your own mark is there to make and *Maximum* can only comment on it. If any zine or work has any merit, the creator will understand it and be satisfied with it. If satisfaction is lacking, another try is all it takes. Whenever art is made for an audience and not born from real release, shit commences. If you don't have anything to say but to a certain group, you simply don't have anything to say. If you can look back on something you did in ten years and be proud of it, whatever the product, that is all you can ask for. Bollocks what anyone else thinks, least of all a clown-music-writer.

So if it doesn't matter, why submit to *MRR*? Because this is the hub of all punk music. Because a democracy of listeners will give any release a chance. Because your release will join thousands of others in the history of this counter-culture, whatever anyone gains of it in the present or future. And if you're not going to submit that your release has merit, maybe you think it doesn't? And if *MRR* really doesn't appreciate or subscribe to what your vision of punk is, do your own zine. *MRR* will review that too.

ENDNOTES:

1. PANZRAM shall be touring the east and Midwest in July. Please get in contact if you can help with any shows: humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com / fahy_john@hotmail.com / John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr., Apt. 2402, Fort Myers, FL 33919 USA. New recordings can be found at the blogspot address! An LP will be with us on tour as well as a cassette of newer songs with some synth-nastiness accompaniments.
2. Get issues of *Seven Inches to Freedom* and *Stunted Child*, the DVD by Joe Lachut and starring yours truly here: fortmyersprintcorps@gmail.com
3. Check out me and my friends post-punk, goth, industrial podcast: strobelightfuneral.tumblr.com
4. Two of my friends' labels have merged; Drugged Conscience records releases will now be available only through Nevin "Pickel" Marshall and IFB records: www.ifbrecords.com



Long time no see, suckers! It's amazing how quickly your life can change with gainful employment. I guess the security of a paycheck is cool and stuff, but fuck, what about *me* time? And more importantly, what about record time? This working girl shit sure ain't the same as being a record golem… every waking moment, scheming to get some rares… somewhere… *anywhere*!

But life goes on. So I do what I can. It's actually not *that* bad. Where should I start? Maybe with the $10 MAIDS single? My hundreds of "wantlist agents" finally paid off this month, and somehow I ended up beating the internet mad dash for the MAIDS *Back to Bataan* 45 on GEMM. An unsuspecting band name with an unsuspecting sleeve, but damn if it ain't one of the best '70s US punk guitar sounds ever committed to wax. Sick!

Or what about knocking out one of my most elusive '70s punk wantlist items? I kinda gave up a while ago, but somehow in my two hours of nightly free time one night, I nabbed a clean original copy of one of the most elusive Euro punk LPs out there, RAXOLA LP, from where else, Belgium. At just 60 Euros I was a bit flabbergasted, especially when the seller offered to cover the cost of registered shipping. Bootlegs abound, this is one of those punk LPs that is just *extinct*, I've only seen it offered a handful of times in fifteen years. What a killer.

But enough bragging… some troubling things have been on my mind lately regarding rekordz. First it was two weekends ago, I was at a record fair here in our fair San Francisco. And then, Record Store Day happened. This shit is getting out of hand.

So yeah, somehow, even without a radio station in tow, the USF Record Swap is still managing to bungle along. This early morning bonanza has always embodied some of the most egregious examples of the record suckitude lifestyle. You can arrive "early," meaning 6:00 am, and the shit is basically over, boxes decimated, fat bastards twiddling their thumbs now that the carnage is over, waiting another four hours for some normal people to show up and buy something.

I actually walked to Amoeba on Record Store Day. Er, actually, I took a bus to Amoeba on 4/20, Day which also happened to be Record Store Day (RSD). People were literally smoking pot on the Haight Street bus. A tad out of hand. When I finally made it in the door of Amoeba, I immediately asked myself what the fuck am I doing? There were about five times the amount of people than on a regular day. I perused some bins, and shit was over. I mean, I wasn't looking for RSD merch, I don't really ever buy new records anyway. But I went looking for some used vinyl new arrivals—I figured, like every other store in the world, Amoeba might actually save up some rad shit and restock the bins, but they didn't. It was all the same tired bullshit I saw last week.

I don't even know why I'm complaining, what more can one expect? But that's just it. Records literally fucking suck as a "hobby" or whatever the fuck it is called now. Any joy a person once enjoyed has officially left the building. Records are now solely for flipping, for rich people, for, I dunno, just fuck records already.

I get kinda sad. I mean, I guess I am some people's go to "record guy." People are always asking me about where they can get this or that, or what have I found lately, or do you know this weird record I found? I pretty much have nothing to tell them. Like, if you want Record A, well first off, I hope Record A is not super rare and everybody wants it, because, well, probably you do not have what it takes to get it. And I'm not even talking money. Well, I am. But it takes a lot more than money to get a record that everybody wants these days. I mean, it might take a lot lot lot of money, but even then, some things are just a complete lost cause. I came to terms with this a couple years ago. I literally gave up. I am happy with what I've found, and amazed I can still find anything good.

But like, literally, if you want some record, the answer is, wait for it to show

up on eBay. This is what you have to do. You cannot walk into a store and hope to find something on your wantlist. It never happens. Even if the record was sold/traded in to your local store, chances are, if it is a known, classic record or cult thing, or just even an obscure local release, or it looks "interesting", or has a findable value on the internet, either someone that works at the store, or kissed some employee's ass to get first dibs, or shops at the store seven days a week: that person is going to get the record before you ever see it. Sorry. You cannot go to a store and buy records that you want, unless you like common top 40 records from the '80s (which is even getting hard to do).

So, like, give up on finding some specific record at a record store. You can find rad shit at record stores still, but you probably never heard of it, and quite possibly it sucks and you will have wasted your money taking a chance on it. But it's actually still a lot of fun to keep trying, and at some point you make less and less mistakes, and your feelings won't get so hurt. And you will hear things that you never imagined you would ever like in a million years, and make your friends angry when you listen to them. It also helps to shop in $1 bins or pay less than $5 for records so it doesn't sting so much when it is a terrible record.

So now you have to buy whatever record it is on eBay. Sorry. Now the biggest mistake you can ever make is to assume you will get something on eBay for cheap. Everybody already knows that you wait until the last possible second to bid on something. So yeah, some record is ending in four hours and there are no bids at $9.99. I do not care. You have to bid everything. And preferably get a computer to bid for you, because even the last twelve seconds make a difference.

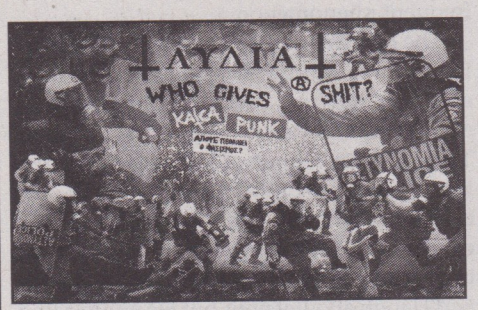
How much do you *want* the record? You want the record, right? Like if you don't get the record, you are going to whine for the next six months or two years about that one copy you barely got outbid on. You have to *bid* on the record. Not an amount you would *like* to pay. An amount you *need* to pay. Like you have to budget around paying rent or eating out the next weekend—if the record in question typically sells for $50, and you *need* this record. Not like, you would like to own this record. You *need* this record. You should probably bid at least 75 bucks. I do not care what low price it sold for one time. You are probably not going to get it for $26. Don't even fool yourself.

So now you're bidding 75 bucks on records. You can't even find a good record to buy at your local store for 75 bucks. That is what it has come to. Like, *here is $75, I didn't win that record, so now I have $75 to spend, what can I get?* You cannot get shit that you want. Just keep bidding on eBay.

Or wait. You can get pretty much any record you want if you just wait. But we're not talking wait a month. Or wait six months. Or wait one year. That *one* record you want. Remember, we are doing the "Wait" thing. So shut the fuck up and wait already. It has been two, no three years? Wait, now it has been five years. Now it has been eight years. Wow, you are a real seasoned veteran. Really dedicated to the record cause. We are really impressed, you have all those records, you're keeping your cool, and you still don't even have that one record you're waiting for.

Now what? It has been twelve years? You are a different person now. Really dedicated to the record thing. You are not in college anymore. You are a normal person with a job and life and stuff. Did you get that one record yet? What was it again? So many records already, but you can always use a couple more. Sure. You're responsible with records. You're not some hoarder. You know how to cut some fat, pare it down to the real essentials, trade up. Real impressive. You're so calm and collected. Just wait for your turn, it'll come. You're in your 30s, just take what comes your way, you already have so many other great records you're so lucky to have. What a great life you live. What's that? You *got* the record?! *Finally!! Yeah!!* Huh? What's that? Oh, so you don't really like that record so much after all? Heh. CRAZY! You don't even like the record? Or, you think your younger self really would've enjoyed it back then, but you've kinda moved on to other things?! Totally. Totally. I got you.

I mean, I guess records are phased out by now anyway, who cares. Listen to it on YouTube. YouTube has everything. I mean, it doesn't, but who the fuck cares, it is free. That shit is so obscure.



Last month I started talking about some of the things I have learned from working in groups and collectives. I had wanted to write something about the absurd and unique experience I had at Katarameno Syndromo, so, after my rather short column last month, plan to rectify. I know running a gig space vastly differs from place to place, so I believe sharing my shenanigans might be of some use to some punk out in the sticks somewhere. It probably won't, but hell, you gotta try right?

To start with, some people found this concept absurd and could not imagine why anyone would want to spend their precious free time running about for a crummy old basement, and what, for free!? We wanted to get away from all the paid/bar/club shit and make our own space, with our own rules. We weren't making a space for other people, we were making it for us. No bouncers; no sexism; no racism; no rockstar shit; no violence; no hard drugs. Bands that floor without the use of a stage, merely a brick-high platform and a roomful of happily drunk and cheery punks. No moshing that could give you a concussion, just lots of dancing and cheering. No astronomical entrance fee, even when European bands were visiting from abroad or Japan or the US; just a bashed-up donation box and a well-stocked bar. There were ten of us involved; some more than others, and for three years we ran some of the best shows in the country—no shit.

Katarameno Syndromo means "cursed syndrome," as we were all cursed in some way or another. It was located in one of the dingiest parts of town—we were, after all relatively illegal. It was however close enough to downtown activity, so as to remain within easy access. We were located a few blocks down from the main Polytechnic University in the centre of Athens and just a couple blocks over from Villa Amalias squat. KS was within seven minutes walking distance from buses, trains and the underground. It also created for a handy triangle of support in the event of trouble—which was always within seven minutes walking distance from KS. We were situated on the corner of a small crossroad, between a couple whorehouses, an Egyptian kebab shop and a motorcycle repair shop that could have potentially been a dumping ground for stolen motorbikes, but I could be wrong. Almost across from our entrance was a paved pedestrian road, lined by half a dozen semi-abandoned buildings. One summer, one of them had been turned into a crackhouse, and one day we were astounded to see our street corner on the evening news under the headline "junkies with Kalashnikovs occupy building." Boy am I glad we didn't have a gig the day the cops decided to bust that place!

The surrounding area was not only rather dodgy, especially at night, but it was incredibly filthy and so smelly you

just knew something, or someone, was decomposing in those rubbish bins. In fact, our main entrance would often be used as a toilet, by cats, dogs and humans alike. I also remember once the rubbish problem was so bad we had to call the health department to come take care of it—the rubbish collectors were on strike and there was literally a rubbish heap about three metres high in front of the building. In addition to health hazards, there were also other dangers. People would often come to the basement and go back to find their cars broken into, or their windows smashed. In some cases punks would get followed or chased by fascists, who roamed the area, mainly looking for vulnerable immigrant bate; something to call in to their pals the cops, then they could have a clobbering gang-bang. Across the street from us about fifteen immigrants from Bangladesh lived in two apartments that overlooked the road. When situations got really tough, usually around riot season (May, November and December) and we needed to have people on guard on the roof, they would often smile at us through their broken windows, perhaps comforted in the knowledge that, whoever we were, we disliked like the cops as much as they did. We made sure to maintain a very, very low profile and when asked we responded by saying we run a music studio.

It was a 100 square metre basement, with one window, one tiny bathroom and no ventilation. It actually used to be a music-recording studio and consisted of four small rooms, but, by the power of DIY and by the light of a single, bare bulb, some of those walls were torn down and Katarameno Syndromo was born into grubby existence. Fifteen white steps below ground level, a bamboo bar welcomed you right as you got to the bottom. Coat hangers with dead rocker names above each one lined the wall on the left. To the right was a recording studio, another small bar counter, which was used as the distro area, one "lounge balcony" (an elevated corner where we placed a coffee table and some armchairs we found on the street) and a platform where the bands played. The space in between easily filled up with sixty people. It was small enough to be cozy, with surreal dark corners and exotic decorative touches, but big enough to make it easy for 80% of the people to circle the band and lift the guitarist in the air. For the first year and a half the floor was dusty concrete; so every time someone would drag their feet or dance, a small puff of dust would form beneath their feet—sort of like Pig-Pen the Peanutes character. The next day our boogers would always be black. From the outside, you never would have guessed this tropical paradise dwelled six feet underground. I say tropical not only because in the summers it got so damp and hot that nicotine, dirt and sweat would literally drip from the ceilings and pipes; but also because it was an exotic haven in the middle of all the grey misery and bland depression.

Harry was a very laid back sound engineer and did sound at the shows, along with Mike who knew how to set up the PA and figure out what each band needed, and hence what other equipment we had to borrow. To book a gig there needed to be, either a) group consensus, or b) enough people from the group to agree on it and run it themselves. The later rarely happened. Depending on the gig we booked, and which one of us booked it, jobs would rotate. When Panos arranged Crude, Ermis and Peio managed the bar. When Mike and I arranged Bernays Propaganda, Nodas and Skaf took care of the door. And when Alekos booked the Movie Star Junkies we all just thumped our feet and pounded our chests and drank until the night turned into day.

Our donation box looked like the head of a cardboard robot and we had a suggested donation of three euros—of course we found buttons and Canadian pounds in there too and so oftentimes Gareth, the hearty Welsh bikey, or Vaggouras the obscure-hardcore-lover would take over greeting duties. We had a sign above it that said, "Your donation helps touring bands with their expenses." Everyone ignored it. The money from the bar helped pay for the electricity and water (which were higher than normal, as that seedy basement was on the books as a "business space"), plus the two hundred beers we would need to get for the next gig, cleaning materials, and other space-related expenses. Peio, Ermis and I would cook, and champagne and cake would be a frequent phenomenon.

The rent was covered by the studio room. Four to five bands rehearsed there, so their collective rent was pretty cheap, given that each band had an average of 4.3 members. They were in change of keeping the studio tidy, which usually meant finding the carpet drenched in beer, ashes all over the console and things missing or laying about in disarray—ha ha ha! It was hard to control and I laugh about it now, but we appreciated them very much nonetheless. That studio has spawned some great acts, which would probably still be in some dingy basement in Athens right now, were it not for KS.

Ideally four of us had to be there to open up, sweep and mop, clean the bathroom and bar, and scrub the main entrance and pavement area with as many buckets of bleach water as possible. The stench was so bad, it was vomit inducing. But better shit that cops, you know? Four people at least had to close up; put the booze away, pay the band, give a quick sweep, make sure all the equipment was back in the studio room and all seven locks were tightly shut. Of course, things will go wonky if they can, and people have different priorities, so it was usually the same few buggers doing all the dirty work, starting at four in the afternoon, going until three in the morning. But it was still pretty damn splendid. Sure, not everyone pulled their weight, and sometimes we had communication difficulties, but you stuck your neck out. Not only because you couldn't be sure someone else would do it, but ultimately because you really cared about what you were doing.

I can remember many a night, stumbling out of there, drunk and happy, locking every door and heavy duty padlocl, only to get to the top and realize someone had forgotten their phone or bag. There was absolutely no signal down there, so all our phones would be lined up by the single bottle glass window behind the bar, the big pirate flag hanging above it. Gig posters and a hologram of Jesus hung just to the left of the bar, a hand-made collage of naked men hung on the right, below a framed collage of old punk photographs, made especially for KS by one of its trusted friends. We also had a backstage area, where we stored all our crap, booze and guest band equipment. It was connected to a tiny dirt yard (more like a hole in the ground!), which was where we cooled off on hot summer nights, or smoked up, or just took a break from the marvelous mayhem inside.

There was a handful of people would help behind the bar, or stay late to help clean up; they donated their art for posters, and their time and money or other random things we needed. Some people would leave ten euros at the door, then they would pay twenty euros up front at the bar and just drink for the rest of the night. In the beginning we didn't even have drink prices, just a sign that said, "Pay what you want for this drink, for your drink." By the end though people were just too confused (dumb?) and asked us to name a price, so we suggested one euro for beer and three for drinks. It all worked out fine though and by the third year, we were saving some money for future plans. Things were going great until one day they weren't. In the summer of 2012 Katarameno Syndromo closed its doors. My last memory of it was

my going away party, which I organized with my favourite local band Hibernation. I was not around when it eventually got locked up for good, as was already here in SF. But, I admit, I'm actually glad I was not there. Even though it went out with a bang, it would have been too sad.

Maybe it was the unique combination of the people involved, or maybe we had just stumbled upon a golden section of time and space. Despite all the troubles and stress, the hour-long meetings and countless emails exchanged, we did it. And in spite of it all, whacky landlady, the fascists, the drug dealers and shit outside, we loved it. The memories created there will be with me for life, as will the lessons learned. One of the nuttiest people I have ever met once made a poster for one of our gigs. She was a regular and often cooked treats for touring bands and obsessively cleaned up empty beer cans after shows. It was a drawing of a cyclone and said, "thou will be safe in the eye of the tornado." And it was true; for a few hours a week we had our secret getaway. Even though we didn't feel much safer from the savage world outside, it was, in its decadent and disorderly nature, rather fucking glorious.

Until next time… who gives a shit?

Hey punks! How is your summer shaping up? Have you busted out your coochie cutters in anticipation of tour season? I haven't either… But it is indeed tour season and you had all better get ready to either hit the road or attend some mind-blowing shows!

So, I know that *MRR* is a legacy, etc., and I know that my leaving thankfully won't matter much in the larger spectrum, but I have been receiving inquiries regarding my stay here. People have been asking me, "Mariam, when are you leaving *MRR*?" actually it has been more like, "You aren't gone yet?" "What are you still doing there?" and, "time to move on, asshole."

So, here's what's up… I will be coordinator for two more months which means my last issue of being "Official Senior Content Coordinator shithead" will be August 2013 after which time I will begin training the new coordinator Ari. I will let Ari fill you in on her identity when she writes her first column, but she is the next content coordinator that will be along side Lydia. I will still have a top ten and a column, I will still review records and do shit around the compound…I will not disappear! Though, I do look forward to doing more shit with my bands, more stuff with the POC zine project, reading a ton, running more, having a lot of sex and hanging out more. I will miss this place, but I will have been here three and a half years as content coordinator and that, my friends, is a long fucking time… I love it here and I will always defend *MRR* to all you bullshit complainers, whiners, holier-than-thou, judgmental pricks and general assholes.

Over the years I have heard some pretty silly things about *MRR* regarding our "agenda." We have been accused of being "too PC," "completely apolitical," "trust-fund punks," "rich first world U$A centered poseurs," "college punks," blah, blah, blah… Well, *MRR* is no one entity—there are all shapes, sizes, colors, genders / gender fuckers, classes, all levels of education, old, young, etc., that make up the mag. While the magazine is based in San Francisco, the contributions are international and the punks that come through these doors are from all places. That is the reason for its longevity.

I have been asked, "What are you gonna do now?" Well, that is the nice version of this question. No one person that sits in this seat is anymore important than any other punk making shit happen in their own scene. We work really fucking hard and while we like to be recognized for our hard work, I have never thought of being *MRR* coordinator as some sort of "apex of my punk career," barf. Punks all over the world are highly motivated to make their scene the best it can be and for some, being in this seat or being part of *MRR* is a natural continuum to the stuff they have always been doing. No Fucking Heroes. I will miss making some of the big decisions around here, but *MRR* is *not*, "my first, my last, my everything." Yeah, fuck you, that's Barry White quote…

I am sitting here, the last night I will spend in this house. Everyone is asleep, the clock is ticking and I am taking in this room the same way I took it in on the first day I moved in here…sort of. I still feel the same awe at the big beautiful space. I am looking up at the walls with generations of punk art and music, and the hard work represented by the covers of the magazine plastered all over the walls. I will have good memories of this place. I will remember sitting at this computer blasting Paralisis Permanente when I miss home. I will remember chalk pentagrams in the courtyard, ghostly visits from Tim Yo, chair moshing in the kitchen. I remember being fall-down drunk and saying ridiculous shit during this Russian punk documentary. I will remember the arguments and the discussions that legitimately debated which Poison Idea album was best, whether or not bands besides the Misfits, Naked Raygun and Seven Seconds can actually pull off using "Who-Whoas" in their songs and trying to verbally trace Shinto within Japanese Hardcore. I have had phone calls about births, deaths, illness and recovery here. I have laughed at shit records and been in awe at amazing efforts all in the same day… everyday, being in this house. But while I am definitely more comfortable and used to these surroundings, I am in no less awe of the space, the records and what happens here. I will miss the compound and I will miss living with Lydia, Mike, Francesca, Luigi (that's the *MRR* wiener dog), Bruce and Tim, but like I said when I was trying to get this position, no heroes and no reverence. There is no God and as long as I am part of the mag, this part of me will live on, otherwise, I am happy to let it die away. I am happy to contribute in another way, because being punk is an inextricable part of my being. I have never looked back and I don't intend to now. See you fuckers in the pit.

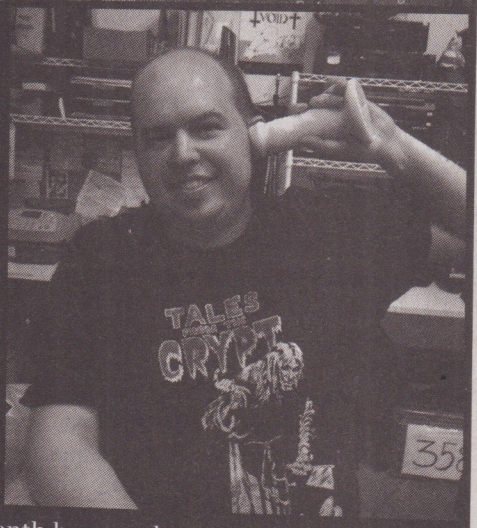
Last shit: Did you all hear that Tien An Men 89 is about to drop seven new releases? Well they are so get fucking stoked! This is a label that started in 1993 that puts out bands from the farthest reaches of the globe, namely parts of the world were vinyl releases are out of reach due to financial reasons, lack of a pressing plant, civil war, cultural restraints, etc… TAM is not-for-profit like *MRR*, as in the money recycles back into the project and they have always only pressed 500 records for each release, giving the bands 20% of the vinyl pressed. If you go on their website you can check out their discography which includes punk bands from places like Guyana to Tajikistan to Madagascar. Our September 2011 issue #340 features an interview with a band on this label, Demokhratia from Algeria. Some of the bands on this label push the boundaries of what western punks would label as "punk" while others have a familiar sound. Also, on the Tien An Men 89 website you will find an Asian Punk Discography! Their releases are distributed by Darbouka records in France, another kick-ass label that puts out some great punk releases in the same vein. Check them both out!

www.tam89records.com, darbouka.pagesperso-orange.fr

WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF *MRR'S*

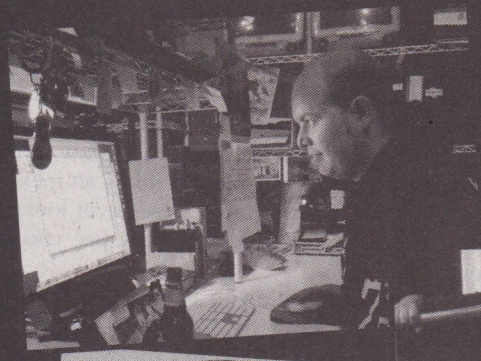
SHITWORKER OF THE MONTH!!

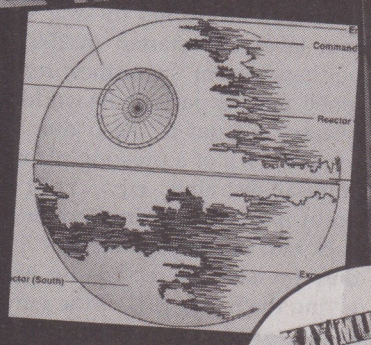
This issue our Shitworker of the Month is Cameron Jeffries. At eighteen he moved to San Francisco and became a self-taught Controller of the Universe. He has worked with computers and programming languages, been a systems engineer SF Academy of Sciences planetarium and devised his own optical Theremins (No shit, he built one that works with light instead of magnetic field, then destroyed the whole thing!) He also studies Astronomy at City College. Who says punks is stoopid?

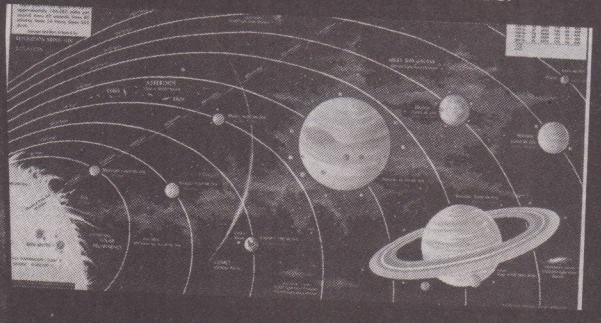


CAMERON JEFFRIES

Cameron is Shitworker of the Month because he came to *MRR*'s rescue when our main coordinator computer crashed. Within a day he helped us buy a new computer, re-install and re-configure everything, fix problematic programs, set up a time-machine back-up and transferred Since then he has been our tech wizard! He has set up a new router and updated the software of the whole compound network (six computers), and he's even taken a couple of old computers to pieces, salvaged the hard-drives and used them to boost our hardware!







When he's is not volunteering at Thrillhouse records, or actually working despite his efforts, you can find him smashing up old computers, dancing to Ace of Base in his room, or drinking good beer as part of his full-time drinking plan. He doesn't watch The Big Bang Theory, but does like to collect comic books and play World of Warcraft. He didn't know shit about punk until he heard "This Is My Fist" and started going to shows at the age of 20. He plays guitar in Robocop 3, who have "a shitty seven inch" and are touring this summer.

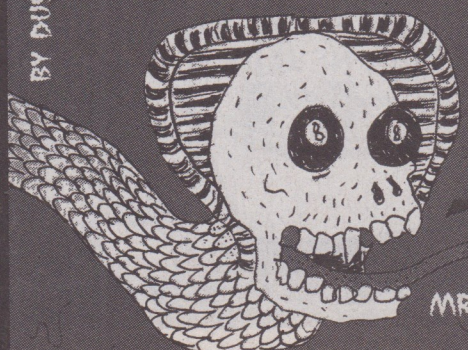
Favourite bands:
Spaz and Song for Moms
Favourite cartoon:
Eek the Cat
Favourite film:
My Blue Heaven
Favourite food: Mashed potatoes, peas and pork chops
Current status: Professionally Unemployed

We thank him from the bottom of our dirty, drunk hearts for all his help! The April issue would not have been possible without you!

DEAR, MAXIMUM ROCK-N-ROLL

LET ME DESIGN YALL A T-SHIRT OR THE COVER OR SOMETHING !!!!!!!!!

BY DUSTIN MCCHENSEY



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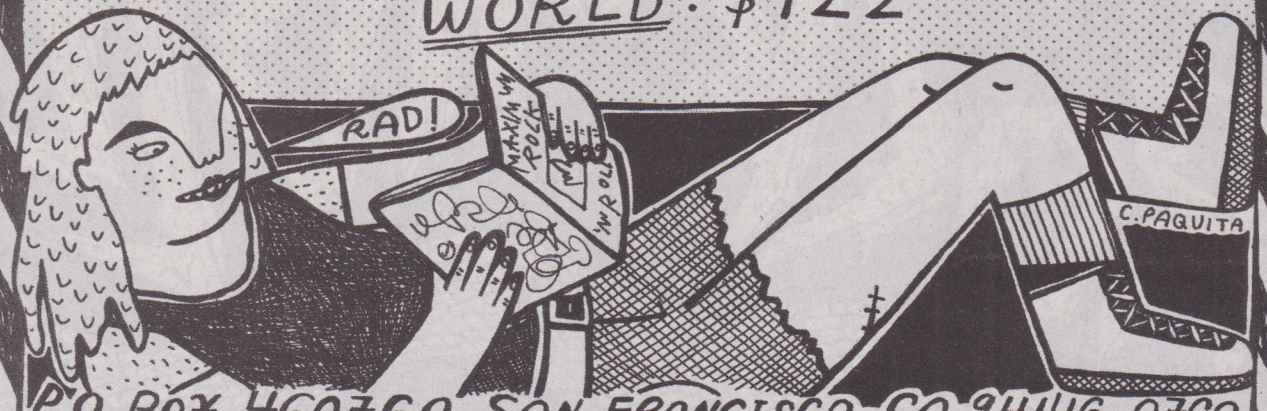

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NEWS

Maximum Rocknroll News compiled by Donny

GUARDS FIRE ON GITMO HUNGER-STRIKERS

from World War 4 Report

Military guards at Guantanamo Bay fired four "non-lethal" rounds at hunger-striking detainees the morning of April 13 as the facility commander forced them from a communal area into single cells. Some of the detainees used "improvised weapons" to resist being moved, according to a Department of Defense news release. No guards or detainees were reported to be seriously injured. As of April 15, 43 detainees are on hunger strike; 13 of those are being force-fed. Yet the military denies that it is attempting to break the strike.

"Detainees may continue to hunger strike, but medical staff will now be able to monitor their condition," said Navy Capt. Robert Durand of Joint Task Force Guantánamo. He said a move to single cells was taken, "to ensure that detainees are not being coerced by other detainees to participate in the hunger strike."

On the day of the disturbance, *The New York Times* ran an op-ed by Samir Naji al Hasan Moqbel, a prisoner at Guantánamo Bay since 2002, entitled "Gitmo Is Killing Me" (read the piece below). Dictated through an Arabic interpreter to his lawyers at the legal charity Reprieve in an unclassified telephone call, the piece relates how the Yemeni went to Afghanistan on a false promise of work, fled to Pakistan with the US invasion of 2001, was arrested when he attempted to contact the Yemeni embassy and turned over to the US military. It denies US claims that he had served as a guard for Osama bin Laden. It details the horrors of being force-fed, which may amount to torture, and concludes: "I just hope that because of the pain we are suffering, the eyes of the world will once again look to Guantánamo before it is too late."

On April 15, US district judge Thomas Hogan in Washington, DC, turned down a plea for relief from Guantánamo Bay hunger strikers, despite hearing testimony that guards displayed "deliberate indifference" to inmates' medical needs and forced them to drink dirty water. Dr. Stephen Xenakis, certified by Hogan as an expert witness, based his testimony on interviews with detainees and suggested that authorities at Gitmo are deliberately denying potable water in a bid to break the resolve of the prisoners. However, the judge denied an emergency motion for relief, ruling that he did not have jurisdiction over the matter. He added that petitioner Musa'ab Omar al Madhwani—who is said to be in "imminent danger" of death—had "self-manufactured" his health situation.

Gitmo is Killing Me

One man here weighs just 77 pounds. Another, 98. Last thing I knew, I weighed 132, but that was a month ago.

I've been on a hunger strike since Feb. 10 and have lost well over 30 pounds. I will not eat until they restore my dignity. I've been detained at Guantánamo for eleven years and three months. I have never been charged with any crime. I have never received a trial. I could have been home years ago — no one seriously thinks I am a threat — but still I am here. Years ago the military said I was a "guard" for Osama bin Laden, but this was nonsense, like something out of the American movies I used to watch. They don't even seem to believe it anymore. But they don't seem to care how long I sit here, either.

When I was at home in Yemen, in 2000, a childhood friend told me that in Afghanistan I could do better than the $50 a month I earned in a factory, and support my family. I'd never really traveled, and knew nothing about Afghanistan, but I gave it a try.

I was wrong to trust him. There was no work. I wanted to leave, but had no money to fly home. After the American invasion in 2001, I fled to Pakistan like everyone else. The Pakistanis arrested me when I asked to see someone from the Yemeni Embassy. I was then sent to Kandahar, and put on the first plane to Gitmo.

Last month, on March 15, I was sick in the prison hospital and refused to be fed. A team from the ERF (Extreme Reaction Force), a squad of eight military police officers in riot gear, burst in. They tied my hands and feet to the bed. They forcibly inserted an IV into my hand. I spent 26 hours in this state, tied to the bed. During this time I was not permitted to go to the toilet. They inserted a catheter, which was painful, degrading and unnecessary. I was not even permitted to pray.

I will never forget the first time they passed the feeding tube up my nose. I can't describe how painful it is to be force-fed this way. As it was thrust in, it made me feel like throwing up. I wanted to vomit, but I couldn't. There was agony in my chest, throat and stomach. I had never experienced such pain before. I would not wish this cruel punishment upon anyone.

I am still being force-fed. Two times a day they tie me to a chair in my cell. My arms, legs and head are strapped down. I never know when they will come. Sometimes they come during the night, as late as 11 pm, when I'm sleeping.

There are so many of us on hunger strike now that there aren't enough qualified medical staff members to carry out the force-feedings; nothing is happening at regular intervals. They are feeding people around the clock just to keep up.

During one force-feeding the nurse pushed the tube about eighteen inches into my stomach, hurting me more than usual, because she was doing things so hastily. I called the interpreter to ask the doctor if the procedure was being done correctly or not. It was so painful that I begged them to stop feeding me. The nurse refused to stop feeding me. As they were finishing, some of the "food" spilled on my clothes. I asked them to change my clothes, but the guard refused to allow me to hold on to this last shred of my dignity.

When they come to force me into the chair, if I refuse to be tied up, they call the ERF team. So I have a choice. Either I can exercise my right to protest my detention, and be beaten up, or I can submit to painful force-feeding.

The only reason I am still here is that President Obama refuses to send any detainees back to Yemen. This makes no sense. I am a human being, not a passport and I deserve to be treated like one.

I do not want to die here, but until President Obama and Yemen's president do something, that is what I risk every day.

Where is my government? I will submit to any "security measures" they want in order to go home, even though they are totally unnecessary. I will agree to whatever it takes in order to be free. I am now 35. All I want is to see my family again and to start a family of my own.

The situation is desperate now. All of the detainees here are suffering deeply. At least 40 people here are on a hunger strike. People are fainting with exhaustion every day. I have vomited blood.

And there is no end in sight to our imprisonment. Denying ourselves food and risking death every day is the choice we have made.

I just hope that because of the pain we are suffering, the eyes of the world will once again look to Guantánamo before it is too late.

DECODING THE INVISIBLE WHITENESS IN BOSTON BOMBING COVERAGE

By Akiba Solomon from colorlines.org

Watching professional broadcast journalists attempt to compete with social media hobbyists for any nugget of information during last week's manhunt for suspects in the Boston Marathon bombing, many us felt a familiar dread. We know, either intuitively, through direct experience or via professional training, that media have a collective power to help diffuse or fuel the fear and tension that so often triggers racial violence in this country. Despite all of the post-9/11 reflection and lessons learned, it seems that some members of traditional media cannot help but have a racist response to the unknown. The hysteria of social media users—who enjoy the luxury of using handles rather than their names and faces—serve to intensify the racist response. So despite their public atonement, it still appears as if people with power don't understand the impact of their decisions.

American history shows us time and time again that without an incredible amount of resistance to and clarity about the white supremacy under girding our culture, mob rule serves as the default. So although some media members have made public apologies for the racism they fed into via silence, doublespeak or rote reporting, there is still work to be done. A lot of work. One way to begin is by examining the language we use when we're doing our jobs.

Let's probe the Monday mea culpa from Reddit general manager Erik "@hueypriest" Martin. He described the racist behavior of some the site's users as a "witch hunt." In 2013, on the Internet, "witch hunt" can apply to the post-9/11, Islamophobic, and racist branding of Sunil Tripathi, the Indian-American student who had been missing since March 16. But the centuries-long American usage of "witch hunt" refers to the 1692-1693 trials in Salem, Mass., of more than 200 women accused of practicing "the Devil's magic." All of the authorities and most of the victims in this shameful chapter were what we today consider white. Yet people use "witch hunt" in a racially neutral way because Salem, at the time, was an English colony. So "England" was the oppressor, "Puritanism" and "religious intolerance" was the problem, the victims were "women" and nobody's white except for the "Caribbean slave" Tituba.

The redditors who "crowd sourced" the wrong information about Sunil Tripathi and the blogs that spread the conjecture were not conducting a witch. They were mimicking the behavior of American white supremacist mobs.

Now, think about how CNN's John King reported the nonexistent arrest of a phantom "dark skinned man" last Thursday afternoon during the manhunt, then tweeted that evening a self-defense that declared, "...What I am not is racist." As several Twitter users helpfully pointed out, the system of racism is about outcomes for the multitude of men in this country who don't appear to be white, not John King's perception of himself.

This is how the United States of America does racism. We live in an ahistorical culture that continually attempts to deny the white supremacy that determines who is and isn't defined as a U.S. citizen, a criminal, a terrorist or a victim. But a trip through our history is instructive.

Human Mob Theory

Because living things have trouble coping with pain, let's start with something neutral about how mobs behave.

In an interview over email, Nicole Monteiro, Ph.D.,* a clinical psychologist and professor from the United States who currently teaches at the University of Botswana, explained:

"Mobs allow for [the] diffusion of responsibility, anonymity, the illusion of authority and 'othering.' Racist ideology provides a fertile breeding ground for all of these dynamics because it lures adherents with the promise of clear-cut, unambiguous identities and allegiances," she wrote last week. "Modern media reinforce racist ideology via repetition of stereotypes and by presenting a racially biased, 'Us vs. Them' mentality as objective fact."

Monteiro, who was watching American news coverage of the Boston Marathon bombings from Botswana, added, "The broadcast media is definitely looking for the 'Muslim,' 'foreign' or 'other' angle to re-establish that 'mainstream,' 'wholesome,' white America."

Many Americans talk about the dynamics of American white supremacist mob rule as a series of isolated "tragedies." The outcome of this behavior is 100 percent tragic. But American white supremacist behavior and the media that fuel it aren't some cosmic accident.

Let's look at where we've been.

It's impossible to tell the whole thing here. I'd like to start in Memphis, 1892. The African-American journalist Ida B. Wells began her eight-year investigation into the ritual of white mobs kidnapping, hanging, burning, castrating and otherwise torturing black men for the alleged rape of white women. In response to an editorial about the lynching of three of her friends published in *The Free Speech* and *Headlight*—a black newspaper she co-owned—a white mob destroyed The Free Speech office.

Now, lets try 1910. From the online version of the photo book *Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America,* here's an account of a white supremacist mob-lynching of a black man named Allen Brooks in Dallas.

The H. J. Buvens family had esteemed Allen Brooks a trusted servant until Flora Daingerfield, a second servant, claimed to have discovered Brooks with their missing three-year old daughter in the barn. Dr. W. W. Brandau examined the child and concluded, rather vaguely, that there was "evidence of brutal treatment." A local newspaper described the alleged crime as "one of the most heinous since the days of Reconstruction." Immediately following Brooks' arrest, a mob attempted, but failed, to kidnap him from authorities. But while his trial was underway, a second mob, of two hundred whites and one "conspicuous Negro," entered the courtroom and successfully overwhelmed a "defending force" of fifty [sic] armed deputies and twenty [sic] policemen.

Of course mobs are formed to protect whiteness from more than black people in America. Let's move to 1943, in Los Angeles, during World War II. In this setting the leading threat is supposed to be "Communism" and Japanese Americans, whom the United States government rounded up by the thousands and trapped in internment camps. But we also end up with the so-called Zoot Suit Riots, which according to an American Experience summary, lasted from May 31 through June 9 of that year.

In this episode of white supremacist violence, we have white military servicemen leaving the Naval Reserve Armory and trolling downtown L.A. with the purpose of street-harassing young Mexican-American women, and of trading antagonisms with young Mexican-American men wearing the baggy, colorful "zoot suits" associated with black bandleader Cab Calloway. On May 31, a white serviceman grabs the arm of a Mexican-American teen and ends up severely beaten. In retaliation, mobs of white men representing the United States Armed Forces come into the city to beat up people they see as Mexican.

In the major papers, such as the Los Angeles Examiner and the Los Angeles Daily News, it's reported as "riotous disturbances" by "zoot suit hoodlums" provoking "revenge-bent servicemen."

And two years later, in a report from—not making this up— the "Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities in California" we learn that "zoot suits," "Negro and Mexican youth" and "Communism" are to blame for the actions of a pack of white males who rushed into a movie theater, beat up thirteen- and fourteen-year-old Mexican-American boys, stripped them near naked and burned their zoot suits. An excerpt from the 1945 report:

The Pachuco, or so-called "zoot-suit," fad among Negro and Mexican youth in Los Angeles' east side was a golden opportunity for Communist racial agitation. The riots that occurred in June of 1943, together with the activities of certain Communist front organizations and the vociferous charges of the Communist press, forcefully brought the situation to the attention of the Committee. ...

Gangs of Mexican and Negro boys, garbed in the fantastic costumes now generally known as "zoot-suits," had been roaming the streets of the east side of the City of Los Angeles since early in 1941. Many of these boys were armed with clubs, knives, brass knuckles and links of chains. Every properly attired "zoot-suiter" wore heavy-soled oxfords. In extreme cases the soles of these "zoot-suit " oxfords were in excess of an inch thick and when properly used in a gang fight became formidable weapons. United States sailors and soldiers were assaulted on the streets and in cocktail bars by groups of "zoot-suiters" and violent disturbances were reported from time to time. Early in June of

1943, the long-smoldering antagonism flared into violence.

We can't skip over September 11, 2001, of course. The years of mob violence that ensued are ongoing. Under George W. Bush's successor, Barack Obama, we have "targeted drone strikes" in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Somalia and Yemen, that routinely kill brown people—including children—that we don't see. In this country, we've had racially motivated attacks on Sikhs and other brown folks.

And now, in April 2013, with all of our "democratized" media and "crowd sourcing" we quickly began forming mobs in search of "dark-skinned" suspects, Arab-American joggers, missing Ivy League students with foreign names, Muslims—those who would threaten whiteness. The whole effort was initially thrown into confusion by the fact the actual suspects were literally Caucasian.

But then as Sarah Kendzior pointed in an Al Jazeera essay, the Tsarnaev brothers were soon found to be "the wrong kind of Caucasian." To wit, we witnessed absurdities such as the attempt by TMZ.com to link the terror-producing, deadly behavior of 26-year-old Tamerlan Tsarnaev, an ethnic Chechen who grew up in Boston, to the suddenly novel concept of hip-hop consumption.

The older brother who was killed and suspected in the Boston bombings was deep into hip hop, and it appears he belonged to a fan website that touted that genre of music. ...

The site provides information about hip-hop artists and upcoming DVD releases. What's interesting ... hip hop lyrics are notoriously violent and often degrading to women. Tamerlan Tsarnaev has a boxing profile in which he says he doesn't take his shirt off much because he doesn't want women to get bad ideas, adding, "I'm very religious." This statement is significantly more conservative than the hip hop genre.

And today and indefinitely, we're going to hear details of how nineteen-year-old Dzhokhar Tsarnaev and his Caucasian brother were "radicalized" by Islam. In an Associated Press report, we learn of the ominous figure "Misha," a bald, bearded man whom reportedly befriended the older Tsarnaev and turned him to the dark side of Islam. AP reports that days of searching, it was unable to actually find a trace of this mysterious man. Nobody's white in this equation.

In fact, the label "terrorism" demands they cannot be white, according to Princeton professor Imani Perry, Ph.D., J.D., author of "More Beautiful and More Terrible: The Embrace and Transcendence of Racial Inequality in the United States."

"Efforts to try to fit [the Boston Marathon bombing] into the standard racialized narrative didn't work. That became clear once the names and photos of the Chechen brothers were released and the speculation about whether they were Muslims or terrorists and Caucasian started," Perry said in a Wednesday interview. "I think it's a reflection of how [media] language of 'terror' registers as the vulnerability of whiteness, because 'American' is read as 'white." To capture the label of 'terrorism' it has to be whiteness threatened by 'The Other'."

22 INJURED IN OAXACA WIND FARM PROTEST

From World War 4 Report

Some 1,200 agents from the police forces of the southern Mexican state of Oaxaca tried unsuccessfully on March 26 to remove local residents who were blocking a road leading to the Bii Yoxho wind farm, which is under construction in Juchitán de Zaragoza municipality near the Pacific coast. The operation was also intended to recover construction equipment protesters had seized on February 25 in an ongoing effort to stop the completion of the wind project, which is owned by the Mexican subsidiary of the Spanish company Gas Natural Fenosa.

Local prosecutor Manuel de Jesús López told the French wire service Agence France-Presse that 22 people were injured in the March 26 operation, including 11 police agents, and one police agent was taken prisoner. Protesters reported eight local people with serious injuries, including Carlos Sánchez, the coordinator of Radio Totopo, a community radio station.

Several companies have been building wind farms in southeastern Oaxaca on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Residents in the Juchitán area, mostly from the Zapotec and Ikoots (Huave) indigenous groups, say the Bii Yoxho project is being built in an area they use for fishing and farming that also includes ceremonial sites, along with mangrove forests that are critical to the local environment.

The barricade blocking access to the Bii Yoxho project on the Juchitán-Playa Vicente road is one of four main points of resistance to the wind turbines. Activists have also occupied the town hall in San Dionisio del Mar since January 2012; have refused to recognize the mayor in San Mateo del Mar, Francisco Valle, because he favors the projects; and have set up a barricade in Juchitán's Alvaro Obregón neighborhood to block access to another wind park, owned by the Mareña Renovables company.

The resistance has been subjected to police harassment, such as the 24-hour detention by federal police of Lucila Bettina Cruz Velázquez, a leader in the Assembly of the Indigenous Peoples of the Tehuantepec Isthmus in Defense of Land and Territory, in February 2012. Protesters also report the presence of armed paramilitary groups, some with connections to unions and other groups affiliated with the centrist Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) or close to the center-left Party of the Democratic Revolution (PRD).

On March 21, a group of men linked to Juchitán's PRI mayor, Francisco Valle Piamonte, briefly detained reporter Rosa Rojas and photographer Francisco Olvera, both from the left-leaning national daily *La Jornada,* along with three reporters from alternative media and a San Mateo resident. On the morning of March 29, a paramilitary group dismantled Radio Totopa, seizing a laptop and the transmitter and cutting the power cables, according to the Popular Assembly of the Juchiteco People (APPJ). APPJ spokespeople called this "another attack by the state government and the transnational companies, which are trying to use violence to silence the voices of those who oppose the construction of wind parks."

After negotiations with representatives of the Oaxaca state government on March 28, the APPJ returned 12 vehicles, including a backhoe, to Gas Natural Fenosa; in exchange, the state agreed not to press charges against the protesters. However, the APPJ rejected the state's proposal for them to lift the road blockades on April 1 and attend an April 2 meeting in the city of Oaxaca. Protesters said they would maintain their barricades, and called on the governor, Gabino Cué Monteagudo, to come meet with them in Juchitán.

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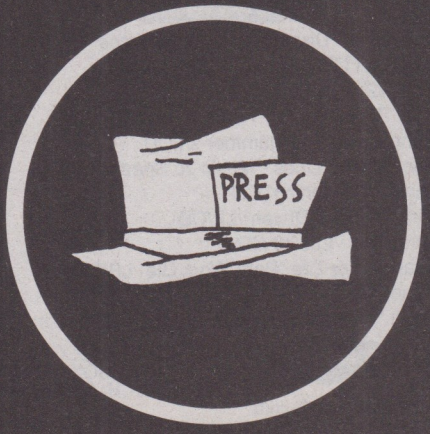

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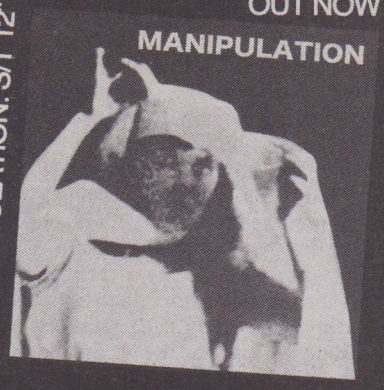

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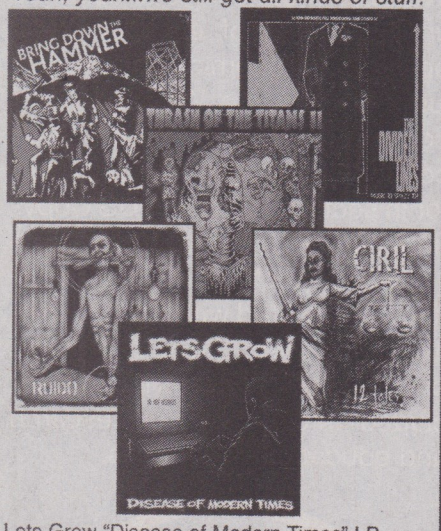

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Ciril "12 Tales" LP
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NAILS

ABANDON ALL LIFE
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The second Nails full length:Abandon All Life is 10 tracks of barbaric rage that have no resemblance to the laughable retro party metal that passes as extreme music in todayis world. Abandon All Life brutally carpet bombs the listener with a horrifying brand of Death/ Grind/ Hardcore chaos. Nails flawlessly blend the purest and best moments of death metal akin to SUFFOCATION, early NASUM, and CELTIC FROST with their own sadistic aggression. With profound hatred, the howling war cry of ABANDON ALL LIFE shows NAILS as a band without equal in their class.

BAPTISTS

BUSHCRAFT
LP/CD

Vancouver Canada's Baptists lay down unrelenting, chaotic, punishing hardcore. Brutal yet cathartic. This rages with an intense urgency that immediately grabs you by the throat! Recorded in Salem, MASS w/ Kurt Ballou. The final result presented is a dark, seething non stop battering. This is a band completely firing on all cylinders and laying waste to everything in their path. A truly classic debut album. For Fiends of Cursed, Drive Like Jehu, Die Kreuzen, Trap Them.

Agrimonia

RITES OF SEPARATION
CD

Agrimonia's sound could be described as the bastard child of the epic, bittersweet sounds of bands like Counterblast and Neurosis, together with the simplicity and murk of bands as Bolt Thrower and Bathory. Thundering death and black metal soaked doom, with hints of crust, as well as atmospheric and epic darkness. The guitars range from devastating heaviness to gloomy acoustic sections, with piercing leads that flash through the darkness "Rites of Separation" was recorded at Studio Fredman in Sweden by Fredrik Nordstrom in the winter of 2012/2013.

HESSIAN

MANEGARMR
CD

Manegarmr is the debut full length release from Belgiums' HESSIAN. The album was mixed by the infamous Tomas Skogsberg (Entombed, Unleashed, Dismember) at Sunlight Studios in Sweden. Mastered by Brad Boatright (Sleep, HIgh on Fire, Nails). Marked by a storm looming beneath towering guitars and hectic drum patterns, HESSIAN is the sound of the savage howl of the lone wolf to the pack. For fiends of: Converge, Neurosis, Dark Throne, Integrity

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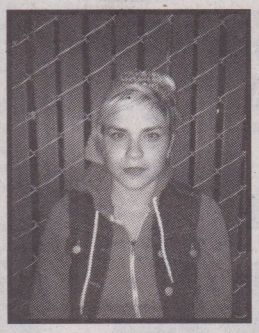
NEW RELEASES COMING SOON: POWER TRIP, CENTURIES, DEAD IN THE DIRT

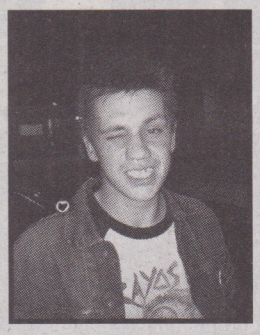
MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

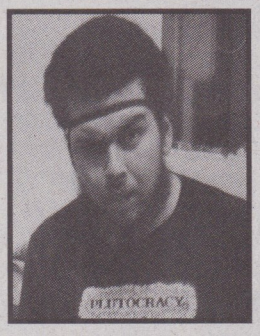
This month's question is "What is the most fucked thing you've seen at a show?" Asked at the INFEST show at The Metro, in Oakland, CA. By Rachel and Ethan.



Jessa, Oakland, CA
At a show in Denton, everybody took acid and a riot broke out when someone pulled a gun. The night ended with one guy smashing his face on some plates and the cops had to escort him off when he tied himself to some railroad tracks.

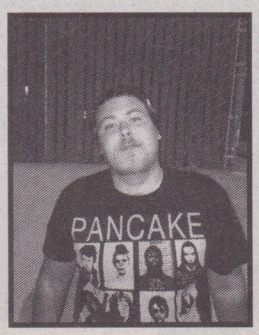


Charlie, Oakland, CA
I got hit with brass knuckles three times and there was almost a big riot at the Restarts show at Victory Warehouse.



Matt, Los Angeles, CA
I remember seeing my buddy, Giovanni Martinez getting kicked in the face with a fat boot and getting his eyebrow ring knocked out during Negative Approach in 2008 at FYF, while it was still Fuck Yeah Fest. I guess that's what happens when you have a weak ass eyebrow ring.

Ruby, Oakland, CA
Seeing a bonehead holding his chest together after a skinhead pretty much cut it off during a Frodus show.



Cole, Berkeley, CA
Loren Moter.

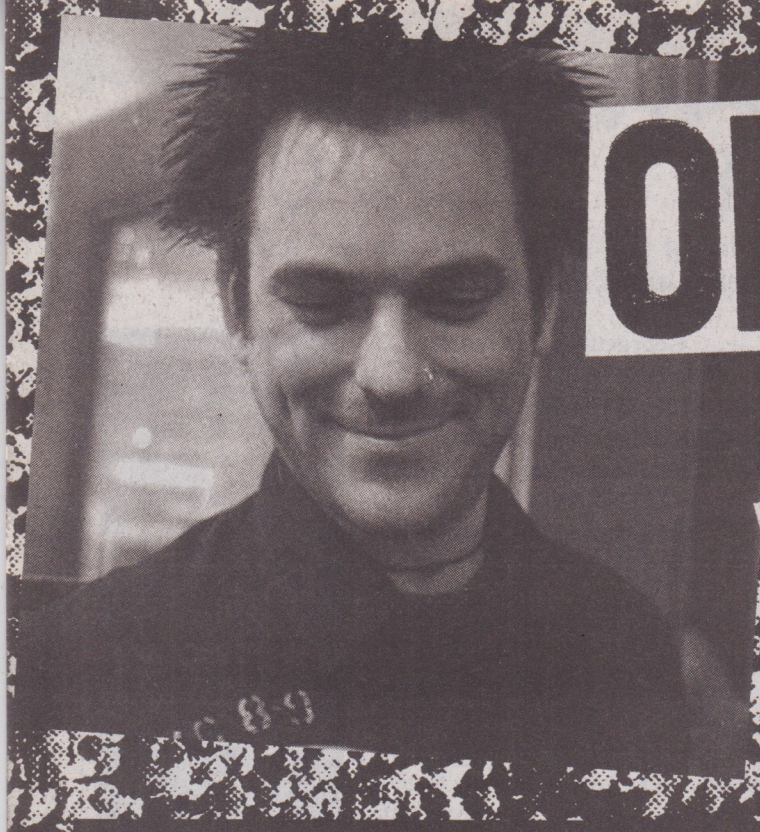
Georgette, San Francisco, CA
We were at the Pink String out front, and we heard gunshots down the street and then they were outside the house. There were two cars shooting at eachother and bullets flying at our heads. We hit the floor, waited for the bullets to stop, went inside and the answer was, " well, this is Oakland."

Ryan, Oakland, CA
During the Hunting Party set at the Tragedy show at The Metro, a very drunk oogle who did not pay to get in, started slowly taking his overalls off in the pit. He had nothing on underneath. Once nude, he fell to the floor and the singer of No Statik stomped on him a few times.

Alyssa, Oakland, CA
I grew up in North Carolina and knew a dude who used to be really into punk and hardcore and played in a bunch of bands. He dropped out of that to be in Warped Tour like pop punk/emo bands. When he didn't pull that off he became a day manager at Red Robin's and dates a stripper.

Crass, Daly City, CA
There was a girl on crutches at the Mob show a few months back. Her friend got way too wasted, couldn't stand up straight, and ended up body-slamming the girl on crutches straight into the ground.

Jordan, San Francisco, CA
During Reagan Youth in Oakland, in the first song some dude hit his head on the concrete floor and was bleeding out of his ears. They had to stop the show for paramedics to come and stretcher him out. That guy kind of ended up better off though, because Reagan Youth sucked.



ORGANIZE AND ARISE

Organize And Arise (dot org) is an online community dedicated to the international DIY punk scene. Based out of Minneapolis, this massive project is the brainchild of Andy Lefton (or Leffer, as we all call him) and supported by a large cast of behind-the-scenes miscreants from around the world. This is what happens when the internet can be used for something positive and punk. Let's have a look into the world of Organize And Arise! Interview by Damien Inbred, Photos by Damien Inbred, Michael Alvarez-Toye.

MRR: First off, tell me about the roots of Organize and Arise. Where and when did it start? It used to be something completely different when you started it up, right?

Organize & Arise began in the summer circa 1994 as a simple DIY tape distro and screen-printing shop in Colorado. I was playing in Flux Of Disorder at the time and Colorado was thriving in the punk scene. It was such a great time and we all were really enthusiastic about the music, the scene and doing everything DIY, like gigs, clothing, printing, labels, etc. You know the drill.

I wanted to join the party and really contribute to the "cause" and help out in the DIY community. So I started putting together F.O.D demos, and really getting into silk screening. Doing patches, shirts and such really brought O&A into the world and I was so psyched to be a part of the whole thing we were doing. It was a tight community that was quite political in nature and a lot was happening. Food not Bombs, political rallies, gigs, protests—you name it, we did it.

I was living in Longmont, CO. at the time and that place may have well been considered Mars, since it was so far north of Denver, but closer to Boulder. Most all activity was taking place in Denver, so driving the distance was an everyday task. I was also living out of my car at the time, but my Ma had this crazy secluded trailer in the foothills of the Rockies, with no electricity (generator) and no running water (1000 gallon tank on a hill with hose). So, I would drive up to this isolated area and this trailer had an attached back room that both she and I converted into this screen-printing shop. She did her weird touristy shit and I did all my punk propaganda stuff. It was harmony...Ha!

So, it wasn't right off the bat that I was like "I'm gonna start a DIY thing and do this"...it was more like, teaching myself to screen print, make demos, book gigs and then it just became clear to me that creating a name behind it would help centralize what we were doing...so Organize and Arise was born.

Once the end of the '90s approached, things began to change in the community. From my personal perspective, people changed and ideals changed and everything started to become a bit discombobulated. I was still feeling active in the political anarcho sense of the word and was also stubborn in my ideals, so when things changed, worlds started colliding and that's when O&A flat-lined. No one cared about the anti-war message or animal this or that. So I slowly became a lone entity and had to pack it in...unfortunately.

MRR: Going from that point to where it is now... when did you decide to create the O&A board? What was the reason behind it?

Fast forward ten plus years. At this point, I'm now in Minneapolis. Once 1999 came, I high-tailed it out of Colorado due to things changing—boredom was rampant and I needed to find something different and wanted to further my education...still not knowing what the hell I wanted to do. With my connections from O&A and Flux in Colorado, I had a good network of folks and Minneapolis turned out to be my calling. After years of working and playing the local punk community I was very enthusiastic about keeping the network alive and working to build the DIY community via gigs, bands, tours, friends, etc.

At this point, O&A was a memory...never died, but never reborn. I suppose it was in limbo and the last thing on my mind was to resurrect it. My obligations at that time were trying to find a career that I loved and simply getting established in life. My passion for it never faded, but during this time, I was just trying to find balance.

As we all know, Profane Existence is a long running staple in the Minneapolis and global punk network. They had a great online forum that really brought a lot of information and resources right to our hands. It helped us deal with booking gigs internationally, benefits, distros, protests and overall punk news that we could all relate to and bind our little local communities into a large global network. It was an awesome thing, for sure!

Sadly, it ran its course and Dan at PE just couldn't keep up with the garbage, like spam and idiots on the board that would ultimately ruin this good thing. So being frustrated and lacking in help, he just pulled the plug and our online community fell. A lot of folks were really bummed that this great resource just took a plunge. So unfortunately, that end of our network broke.

Yes, it sounds dramatic, but the underground relies on communication. This is a free resource that pulls all of it and us together, and we can thrive with it...and we should.

So, after the initial shock wore off that this resource we've had for years just died, I had the idea to not simply let it go. It just kind of hit me and thought for a few minutes...why not get this thing back up and get a good crew of folks to help volunteer their time to maintain it. There are a small handful of us that are tech savvy and others that are more on the creative side...and with that, we were able to put Organize and Arise back on the map! Maybe not as a distro or a printing shop, but to start it how it was founded. Based on ideals—cooperative, mutual thought and respect in the punk community. So, in a nutshell, that's how the forum came about.

MRR: How do you feel that the internet has affected the punk scene overall?

I feel it's been an excellent resource! I was very reluctant back in the day, but that's because I had no idea how it worked or what it was about. It's definitely not a resource to replace real communication between human beings, but as a tool to move forward in our world, communicate abroad, share in ideas and help get the name out in the name of DIY...this is an essential tool.

MRR: What's the difference between mainstream social media like Facebook, et al, and the O&A board?

There's a huge of difference and the two need to be separated. It's like comparing the mainstream music business to the DIY underground record labels and distros. It's like trying to add Scion to a punk gig (face-palm). It's apples and oranges and O&A isn't out to be a popularity contest or compete in how many friends we can pile up. It's a tool for our underground world and it's here to keep the spirit alive via networking. Sure, I'm guilty of having a Facebook account, but most of us here are. But it's not a bad thing. Facebook and all other social media have a place and they come into play as a good resource as well. What O&A is doing is paying more attention to what we do as a specific community. Not to be separatists, but we don't agree on being barraged by the mainstream adverts and consumer drivel that saturates these sites. They can have their shallow and superficial heroes and cultureless garbage. Organize and Arise is a place for us...a place to talk to like-minded folks from all over. It's not a forum that mindlessly contributes to anything like these other sites. It's friends and family and all new comers are just as close.

MRR: How does O&A differentiate itself from other punk message boards out there?

Good question. I'm not out to compete or be "different" than what's out there now. I don't really pay attention to all the forums that are out there and we don't compete with something that we're not. Most of my insight on the board comes from other members' feedback. I hear a lot of good things about what O&A is to others folks and it's a good feeling. This is a place for us, not just me. I do see other boards that feed off of drama and one-sided debates. Berating others, trolling and all that disrespectful horseshit will not fly on the O&A board. We do not police the board, we do not parent or "keep close eye" on anything. If someone comes to the board with a chip on their shoulder, hazes or disrespects others...we'll notice, but won't pull the plug on them unless they continue with their shit. If we see it, we'll call out their bullshit, that's for sure.

MRR: Have you always been into computers and technology?

How did you become the uber-geek that you are today? No, I despised all that techie shit growing up and even into my 20's. I think my first serious stint with a computer is when I was in Deadstate and wanted to do some web "stuff". I had no idea what HTML was... or even how to turn the damn machine on! MRR did an interview with us (Deadstate) and knew you could somehow put it up publicly via the web. So I read online about basic HTML and tossed up the most simple and confusing web crap through this host called Angelfire. That site is still probably somewhere in the cyber realm.

MRR: Aside from the Organize and Arise board, how else are you involved in the DIY punk scene?

Well, closing in on 40 years of age, I'm still doing what I can without getting into too much trouble...Ha! Most of my angst and ideology is filtered through playing music and booking gigs, tours. I also write for PE when time permits. Yes, it's not the olden days of protesting the Pope or doing certain animal rights stuff, but all of that anger and energy is very much still there. This is all second nature to me. Punk is in my bones and that will never change. Being aware and being smart about the world is a vital key to our network.

MRR: You speak a lot about community, respect, and tolerance on the O&A board. Do you feel that this is something that's lacking in other areas of the punk scene, be it online or in the real world?

This is something that's been lacking since the dawn of humankind. I mean, not in all aspects of our world, be it local, global, punk or society at large. There will always be a need to find a place where a person can feel accepted and not judged.

I do speak about it quite often. I think that I keep the subject matter always upfront, because it's the vital ingredient that brings us together. I don't do this to be cliché or approach it with a soapbox. It really is something that is important to all of us and it's the only thing we have that keeps us from falling into their outside world of chaos.

I try to approach O&A as an entity, like an energy or something that's inside of us. Not just a forum where we chat or exchange ideas. It's definitely a conduit to look and want more out of our community, than just record trading, etc.

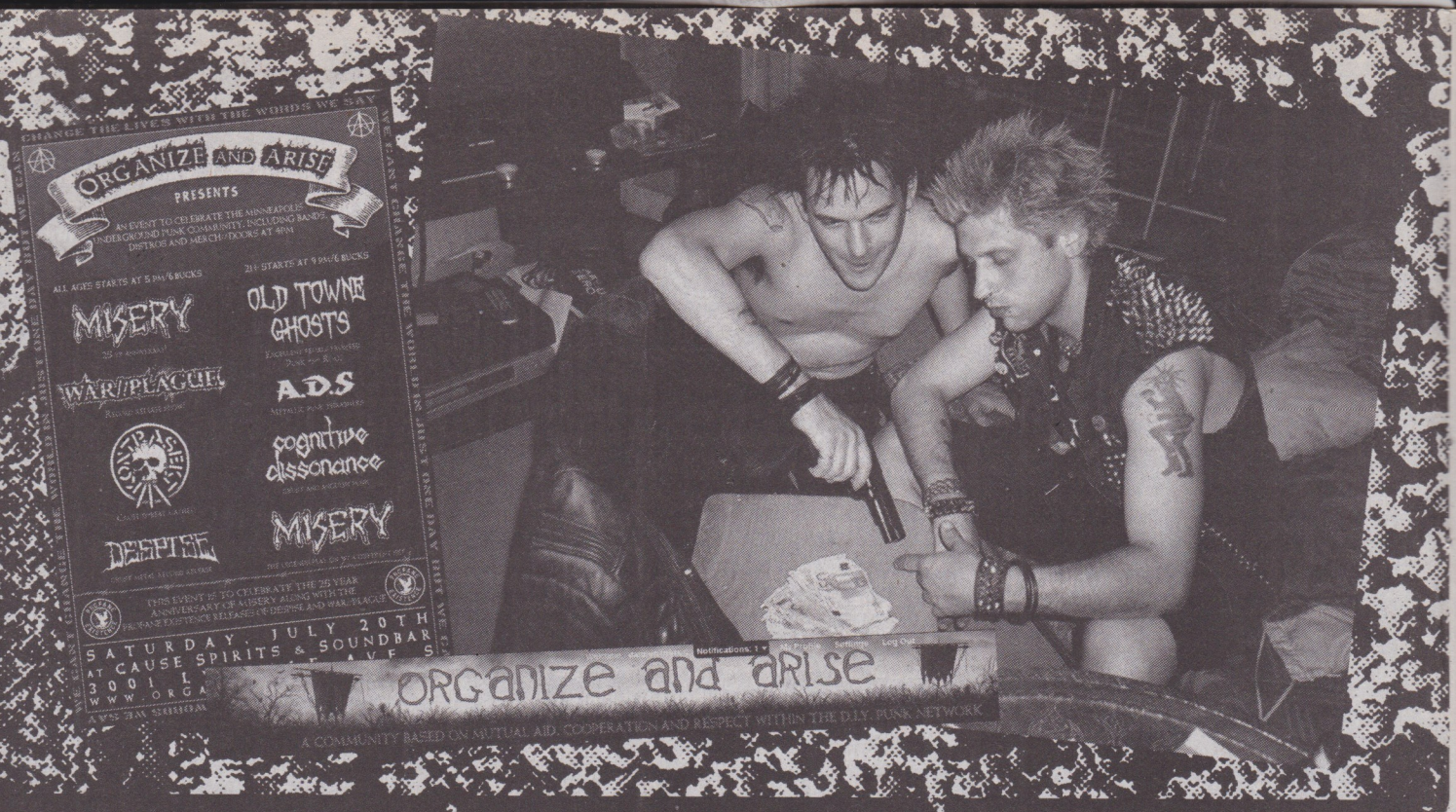
MRR: Whom would you feel the O&A board is mostly geared toward? Is it exclusively "crust/anarcho" oriented or can virtually anyone from any subsect of the international DIY scene feel comfortable there?

This is for anyone and everyone involved with what we do as a punk network. Not just a D-beat or anarcho place to chill. Given, it's geared towards folks that are into the DIY minded aspects of the punk underground. Needless to say, this is a community based on cooperation, friends, respect and most importantly, a peaceful environment. Not just music, but like-mindedness that we all can relate to.

Dumb ass racist, homophobic or what-have-you will be immediately tossed in the garbage. The only real intolerance we deal with is...well, intolerance...and that's very rare.

MRR: I know that the old PE board was heavily politically based back at its highest point. Would you say that the political level of the board has waned in recent years?

Is there a reason behind this? Is the DIY scene becoming more apolitical than it used to? Have punks stopped caring about the world beyond their record collections?



Let me add for those that may not be filled in. O&A took the spot of the old PE board, but that old forum was saturated with so many idiots and garbage, it became overwhelming.

O&A was never attempting to mimic what the PE board did. Yes, thanks to the folks at PE for helping O&A get off the ground with hosting and whatnot. It was never my intention to resurrect O&A to be the PE board. It's a separate entity carried on by different people. Yes, it's the same format and carries the same theme, but we're not trying to clone what previously was.

Politics in the punk movement will always be there. One thing that gives our community its diverse range is its politics. The '90s were a very PC and one-sided atmosphere in punk rock...not everywhere, but it was prominent, and I'm sure the '80s dealt the same card with anarcho. I'm not saying it was all that narrow minded, since that degree of elitism will always exist. It was a good time, I felt, to hone who we are and what creates our like-mindedness today.

One thing I've learned as time goes on is that age plays a major role in who we become. Yes, that sounds pretty simple and sounds like our parents, but for me, you become much more aware of the world as a whole and you recognize what's really important. Earlier in life, it seemed very disciplinary, like there was only one way to do things and fuck everything else. Be veggie, be anarcho, look the part, etc. Although I still live that role to some degree, there comes a time that you can be at ease since all you're doing now is being you...and that is freedom in punk.

So, to answer the question, I feel the universal foundation of punk politics is very much there and it always will be. Times are different and things tend to change, but that internal feeling of camaraderie and dedication are timeless. Yes, people get older and focus more on record collecting or just don't care enough too. The scene burns people out, but it's all perspective from our individual views. As far as I'm concerned, punk is political; punk is not a physical thing and therefore can never die.

MRR: Have there been any major controversies on the O&A board? How have these been dealt with?

None. I feel this is from running a tight ship. Not from a militant or watchful eye approach, but because people care about having a respectful place to go to. Sure, you get the dodgy types that come in with a chip on their shoulder, start throwing around insults, but it's dealt with on a member or admin basis. If the disrespecting continues, it's a simple up or down vote.

MRR: What lies in the future of Organize & Arise?

Well, a lot...I hope. Sadly, everything that I want to involve in O&A requires money, and what I'm doing with it so far is coming out of my pocket. I don't have a donate page or anything like that. But...I do want to evolve into more community based "things." I really want to do a music release. I'm not sure...a comp has always been on the table, but I always get the critics that poo-poo the idea. Might be getting involved with some Misery stuff or even War//Plague down the road. Also, I'd like to get back into screen printing, but I would have to go through a third party, since time is not a friend of mine these days. Don't worry, I'm not dying...yet. Just trying to find balance between work, life, love, so on and so on.

I'm also throwing around the idea of doing a local Minneapolis fest. This is something that would require some local volunteer help. I'd like to have some out of town headliners, but starting small would probably be the first thing. It's all about bringing everyone into one room, shaking hands and saying, "yeah, we are the same." If the forum can do that from abroad, then we can do it on a local basis.

MRR: Here's your chance to offer some final thoughts, namedrop your band or go over anything I forgot to ask...

Thanks Damien, for the chance to get some of my thoughts out there and of course helping moderate the board. It's nice to share with others and really have a sense of communicating with the world. O&A is a global network; it's for everyone that fights the good fight. It's sharing information about this underground world of ours. It's anyone that wants to tour their band and inform others of where they'll be next...and promote it. It's art, it's politics, it's friendship, respect and networking.

I'm in the midst of working with a few others on getting an O&A local gig together. Something to give the area punks a reason to get riled up! This may turn into some music releases in the future, but for right now... one thing at a time. And yes, I play guitar for War//Plague!

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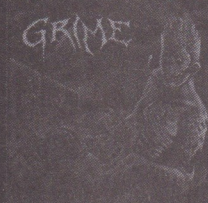

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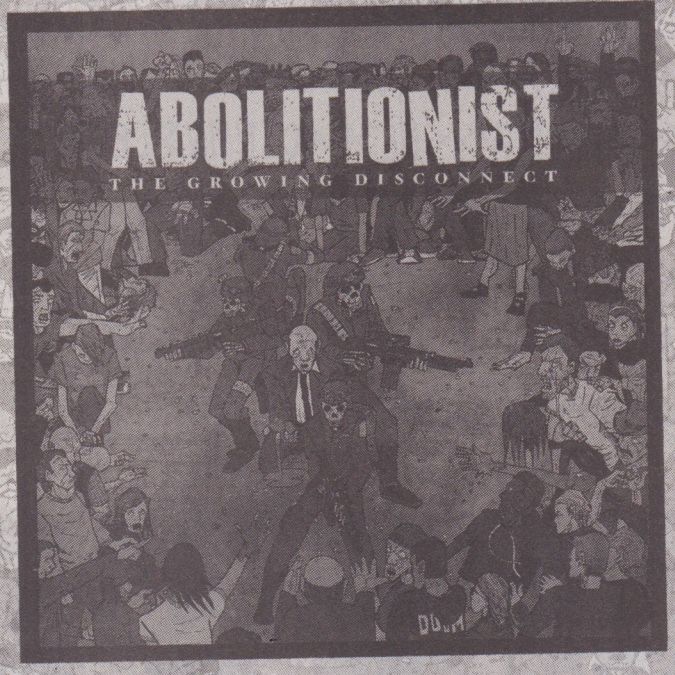

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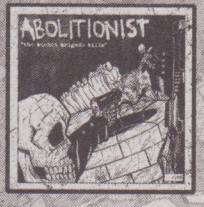

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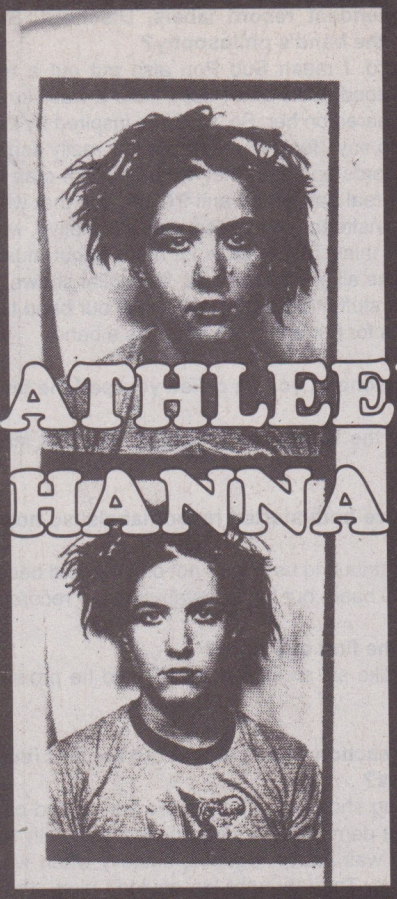


KATHLEEN HANNA

Kathleen Hanna needs no introduction; a force in punk rock girldom for over 25(!!) years, she is hilarious, smart, incendiary… Her band Bikini Kill took back the rights to their recordings and are reissuing them on their own label, on their own terms… Bikini Kill were a Minor Threat for teenage girls in small towns who are searching for a new idea... Kathleen's music is for the freaks, the feminists, the lonely and the free… She is in a new band with Kathi from Bikini Kill who are putting out a record this year. This interview was conducted by a sixteen year old, so read this and start your own band!
Interview by Sam Miller / Intro by Layla / Images c/o Bikini Kill Records

MRR: At least twenty years later, why did you think this would be the right time to reissue the Bikini Kill catalogue?
It just sort of ended up that way. You know, Maggie and Tobi who worked at the label Kill Rock Stars both left the label in January. That sort of ended our relationship with the label, in terms of nobody we knew worked there anymore. So, it was like, why are we on the label anymore? You know what I mean. They moved from Olympia to Portland. The original owner no longer owned it, and no one we knew worked there, so it wasn't like we had the same community relationship we had when we were first on it. It just seemed like, let's take our stuff back, and promote it ourselves. We wanted to reissue the vinyl; a lot of stuff was no longer available. We had one t- shirt. I've been doing lectures and seeing tons of kids wearing Bikini Kill shirts, that they were buying I don't know where. I was like, we should be selling cooler shirts than that. [laughs]

MRR: It's interesting, because it seems the nineties are coming back. The whole Nirvana thing, it seems sort of back in style.
Yeah, exactly, so in a way, it makes sense. I guess if we were smarter we'd be thinking about it in a marketing way, but it just worked out that way. I don't really understand what the Nirvana thing is, is it just they reissued the record or… Do you know?

MRR: I have no idea, they just re-released *Nevermind* again last year.
Yeah.

MRR: Would you say the issues discussed on those early records are just as culturally relevant today?
I think so. I think there are definitely more women present in punk rock and in underground music than there were in the nineties. So, in that way, I guess it's less relevant. You know, we felt we had to really forge are way through a punk scene that was pretty non-accepting and I don't think that if we existed today it would be as bad. At least I hope it wouldn't be as bad because there's so much more acceptance. But umm, I'm not sure. I mean, how old are you?

MRR: Sixteen.
Yeah, so you would probably know better than I would about how good or how bad it is. What do you think? Do you think if a feminist band like Bikini Kill came to your town everybody would be like "whoa, this is great," or do you think guys would be yelling "show us your tits?"

MRR: Umm, yeah, I could definitely see that. Just based on my observances, the second makes sense.
Do you think there'd be people who are like "this is awesome," or people who were like "fuck those bitches?"

MRR: Definitely, sadly the second.
Yeah [laughs], that's pretty much what it was like back then.

MRR: What originally sparked your interest in feminism?
Hmm… I mean, the honest answer is just growing up in a household with a father who was a dick. And then later, choosing male partners

who were assholes. You know, seeing the way I was looked at by my dad or by men on the street, and thinking it was all my fault, and that I had somehow brought this bad behavior on. Then, I read this book called *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir. It's philosophy and you have to go through every single page with a highlighter. It was really difficult to read, but I started to realize that, you know the sexist stuff I was experiencing, whether it was in my own home or on the street, it wasn't my own personal affliction. It was related to the systemic problem of sexism, so I guess it was just from my own personal experiences in the world as a girl, and feeling so bad about myself, finding something that told me it wasn't my fault.

MRR: How did you originally relate that to punk rock?
I went to shows when I was in high school, mostly like punk rock, but it was hardcore then or like, Corrosion of Conformity. I also really liked Slayer and Megadeth, but those shows became really violent and they definitely were not girl friendly. So I started going to see reggae shows, like any reggae band that came to town I would go to, because it was so much more of a positive vibration. [laughs] I felt that I could dance and have a good time at those shows, and when I moved to Olympia, punk rock was really defined in a different way, where it wasn't necessarily a genre with a particular sound. It was about people, musicians taking power away from corporations by creating their own culture.

MRR: K records.
Right, K records. I think through that I became interested in all kinds of music, not just reggae anymore, and I started to see that same sexist crap was reproducing itself. Not at all shows in Olympia, but a lot of times when bands like the Melvins or Tad or Nirvana or whatever would play, it would bring out this real macho element. I think because Olympia was so female friendly, it just felt like an aberration, and we were like, "we don't have to take this." So we started our own bands and started our own thing.

MRR: What else were you listening to at the time that had a big influence on you?
Well that was before I moved to Olympia. When I moved, I listened to the Go-Team, which was Tobi (Vail) and Bill (Karren's) band. Tobi got me into Rites of Spring, the Slits, and we were really, really into Sub Pop. They put out a lot of girl bands like Hole, L-7, Lunachicks, this band Crevice that was thirteen girls playing guitar and singing at the same time. So they actually, although they didn't put out a lot of full lengths by women, they did put out the singles. Every time we got one, we would totally listen to it until the vinyl wore out. Those were a lot of the bands that were influencing us.

MRR: Did the independent record labels, Dischord, Sub Pop, affect your ideas on the band's philosophy?
Um, definitely Dischord. I mean Sub Pop also put out a record by the Dwarves called "Blood, Guts and Pussy," and it was like a naked women with blood smeared on her. So, we were inspired by things like that, except inspired to say, "fuck you" to them. It's really sad they put out all these great records and then they would put out crap like that. They seemed to be a real part of the anti-PC brigade that was acting as if feminism was mainstream and sexism was alternative, which was clearly not the case. I think Tobi knew a lot more about music than I did, she would teach me all about Dischord, five dollar shows, all ages music and that kind of stuff. It definitely influenced our band to play all ages, five dollar shows for our entire ten years as a band.

MRR: Speaking of Dischord, you've called yourself the female Ian MacKaye before?
[laughs] I usually say the female Ian MacKaye with less integrity or less morals.

MRR: Well, now you've both started record labels, so now you're even more alike…
Actually Dischord is distributing us. We're not on Dischord because we were never really a DC band, but Ian is distributing our records.

MRR: Ian produced the first one right?
Yeah, I think there're like six songs on the EP and he produced five out of the six.

MRR: What was the reaction when you put out the first record and started playing shows?
Well, we started playing shows long before the first record came out. We didn't even have a demo tape during our first tour with Nation of Ulysses. The reaction was pretty negative, actually when we played shows people hated us. They thought we couldn't play—they hated us. They just totally hated us. Then we had a demo tape and they still hated us. [laughs] Then we had a record and they still hated us. But, we did have fans, mostly girls who were into what we were doing and were kind of waiting for us. It wasn't like our record ever got positive reviews.

MRR: The shows were a pretty hostile environment, right?
Yeah, it was really weird because some nights it would be a total love-fest. But, even when it was a total love-fest and there were all these girls up front and stuff, there'd always be some yahoo dude who'd throw a bottle at us, or you know, call me a bitch, or spit a beer in my face or whatever. That's one of the things I think most people don't understand about back then is that our shows were really violent and it was really scary because we didn't have any security or anything, or any management. We were sleeping on people's floors and stuff. It was just really small shows, people packed in, you know, it felt really lawless and dangerous. We usually didn't have a dressing room; we'd just change in the bathrooms with the people who were at the show and stuff. So, people had a lot of access to us, which meant angry dudes had a lot of access to us. That was, umm, really scary.

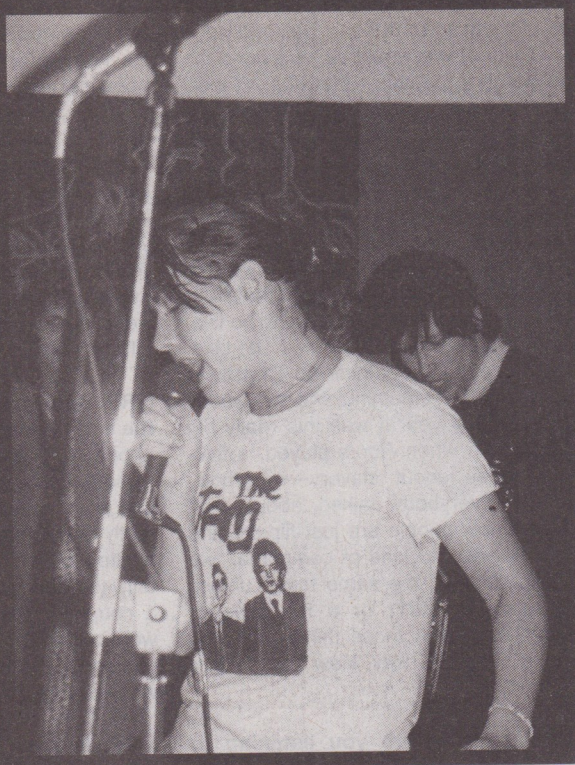
MRR: Is rock and roll the best place for a feminist message?
I definitely wouldn't say that. I think that there's a billion ways, especially in the age of the internet to get your ideas out into the world. For me, looking back on it, I feel like putting feminist theory into punk rock songs was a really smart thing to do because now, people who are your age can get the CDs or the vinyl or the download and experience the music for the very first time, as if it's happening now. To me, the beauty of music is that even when a band doesn't exist anymore—like I remember the first time I heard the Buzzcocks or the Modern Lovers and just being like, "oh my god this is so amazing!" I get a lot of letters from younger people who are like, "I was born twenty years too late, this is exactly what I want."

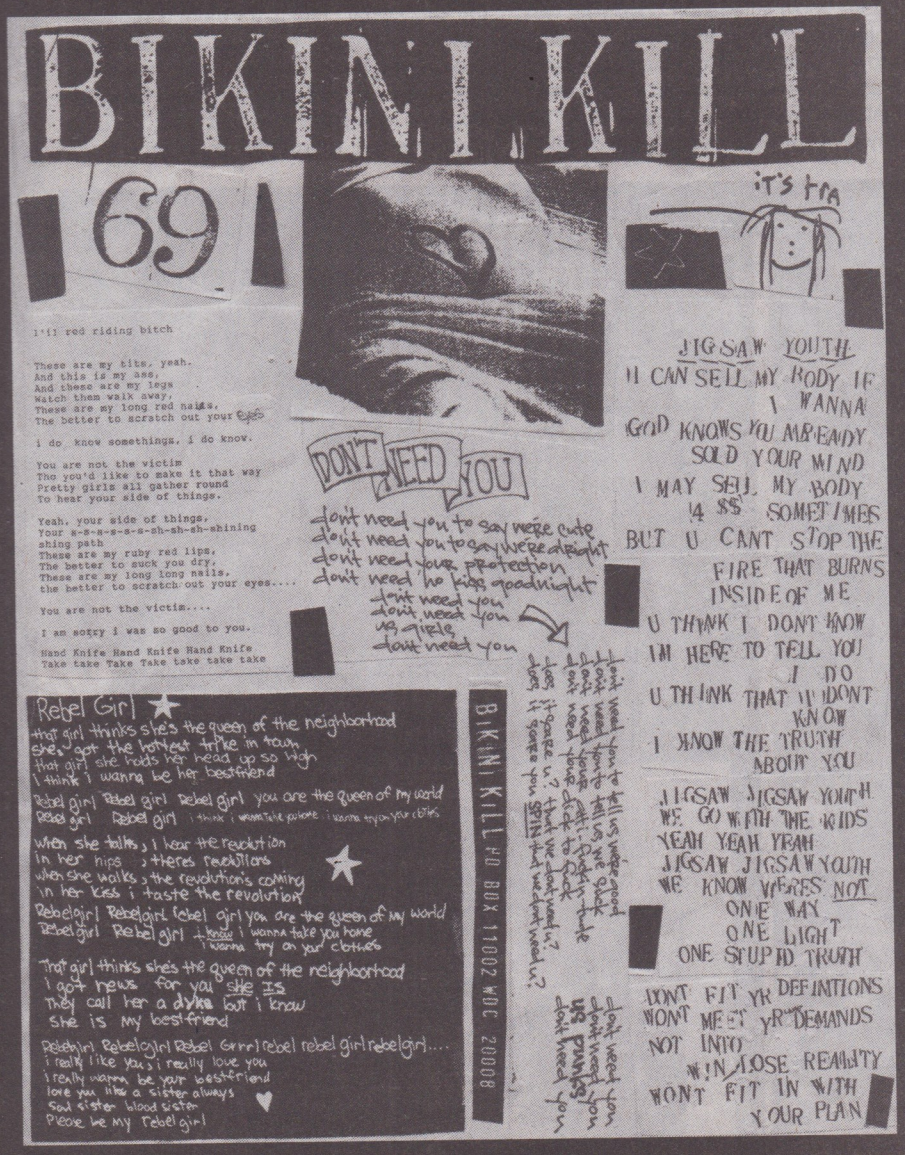
MRR: It's really fucking strange, I feel like I'm the only person in my entire school who knows your band even exists though…
Ever read Rookie? It's kind of a teen girl online magazine, but it's really smart. They have songs of the week, new bands to watch, playlists, stuff like that. Their always looking for writers and for people to send in

what their favorite song is and stuff. They have really cool music on there and they've been really supportive of Bikini Kill even though were like a thousand years older than they are. [laughs] It's very feminist, very smart and they're really into the nineties and nineties music and stuff like that.

MRR: I'm curious, what was the musical evolution from Bikini Kill to Le Tigre, since the two are impossibly different from each other, stylistically at least.
Right, well thank you for noticing. I guess the evolution would be we were just talking about how violent the shows were and typically dance music doesn't bring out the savage beast as much as punk does. And, umm, also Le Tigre charged more money at our shows. We had this kind of goofy, matching outfits, dance around kind of thing. I think it was really a much happier and celebratory environment, and the music therefore sounded more celebratory than Bikini Kill. Bikini Kill sounded a lot angrier, I feel like we were just trying to find our place in the world and express ourselves. And with Le Tigre, we already knew our community existed and we wanted to re-enforce that community. Kind of, preach to the converted because we felt the converted didn't have as much art as they needed. We made dance music and also my voice was trashed from Bikini Kill. I just couldn't scream like that anymore. I had to have surgery and it was a bummer.

MRR: A lot of the popular music today seems to express this cheap misogyny. I find it difficult to find socially conscious women bands, such as Bratmobile or L-7. Would you agree?
Well, I think there are. There's this woman named Amy Cline in New York, and I can't remember what her band is now, but she was in Titus Andronicus, which





was pretty much a guy band with one girl in it. She does this political group called Permanent Waves and she does all these bands, and there are all these women in bands who are doing feminist things. But definitely in the mainstream, the only thing I can think of is like Beyoncé having an all-female band. You know, I don't think Lady Gaga is spreading a feminist message. I don't think Gwen Stefani is spreading a feminist message. I don't think fucking Katy Perry is spreading a feminist message. You know, squirting whipped cream out of your boobs—really?

MRR: What do you think would provide the push for a crossover into the mainstream? Like Nirvana had with *Nevermind* or something...
I think things like that are really all about timing and having a great record and having it be something people are waiting for. You know, it's like, the Beatles totally messed everything up for girl groups in the United States. Bob Dylan was a culture changer. There're always sort of these waves of things that happen. I think there are tons of great records that don't come out at the right time and don't have the push behind them that maybe *Nevermind* did.

MRR: Do you think something like that is less or more possible right now?
Well, it's hard because everything is on the internet. *Nevermind* came out pre-internet, so it wasn't like there were a million choices of things you could listen to. Now, you can go on like, eMusic or iTunes or Soundcloud and you can hear a kazillion different things. I think in a way that's more difficult than there being this one album that everyone's talking about... Because people are like "oh, Best Coast oh, oh, Sleighbells, oh, Bon Iver, oh, oh, Tune Yard, oh." There's so much stuff and back when we were playing music, and when Nirvana was still around, there was less stuff and less access. People felt desperate, maybe how you feel being the only cool dude in your school. You know, people would watch a TV show, like Alternative Nation on MTV and it was

the only place to see a Babes in Toyland video or an L-7 video. We would all sit around the TV and watch it together—that doesn't exist anymore because people are just watching the internet and can see whatever the fuck they want whenever they want.

MRR: So in a way that direct communal aspect is gone…
Yeah, it's like live TV. There's not very much live TV. I always say there are eight thousand channels now and when there used to be five, everybody watched *The Wizard of Oz*. Like, it played once a year, I think on Christmas or New Year's or something and everybody watched it. Every year it was this really big event, and then when *Roots* played, a five-part mini-series about slavery—everybody watched it. Everybody talked about it at school, and now people are just flipping the channels. There's no kind of communal "we are all experiencing the same thing" unless it's a tragedy like 9/11 or a hurricane or something. And even those things, they go away. Like Lana Del Rey. How long is that going to last?

MRR: What music are you listening to now?
I listen to reggae again. [laughs] I've actually been listening to these weird old Bob Marley songs before he became famous where he's covering '50s doo-wop songs.

MRR: Yeah, that early stuff with the Wailers is really interesting.
It's hard because I can't listen to *Legend*, because it's so, you know… It was the soundtrack of everyone I know's early twenties. It's like the Beatles or something. I can't listen to the Beatles because all their songs are so—you know them with every fiber in your body. So it's like watching a movie you've already watched a thousand times and you know how it's going to end. I don't know, I always think people should release all their weird demos, because it's really fun to hear different versions of songs you already know.

MRR: Speaking of which, are you releasing the early Bikini Kill demos?
I hope so. There was a cassette that we tried to book our shows with, and it has a couple songs we never recorded anywhere else. It's really raw sounding. I listened to it and it was a little hard for me to listen to. [laughs] It was only the second time I had recorded. It has a couple songs like "Double Dare Ya" that were on the EP and I think it would be fun for someone who likes our band to hear what it was like when we first started.

MRR: Is there any possibility of a Bikini Kill reunion tour?
Umm, I don't know if there's a possibility of a tour. I sometimes like to think that we could play a show at some point together, because it would make us feel full circle and there's been a lot of interest. You know, I think it might be fun. Kathy (Wilcox) and I are in a band called the Julie Ruin, and we did a song at this event, a Bikini Kill song called "This Is Not A Test," and it was really fun. I thought, "Oh my god, this is going to be really embarrassing and weird" and it felt great. It felt brand new, and I feel like if Bikini Kill played a show together it would still feel brand new, but if we played a tour, the tenth time we'd play those songs I'd probably have a nervous breakdown.

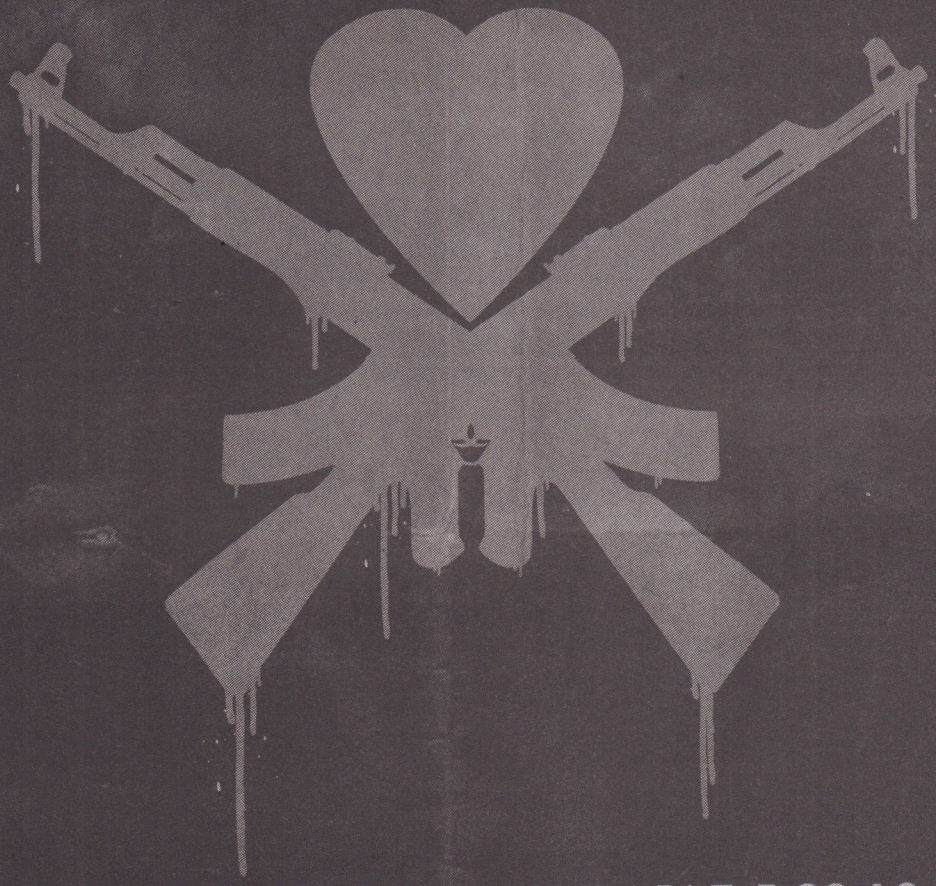
MRR: I think we need it now though.
Well, you'd just have to invite us to come to your school and play your prom. Bikini Kill Prom. [laughs]

MRR: That would be awesome, but I don't think they would appreciate it.
Well, you would be in front. You'd be the cheerleader in the front row, making sure you didn't get up. You'd have to wear like a football uniform and have a baseball bat in your hand. [laughs]

MRR: Do you have a message?
Not really, I mean do you?

MRR: That's why I was hesitant to use that word.
No, it's just hard because I have messages. You know what I mean, it's more complicated than "woman good, man bad." I want a world where everybody is equal and doesn't lie about the fact that it doesn't exist. I know that Utopia is completely impossible, but I just want better art, smarter art, more art.

MAN OVERBOARD



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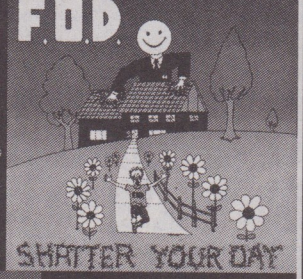

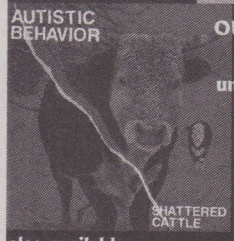

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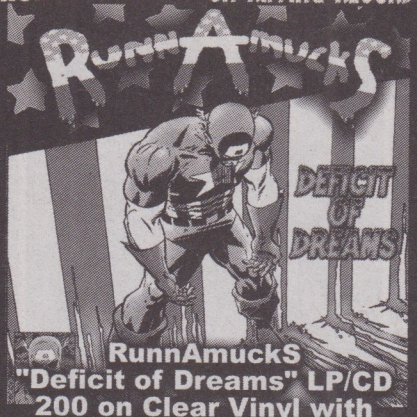

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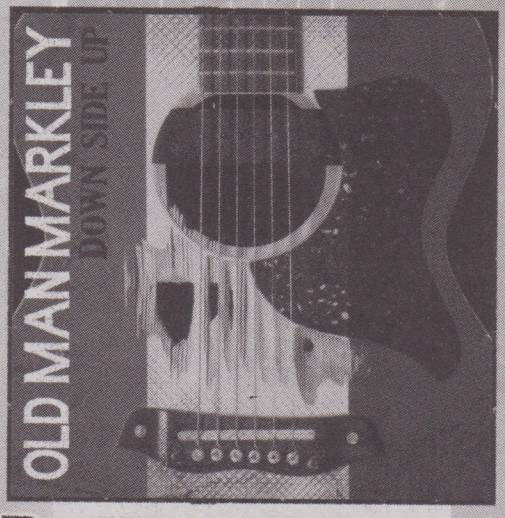

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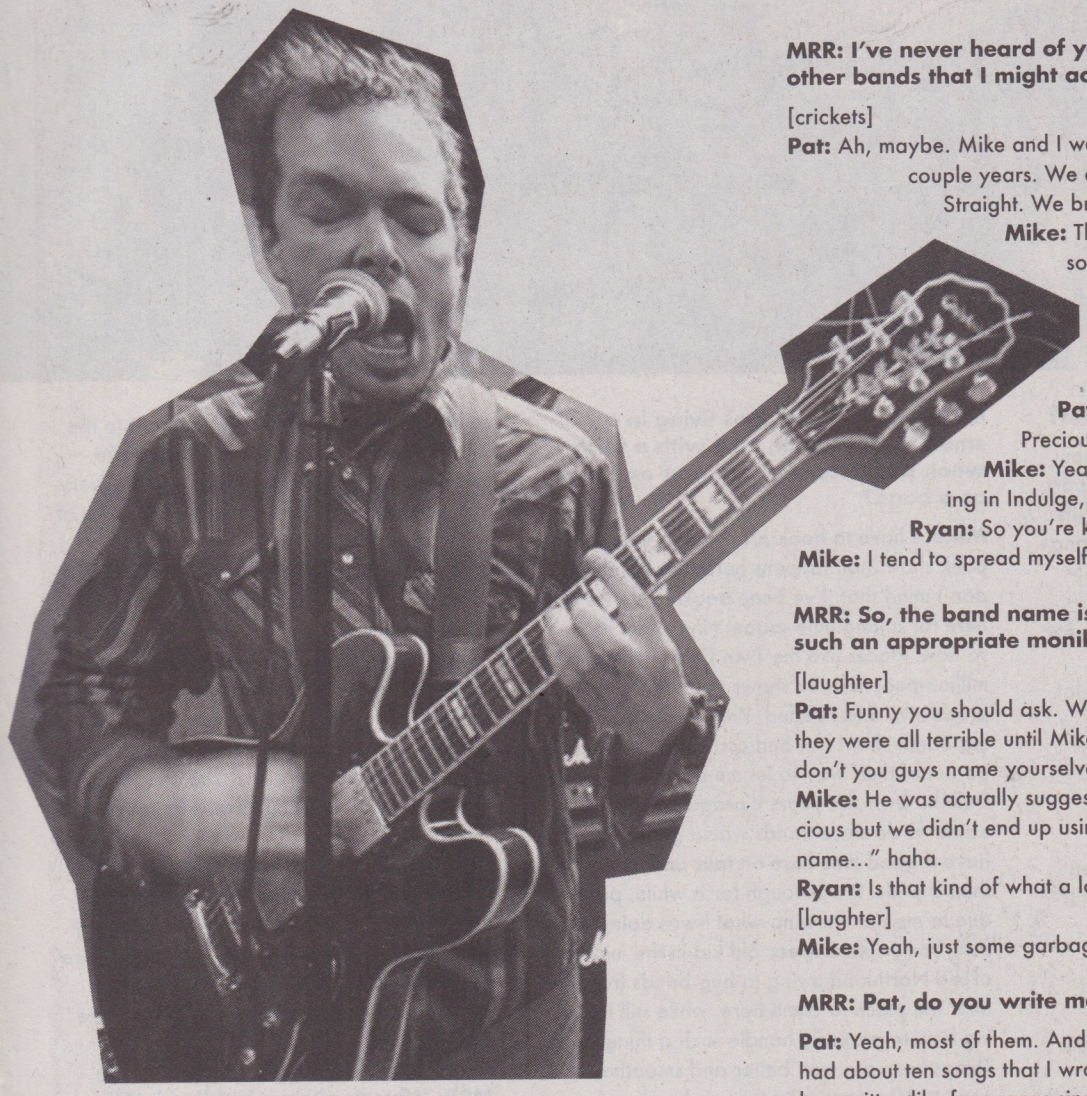


INTERVIEW BY RYAN SINZ

Sitting on the edge of the frigid and beautiful Lake Superior— , Minnesota boasts the longest, most un-swimmable freshwater beach in the world. Its landmark Aerial Lift Bridge is an inconvenience for most people and its image is annoyingly branded on everything. Duluth's alright if you like beards, banjos and biking uphill. If you're a crusty or a granola, then you've probably drooled over the thought of owning a Duluth Pack, an overpriced canvas bag made right here in town. It's hard to believe you can find any good punk music here in the nu-grass capital of the northland, but it's possible. Duluth's real best kept secret is a band called Hard Feelings. This little diamond in the rough is made up of Patrick Laney (guitar, vocals), Seth Borovsky (bass, vocals) and Mike Wilson (drums). They've been compared to the likes of Hickey, Sexy, the Bananas, and Dory Tourette and the Skirtheads to name a few. Pat's voice regularly gets compared to Doc Dart (singer of the Crucifucks), though he's still never actually heard that band. Thanks to these guys, life here in Duluth is somewhat bearable. If you don't feel like reading on you should at least go online and give 'em a listen. They're totally not bad. Photographs by Alex Stillman, Seth Borovsky, Laramie Carlson, Patrick Houdek, Alex Uncapher, Andy Mathison and David Moreira.

MRR: I've never heard of you guys. Are you members of any other bands that I might actually recognize?

[crickets]

Pat: Ah, maybe. Mike and I were in a band called Nordic Waste for a couple years. We did a split 7" with Holy Shit! and Bored Straight. We broke up three years ago.

Mike: That was my first band. We all actually at some point have played together in band called the Undesirables, but that's mainly Pat and Seth's old band. I've played in a lot of different bands over the past few years.

Pat: Most notably would probably be Peer Precious.

Mike: Yeah, that's still a band. Also currently playing in Indulge, B.Arthur, and Serenghetto.

Ryan: So you're kind of a free agent, Mike.

Mike: I tend to spread myself pretty thin.

MRR: So, the band name is great! How did you come up with such an appropriate moniker?

[laughter]

Pat: Funny you should ask. We had a list of like a dozen names and they were all terrible until Mike's friend Ryan—Ryan Sinz said, "Why don't you guys name yourselves Hard Feelings?"

Mike: He was actually suggesting it for my other band Peer Precious but we didn't end up using it. So I said, "well, we could use this name..." haha.

Ryan: Is that kind of what a lot of this band's material is, just scraps?

[laughter]

Mike: Yeah, just some garbage, haha. No, it's all grade-A material.

MRR: Pat, do you write most of them?

Pat: Yeah, most of them. And Seth writes some of them, too. I think we had about ten songs that I wrote before [Seth] joined the band. Seth has written like four songs since that time, so, yeah.

Mike: We're always pretty good about arranging the songs together. They'll bring the parts, and it's all there, but we'll sit down and finish it together. It's a bit more of a group effort that way, which makes it fun. Since Seth joined it's been a lot more productive since he actually writes songs too, and our old bass player didn't. More of a collaborative thing now... Much love to Trevor Peterson though (our original bassist).

MRR: How do you write songs?

Seth: I typically write my songs at home by myself.

Ryan: What comes first?

Seth: The music, for sure. Like he said, we collaborate. Sometimes it's a little hard for me to accept changes to my songs, but...

Mike: We never settle with a part that any of us are unhappy with, you know? We always come to an agreement or a compromise. Pat and Seth write pretty much all the parts, but we'll all manipulate the songs together until it's something we're all pleased with.

Ryan: Do your lyrics come after?

Pat: Yeah, pretty much.

Mike: Like, the day of recording.

[Seth laughs]

Pat: It happens.

MRR: What are some common themes?

Pat: A common theme I suppose would be... monotony? Ha ha. You know, it's kind of part of growing older, dealing with that. Life gets a little slowed down and it gets a little boring at times. It can be frustrating. That's a reoccurring theme with a lot of our songs.

Seth: Music has always been like therapy for me. Usually things that are getting at me... Work really stresses me out. It gives me a lot of motivation in that sense.

Mike: And your health issues...

Seth: Yeah, ha ha...

Mike: You wanna talk about that or no?

Seth: I don't care.

Pat: Alright, so Seth had really bad hemorrhoids...

[laughter]

Seth: But yeah, the whole cancer thing... A year-and-a-half ago. Things are all good now—knock on wood. Got five years of follow-up. When I started playing with Hard Feelings, I actually found out I had cancer. I went to the doctor the morning after we got back from a tour with Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits. I had a lump in my neck, so I went to the doctor and a few days later found out I had Hodgkin's lymphoma. It was a pretty crazy six months there, but I think playing with these guys really helped me be motivated to fuckin' just motor through it, you know, so I had something to be excited about. And we were already planning a tour for the West Coast and I had never been to any of those places, so I really had something to look forward to.

Mike: I remember Seth showing me his very swollen lymph nodes that day, and he was starting to get concerned. I looked up swollen lymph nodes on the internet, and half jokingly said "well, you might have cancer..." and we both kind of had a nervous laugh. And then he went to the doctor. I guess it is just fortunate that it was caught at an early enough stage.

MRR: Totally. How does living in a small town (Duluth, MN) with a fairly weak punk scene affect your existence as a band?

Mike: I have to book pretty much every punk show that happens here, but I really don't mind that. I've been booking shows here for a long time—about nine years or so now. Places like the Twin Cities, where a million people book shows you feel a lot less productive and needed. I'm used to harassing bands that I like and convincing them to go out of their way to let me book them in Duluth. Over the years it progressively got easier to do since bands would generally have a good time here on tour and would tell their friends. It was tough for a while, partly due to me not knowing what I was doing at first. Some sixteen year old kid in the middle of the Northland trying to bug bands from all over the place to come here, while still learning how to properly handle such a thing. Things here are way better and smoother now. It still means a lot to me when bands that I like actually want to come play Duluth. Especially when I was a lot younger, having people and bands that I totally looked up to would contact me for shows, it kind of blew my mind.

Seth: I think living here has motivated us to maybe get the fuck out of this town and play other places. Lots of people and bands get very comfortable here playing the same shitty venues to the same people month after month

Pat: Which is fine. We did that for a while in another band, it was fun, whatever. Yeah, there isn't really a punk scene, but it's fun when you go to other cities that have it, it's like "holy shit, that's cool".

Mike: What do you mean there's not a punk scene? Don't say there's not.

Pat: There is one, yeah...

Mike: I think it's pretty good. I think shows here are awesome.

Ryan: But not necessarily a punk scene—more of a party scene.

Mike: True. A lot of people show up to the shows, but it's true that most of them are maybe there just for the social aspect. Everything's still always really fun though. A lot of very supportive people.

Pat: Yeah. I always wish there were more punk bands in town. But that's fine, we still play enough.

Mike: Yeah, we'll play locally like once a month or so usually at most, when we're all in town. Pretty much whenever some band comes through from out of town we'll usually play with them. That's fine. The only way I can really handle living here is by leaving a lot, too.

Pat: I don't think we would even be a band if we didn't go on at least one good long tour a year. I wouldn't be able to only play around here, you know? We play Minneapolis a fair amount and that's fun too, but, it still feels like an extension of here for some reason.

MRR: Why don't you just live in Minneapolis?

Mike: I kind of live there on and off, but I like Duluth a lot. Duluth's home for all of us I think. Well, they live in Superior, which is right next door. It's cool. I kind of like having to work at things happening, like booking shows and stuff, rather than having it handed to me. Minneapolis has a cool show almost every night, so you can just do whatever. But, I like being a part of it here. I leave Duluth fairly often but always come home and learn to appreciate it more by doing that.

Pat: Yeah I think that's true, because when I was like 21 there was one dude who owned a punk record store downtown and he did punk shows at the Merritt and at Recyclabell or whatever. And he moved away and there was a void for like six years of very few punk shows. There's not very many areas in the country where one person can make such a difference. And I guess Mike's made that difference here for booking shows. And

THAT'S KIND OF THE ENDEARING PART OF SMALL TOWNS; THE PEOPLE. THEY'RE ALL HUNGRY.

let me tell you, people should appreciate it, because not just anyone steps up and books that many shows through a year.

Ryan: I don't think I would have stuck around. So many people don't even understand what this town would be like if bands didn't come through.

Pat: Yeah, Seth and I have seen this town without someone like Mike here. It does, it gets boring. It takes years for someone to step up.

Ryan: Lots of people can just stay here and get it handed to them by you.

Pat: I'm one of them, ha ha.

Ryan: Exactly!

Mike: And Minneapolis is close enough, it's just two hours away. So you can go there and visit and it's always really fun, but it's cool to live here and try and make things happen. I've always just booked shows for myself really... just book bands I wanna see. I don't have to go outta town to see them if I get them to come here.

Ryan: Give 'em the whole treatment.

Mike: Yeah, I like showing people around. If people go out of their way to come here I like to show them a good time.

Pat: I would love to visit this town if I was on tour!

Mike: One of the prettiest towns in the Midwest.

Pat: Shows are always really good. Yeah, Duluth's a small town. I'm pretty sure this is how it's always been: When you go on tour, big cities are great to play in, but it's the small towns where you tend to sell more merch and get better feedback. Duluth is just small enough where bands come through and they do really well. And it's really cool that they want to come back because they had a really good show. That's kind of the endearing part of small towns; the people.

Ryan: They're all hungry.

Pat: And they have fun. I don't know how many people actually listen to the shit that they buy, but they do it to support the cause.

Mike: And I think people here have gotten better at appreciating bands coming out of their way to play Duluth. They know the routine and want to show the out-of-towners a good time. Shows in Duluth have progressively gotten better over the years.

Ryan: That's why people come out. There aren't five shows every weekend night. They don't get to pick and choose. Doesn't matter what music you actually listen to at your house, you just come out because—

Pat: Mike Wilson chooses what band's your gonna listen to!

[Laughter]

MRR: What's a typical show like here?

Mike: It depends. I don't know how many different places/venues I've booked shows at in Duluth over the years. Almost every single place I possibly could. A lot of houses aren't around anymore. These days house shows are kind of harder. There's not a steady house or anything, so we usually book punk shows at one bar that we like—called the Round Up. It's a cool, crappy little bar with no stage. We're the only people that put on any music at that bar, and the folks there are really into it. It's really easy to pack the place, because it's really small. It's kind of got a house show atmosphere since there's no stage. We still just pass around a hat for the bands, like we would at a house show. Lots of people, all sorts, come out to the shows. It's not just punx or anything. No matter what bands are playing it's a pretty diverse crowd. That's a normal small town sort of thing because everybody kind of works together.

Ryan: "Oh, I think I'll go to the "edgy" show tonight!" [Laughter]

Mike: I always really like seeing people that I don't normally see come to the shows. I wish more people would come... from any sect of the town or whatever.

MRR: Well, you answered my Round Up question... so why didn't you include any promo shots of you guys in front of the legendary Lift Bridge for your record?

Pat: Well, we haven't put the LP out yet so we still have that opportunity... We're thinking about doing a Bob Dylan tribute album, as well, in front of the lift bridge, recorded live, inside the tower that runs the lift bridge. [laughter] It's just an idea we're throwing around right now, but I think Duluth would be really proud of it.

Mike: The lift bridge made it into the album cover of my other band. That Peer Precious cover.

Ryan: What?

Mike: The test press.

Pat: Oh that's right, ha ha, "Bless This Test Press."

Mike: So it's not as far off as you might think...

Pat: Boom. Face.

Ryan: I'm just trying to figure out what letter in your band name could be written as the lift bridge. If you had an A, it'd be fuckin perfect—YEAH, the "A". [laughter]

Pat: That's awesome.

MRR: Most memorable show: go.

Mike: The Chattanooga Punk fest we played at this past summer. We toured around it. It's called "Do Ya Hear We". That's like, the best music festival, I think. They've been doing that for quite a while. That was really fun. Got to see a ton of great bands and great people. Funnest show I've been to in a long time.

Pat: I think mine was in Athens when we played Hot New Mexicans' last show ever. I don't know if it was the finality of it, but yeah, I hit it. [laughs] It was so much fun!

Ryan: You played well or what?

Pat: No, I just love the city. It's really cheap to drink there and people were really nice and friendly and I had a really good time. The show was really fun too.

Mike: Yeah, that was one of the best

Seth: I agree; that was one of my tops. But the other Hot New Mexcians show we played with landlord when they both came to Duluth when I was going through chemo and had to wear the respirator mask. [laughter]
Mike: Just memorable.
Seth: Yeah, as far as memorability—that's not even a word is it?

MRR: How about a funny tour story?

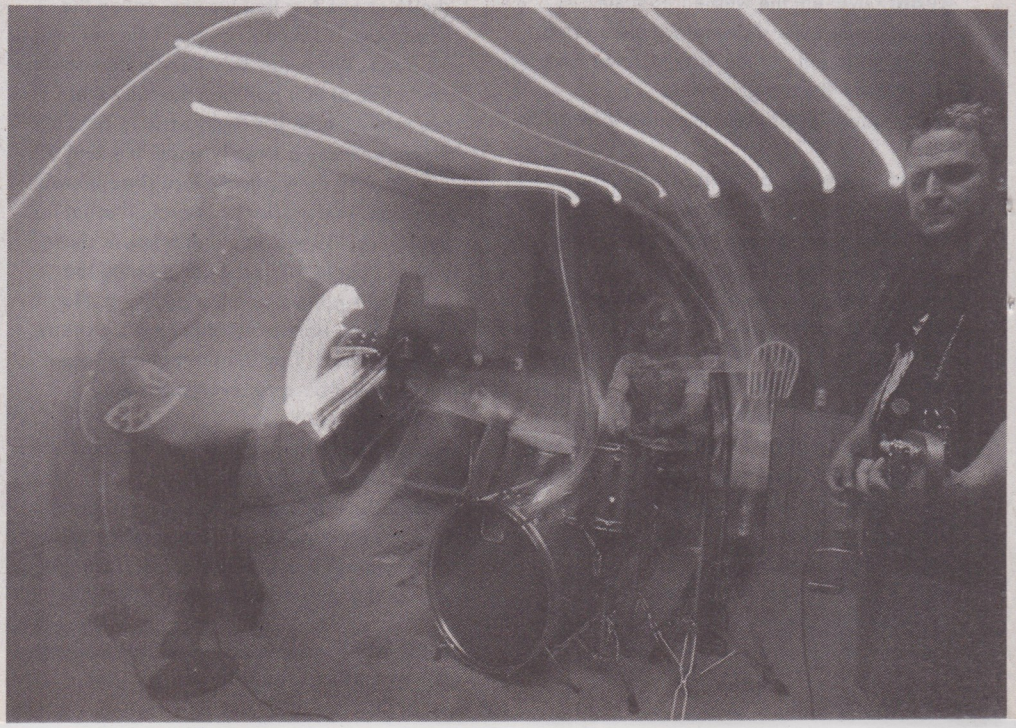
Pat: Well, one that pops out... We were playing in Southern California at some fucking weird warehouse—it was actually really nice, but it was out in the middle of nowhere. Somewhere outside of San Pedro.
Mike: It had like a weird shitty art gallery as a drug front or something.
Seth: I think the whole place was a drug front. [laughs]
Mike: Not that there's anything wrong with that. Not gonna name any names, but we were playing with Pigs from the Bay Area and Lenguas Largas from Arizona.
Ryan: Oh yeah, those guys are reefer addicts. [laughs]
Pat: But anyway, for the show they had a cooler full of beer and a bunch of food, and they were just like, "whatever, help yourselves". It was great. It was a long day... We didn't have to drive far that day so we just spent the whole day hanging out in San Pedro and got to the show pretty early... Kinda hanging out, talking, played the show, blah blah blah. Then all of a sudden someone noticed Mike eating all these cookies...
Mike: Well Connor was like, "Hey, they got free cookies over there." I was like, "Really!? Those are free?" I had noticed them and I hadn't eaten all day. I didn't eat meat at the time and everyone was grilling up meat. I was really hungry and everyone else was full. And they had these cookies, and I thought, "Aw, fuck yeah" and I went and sort of secretly ate just a bunch of them because I was so hungry. I had six or so of these huge cookies. [Pat laughs] Then an hour later I said something weird and Rachel from Pigs said, "Did you have one of those pot cookies or something?" I was like, "Huh?" Then I started to feel really weird. [laughter]
Ryan: And you'd never even smoked weed at this point, in your entire twenty-three year-long life, right?
Mike: Nope. [laughter]
Seth: And Mike's usually the one who drives at night, by virtue of not usually drinking or whatever.
Pat: So of course, who's the most sober one of the drunk people? I guess it was me, and Mike couldn't drive anymore, so I had to drive this big van full of seven people to a taco stand.
Ryan: Everybody screaming.
Pat: It was funny. Mike was just laughing, giggling.
Mike: When I got to the taco stand, I remember that's when I started to feel crazy. It was very intense. It was way too much—nobody should ever have that much.
Pat: No, of course not! [laughs]
Mike: I remember trying to say goodbye to Pigs, they were taking off and I could not even manage to say any words to them. [laughter]
Ryan: Oh my god, I can just imagine your grin.
Pat: And then Mike was the only one who knew the address to where we were staying, and he couldn't find the place, so we just parked and ended up walking a mile or more—and on top of that, he steals someone's bed! [laughter]
Seth: He stole Isaac's fuckin bed.
Mike: Yup... We finally got to the place; I was so out of it I didn't even think about it. Somebody had their sleep stuff set up and I just crawled right in—[laughs].
Ryan: Some other guest? [laughter]
Mike: Yep, from another touring band that had played—Lenguas Largas. It was Isaac. He was really nice about it. I didn't even know there was any other option. I later apologized to him and we had a good laugh.
Seth: You were high for two days.

MRR: Any band inside jokes you can let me in on?

Pat: I don't know... Mike's gross and Seth has terrible taste in music? [Mike and Seth laugh] That's about it.
Mike: That's a running joke on tour, "What kind of terrible indie rap is Seth gonna put on today?" [laughter]
Seth: Pink Floyd.
Mike: Or which Metallica album is he gonna put on? [laughter] Pink Floyd, Metallica, or Atmosphere... which one will it be today?
Pat: And I will forget ten things behind on tour, I guess. I don't know if that's an inside joke but I think they laugh behind my back about that.
Ryan: "Clonipat." [delayed laughter]

MRR: Upcoming tours or records?

Mike: We put out our first 7-inch on Thrillhouse records last year, which was a proud process. We recently finished mixing and mastering for our first full length LP and got it sent off to the pressing plant. Took forever to finish it, but we're really happy with it. We recorded it at Matt Castore from Condominium's studio in St. Paul, "A Harder Commune," and then had our other talented buddy Andy Mathison master it. That'll be coming out as a 12" in June as a three-way split release between Plan-it-X records, Starcleaner records, and Lost Cat records. With that we'll be touring from June 16-July 7 heading south for the Chattanooga punk fest, and then over to the East Coast. Beyond all that we're going to hopefully do a split record with Possible Side Effects from Chattanooga sometime later this year.
Seth: I started a new job very recently, and they somehow let me take enough time off for that tour.
Ryan: Wait, so you guys aren't like professional musicians? You have other jobs? [laughter]
Mike: I don't have a job.
Pat: Mike is the only professional in this band.
Mike: I'm a landlord. [laughter]



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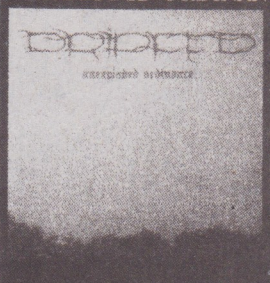

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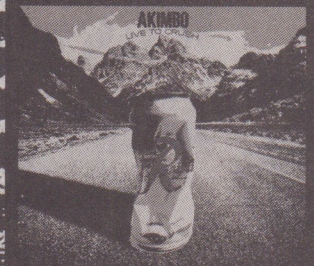

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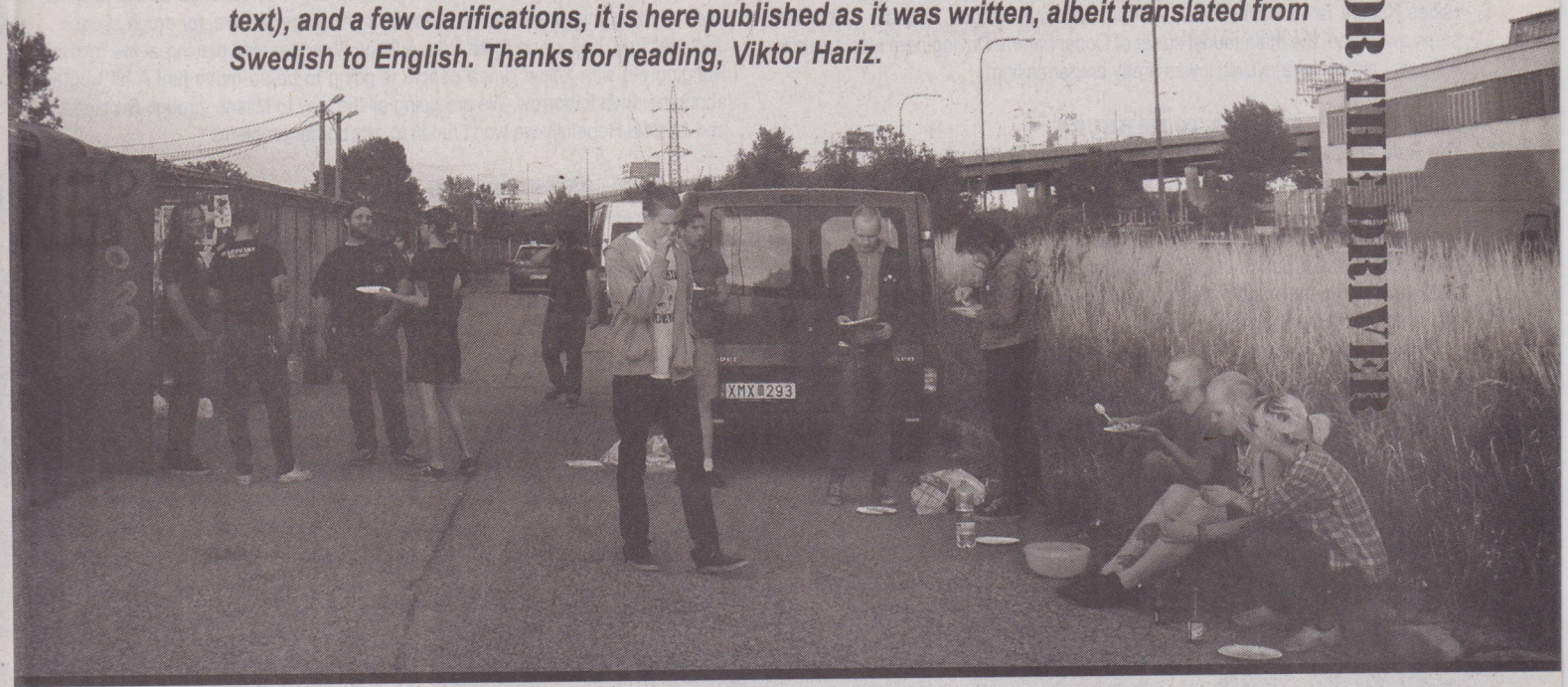
ON TOUR WITH THE RATS:

A TOUR DIARY BY VIKTOR HARIZ, DRIVER

The Rats were a thrash/hardcore punk band from Umeå, Sweden. Formed as Rabid Grannies in the early '00s they quickly became one of Umeå's most well-traveled bands. The height of their popularity coincided with the wave of retro styled bands from the Umeå label Ny Våg and the Rats were usually seen as the younger and more aggressive counterpart to bands such as Regulations, Knugen Faller and the Vicious. In the summer of 2008 the Rats went on an European tour to promote their first full length album. I had just been dumped by my long time partner and—since nothing cures loneliness like being crammed into a stuffy van with a bunch of old and trusted friends for a month—I begged them to let me tag along as a driver. They already had two drivers signed up and, after Berlin, Andreas Thrashbastard and his giant distro would come along too. Still, they let me go with them. The first night I ran their big, blue rental van into a gate, leaving two long scratches on the side door. What followed was one of the more curious tours I've been on, and I am happy I kept such a diligent record of it. The following diary was maintained without any real thought of it ever getting published, and except for two or three omitted passages (left out because of the sheer dullness of the text), and a few clarifications, it is here published as it was written, albeit translated from Swedish to English. Thanks for reading, Viktor Hariz.



JUNE 5TH – VÄSTERÅS

It's really hot outside and I drove all the way from Umeå. Forgot to widen the turn when I was parking and accidentally scratched the side of the van. This caused a general dampening of the mood. The venue tonight is called Taj Mahal: a classic "restaurant-turned-venue" with a stage in the corner and red lights in the ceiling. Rats did a good show but the mood was pretty miserable. Only ten people paid any attention to the band, but they were into it enough. People kept buying insanely huge Grolsch glass bottles—1.5 liters for 150 crowns.

We went to a park to drink beer earlier tonight. People were celebrating graduation and the whole city was swarming with kids in white hats and champagne glasses. A homeless guy started talking to us. He had two kids and a wife who worked as a tattoo artist and he really hated cops more than anything. Later we saw a decent sized fight and cops, plus an ambulance showed up, it was all very pointless.

JUNE 6TH – LINKÖPING

Today is Nationaldagen [The Swedish nationalist holiday]. We're sitting at Skylten and it's just as hot, if not hotter, than yesterday. This morning in Västerås we were treated with a really great breakfast; there were different kinds of bread with hummus, cucumber, tomatoes, peppers and coffee and apple juice. Then we all shared the watermelons that Mark stole from the venue yesterday. Linköping is swarming with Nazis, at least compared to where we come from. Because today is Nationaldagen and the show tonight is labeled anti-racist. I wonder if something will happen.

JUNE 7TH – ON THE WAY TO GOTHENBURG

After the show yesterday Emanuel and I went to a party in an apartment on Repslagargatan together with the guys from Nitad, then on to some sort of nightclub called Platen. Those who stayed behind at Skylten had a much more interesting experience. They met this 17-year-old "patriot" who said he was playing in a band with the name "Mauser" [not the Florida band]. He complained about all the "reds" in this town that never allowed his band to play any shows (Kaj, our promoter, had once booked them a show at Skylten, but then found out that they were a Nazi band and of course canceled the show).

Linköping feels like a pretty cold city. When we walked towards the nightclub we passed a bunch of young men in Burberry caps. When I came close enough to them one of the guys did a round kick towards me. His foot passed just inches from my head. Two from our group stopped and argued with them, but nothing more happened.

Mark slept in the car and said he saw a gang of skinheads pass the car during the night, the 17-year-old patriot was among them. The city is covered with anti-Nazi stickers but down by the river someone had sprayed "Swedish Zone" in huge letters.
The show yesterday was just awful. Seriously, a mere seven people were in the room when the Rats were playing. "Never again" is what people are saying about Skylten.
(Later) Sitting on the grass outside Underjorden: the old working-class theatre-turned-punk-venue in Gothenburg. Tonight the Rats are playing with Nitad and a grind band from Västerås.

JUNE 8TH – ON OUR WAY TO COPENHAGEN

The apartment where we slept had cats so I keep sneezing now. Cat hair everywhere, on the sleeping bag, on my pillow. The show yesterday was good but still not that many people watching, maybe 35 at most. Seemed like most of the others sat outside in the nice weather.
Met a drunk guy from York who played on a wooden flute. Said he used to play that thing for money in Finnish bars. He praised the Swedish unemployment insurance allowing him to be a full time activist/flute player.
(Later) We're at Lades Källare in Copenhagen. It's a bar and their temporary show space now that Ungdomshuset is no more. Just ate the amazing food that Christina made for us. She came biking here with a giant buffet in a cart attached to her bike. It contained polenta, bulgur salad, tzatziki, fresh baked bread, fried potato salad and a completely fucking amazing tomato salad. "Since you spent all day in a hot car I thought you'd like something other than a hot stew" is what she said.
Lades Källare is on Kattesundet, a street crossing Ströget, basically just a few steps away from the main tourist street of Copenhagen. Driving here was a pain in the ass. I almost hit a cyclist, it was pretty embarrassing.

JUNE 9TH – ON THE WAY TO HAMBURG

The Rats are playing with Gaslight Anthem tonight and I am excited. Visa cards do not work in Denmark, it's ridiculous. We had to use the band money to buy breakfast. Played one show with Kommunen yesterday. It was okay, but the Copenhagen crowd is hard to charm. Not a lot of people watching any of the bands, but it was a Sunday night, so what can you expect? No one was drinking but us, we sat on the stoop outside drinking our thousands of free beers. We have now entered the free-beer-union of Europe.

JUNE 10TH – ON THE WAY TO BERLIN

You got to love Germans and their amazing breakfast skills. Smoked tofu, avocados, tomatoes, cucumber, sauerkraut, pickles, keso, cheese plate, tons of bread, etc. The venue in Hamburg was a punk bar with a lot of political posters and St. Pauli stickers etc. The Gaslight Anthem played in front of at least 100-150 people and it seemed like the whole crowd knew all the words to most of the songs. They played for at least 90 minutes and everyone in the band was really nice.
Besides the usual Foosball table, the venue here offered the European Championships on big screen projections! We watched Holland beat Italy. Tonight Sweden is playing Greece. Hopefully we will be able to watch it in Berlin. The German lack of open-bottle laws is great. You can take your beer outside everywhere and drink in the streets.

JUNE 11TH – ON THE WAY TO LEIPZIG

We're picking up Andreas Thrashbastard and his distro. He is trying to force a bunch of crates filled with records into our already overloaded van.
Show yesterday at Köpi/Koma F was insanely good. Circle pits, stage dives etc. Berlin is like the second hometown of the Rats due to Andreas releasing their records. Rumors are going around about chocolate cake waiting for us at Zoro in Leipzig.

JUNE 12TH – STUTTGART AT BE PART FESTIVAL

Today we were harassed by the German border police. They approached us during a pee break on the autobahn. A tanned man in brown clothes and a younger woman in "alternative" clothing searched the van and us. They checked all our pockets, even all the compartments in our wallets, sniffing everywhere, for drugs I guess.
Just met Erik, Kajsa and Björn from Auktion, they are also playing at the festival. Hanging out with fellow Umeå people is going to be so much fun! A bit worried about the drive tomorrow. We are going all the way to Milano through Switzerland and Austria. Hopefully we won't run in to any border problems.

JUNE 13TH – ON THE WAY TO MILAN

Of course we were stopped at the border to Switzerland. They wouldn't allow us to bring the merch in, even though we were just passing through. The guards were silent and mean. They took me into the office and demanded 1,100 euro. They said we would get it back at the exit border if we hadn't sold any of the merch. Even if we were to trust that—none of us has that kind of money. We are now driving *around* the whole fucking country. It's ridiculous.

But the shows yesterday at Be Part were amazing! Big circle pits, back flip stage dives etc. When Auktion played all the Umeå people went crazy. They played "Burning Police Cars" and we all stormed the stage, throwing ourselves into the crowd. Met a lot of great people from all around, Georg and Mundi from Ruidosa Imundicia, among others.

Earlier today I almost had a breakdown. After we got denied entry by the Suisse border Nazis, Andreas and I had to go to an internet café to print out an alternative route around Switzerland. In the café a lone man was sitting in front of a computer shamelessly watching porn. Somehow that and the border guard experience filled me with such a deep, relentless feeling of despair. Everything around me turned horribly ugly and I just couldn't see any justification for the existence of anything. It was as if porn, expensive stores and border controls was all that humanity was capable of... It's better now, and I realize that I get like this after a couple of days without proper sleep. In the car we are eating Snickers bars and listening to a jaded Henry Rollins reading bitterly from his tour diaries in the audio book "Get in the van".

(Later) The drive took more than twelve fucking hours, but now we are finally here. We kept driving the wrong direction inside Milan. Next tour I'm going to buy a GPS! The venue is really cool, it's a giant communist squat. First I thought it was only one floor, and then I found a staircase to another level, a giant warehouse-like space with an enormous second stage. There are enough people here to fill up both floors. The sound on the downstairs stage is just plain awful. We are joined by the nice guys in Loser Life from Bakersfield, California. They just played (only five short songs) but the sound was so bad I couldn't tell if I liked them or not.

JUNE 14TH – ON OUR WAY TO KRSKO

Slovenia is a beautiful country. As soon as we crossed the border from Italy the landscape changed from dirty, heavily trafficked roads littered with thousands of big billboards to quiet countryside with rolling hills, Asterix and Obelix-like houses and lush forests. Best of all, no billboards!!There was no border control, just an EU-sign and an empty hut where the border guard used to be in earlier times.

Went to bed at four am yesterday, up at ten am. The Italian breakfast was weird. I suspect that the concept of a morning meal is not known to them. We got a bag of sweet, rock hard cookies (not very unlike fortune cookies), some chocolate covered bread and a strange, deep red and incredibly sweet beverage of unknown origin. Like the spoiled brats we are, we stopped at a super market and had a proper breakfast in the parking lot. We listened to Orwell's "The Road to Wigan Pier" in the car and ate Snickers bars for lunch.
(Later) "This is Krsko not LA" is written next to the stage. I agree, this is much better than anything I've seen in LA (which, I admit, is not a lot). The audience is mixed; young kids and a bit older people. No pretentions, no prestige, no image, no cynicism, no bitterness, no "I've seen it all before" attitude. Everyone was dancing and it was not your typical, brawly hardcore moshing, the people seemed happier and more respectful, although still pretty wild. The Krsko-kids were experts on stage diving. They climbed the speakers and did flips down into the crowd, all perfectly coordinated so that no one would be hurt, and everyone on the floor made sure that each stage diver would get a pleasant landing. They even did the thing where a couple of people climb the stage and form a human trampoline, and a third one uses them to gain extra height for the dive. Best of all, they gave every band member a lift into the crowd. This is Krsko not LA!

JUNE 15TH – VIENNA AT EKH

This place reminds me of Ungdomshuset in Copenhagen. The sleeping room upstairs with the old tour posters from Propagandhi and Chumbawamba is really cool. Chumbawamba was the opening act to MDC back then. The graffiti outside tells you that the house is squatted. They have all kinds of protection devices in the staircase and on the doors to fend of attacks from the police. It makes me think of medieval castles. On the ground floor there is a nice, dark bar and one floor down there're two stages. The show tonight is on the smaller of the two. Earlier, in front of the main stage, two girls were painting an enormous banner for some demo in solidarity with imprisoned animal rights activists. Emanuel said that they always lock the house during the night so that no one can come in or out.

JUNE 16TH – ON OUR WAY TO BRATISLAVA

Show yesterday was pretty much what I have come to expect from Vienna. Most people stood in a semi-circle with the arms crossed and serious, contemplating expressions. The first band was an American Straightedge-hardcore band called Let Down. I got to see people "hardcore dancing," a phenomenon I've only previously seen on YouTube. It was weirder in real life. Two drunk punks started making out in front of the stage and for some reason this seemed to make the Americans angry. This macho straightedge shit is stupid.
I stepped on a dying dog yesterday. It was the EKH house dog, Babylon. She (or was it a he?) has lived in the house for twelve years and is now dying of some horrible disease. I accidentally stepped on her and now I feel like shit.

(Later) Entering Bratislava by car and you get an instant feeling of eastern decay. Tall, grey apartment buildings; cracked and bruised by neglect. The whole city feels desolate and sad from the outside. No border control, yay! Just like the last time I was on tour in Slovakia, tonight's show is in a garage about 4x4 meters big. Opposite the garages is an abandoned factory of some sort, completely overgrown with weeds, bushes and trees. Graffiti in Swedish on the wall of the garage is warning us about the bad food (?). At the sleeping place there was a loft bed instantly named "The roof of privilege". Stephen from Loser Life claimed it but everyone else attacked him. Due to his giant size and strength he managed to fend off the attack, throwing people in all directions. Patsy said he had rolled away just like Baloo rolled away Mowgli.

JUNE 17TH – BRNO

There's a lot of stuff that I really like about Eastern Europe, but some things are just plain unexplainable. Why, for example, are there never any locks on the restrooms? Taking a shit while keeping one hand on the door handle is not very hard, but try wiping your ass at the same time. And it's not like this

lack of locks has promoted a more relaxed way of looking at unwelcomed visitors. I've managed to walk in on several people in the middle of the deed, and they have all yelled at me angrily. Is there something that I don't get about the system here? Tonight's show is at "Boro Music Club" opening hours "16:00 to?" Beer is insanely cheap here, the equivalent of eight crowns for a tall, delicious glass of golden Czech beer. Boro Music Club is an old cellar with beautiful rounded stone portals and dark corridors. The air here is cold and damp and a strong smell of mold follows you all the way up to ground level. The dampness is most visible at the toilets where the toilet paper has become soggy. Everyone here smokes inside and I pity the weak-lunged allergists.
Earlier today a scary looking man with the face of a stereotypical movie thug attacked Erik and Erik outside the club. They escaped to the car and managed to lock the doors. The man started banging on the doors and doing the "I'm going to slit your throat" gesture. He later appeared inside the club, seemingly agitated. He gave us all the evil eye but nothing happened. No one has any idea what it was all about.

JUNE 18TH – ROCHLITZ

Rochlitz is a small town in eastern Germany located between Dresden and Leipzig. The streets are narrow and steep and made of cobblestone and the houses are typical German rural styled with dark wooden beams and pointy roofs. The surroundings are lush and blooming. Outside the venue are a bunch of sofas where people sit and drink beer.

JUNE 19TH – ON OUR WAY TO OSNABRÜCK

Didn't sleep at all tonight. Got drunk and started trailing after a girl called... She showed me a small river just 30 meters from the venue, I think it was called Mulva or Mulda. We went into the warm, deep and rapidly flowing water. Me and her and Stephen and some other people stayed up way later than everyone else. One girl was really into Stephen and almost started crying when he told her he was engaged. We were at the venue and everyone else had gone to the sleeping place so we had to improvise. Eventually Stephen and another guy found an old house they could sleep in, but it wasn't long before a bunch of people showed up, turned on Sabbath on max volume and managed to accidentally turn over a giant iron oven. Eventually the Americans gave up and slept in the van.

I had nowhere to go. Couldn't fit in the van and couldn't find my way back to the sleeping place on my own. Of course I hoped that the girl would invite me to her place, which she eventually did, but when we got there she said that I had to stay on the sofa and be really, really quiet. Since her boyfriend's brother was sharing her apartment I was not even allowed to use the bathroom on the off chance that he would see me walking past his door. Needless to say I now feel incredibly tired, humiliated and filled with self-loathing. It's all pretty funny though.

JUNE 20TH – STEENWIJK AT TRASHFEST

A funny thing happened yesterday in Osnabrück. This older, big, German guy came to the backstage room, agitated, asking Erik if he was me. Erik told him I was downstairs selling merch and the German got very disappointed. Later Erik introduced me to him and said "This is Viktor", I said "Hi! Do we know each other?" but he just gave me this strange piercing stare, smiling cryptically and said slowly, like a movie-villain: "Maybe we do". He took us to the sleeping place but only answered all attempts of communications with grunts or monosyllabic utterances.

We left both Erik the driver and our tour mates in Loser Life today. It is of course a bit sad, but as always on tour when your posse is shrinking, it also gives you a sense of freedom and ease. On tour, privacy in all its forms ceases to exist. To illustrate this I can describe a scene from yesterday night after the show. Three bands with merch people and drivers, probably 20 people or more, bustle into the promoter's flat and start unfolding their sleeping pads on the floor. There is one bathroom and in order to shorten the line we have to share. One person is showering while another is drying himself; a third one is taking a dump while the fourth is brushing his teeth. It works pretty well and you start to wonder where this obsession with bathroom privacy really evolved.

The sheer filthiness of touring is also something you almost immediately take for granted. To travel nine people in a stuffy, crowded and, at times, insanely hot van for hours upon hours every day and then drink lots of beer, play shows, dance, and sleep in moldy, smoke-filled squats, is not something that leaves a lot of options for people who want to stay fresh. One of the first rules of touring is to always shower whenever there is a possibility to do so. This goes also for places where there is no hot water. You never know when the next opportunity will come along and sometimes it will be a week or more in between showers. The stench from your own body can at these times be close to unbearable and when you at last shower you will see the water turn almost black as it runs off your skin. Even after a shower it's hard to get that feeling of being clean. If you have unused and "clean" clothes left in your bag, they will most probably have attracted the smell from your used and discarded clothes that you are forced to keep in the same bag (having a separate plastic bag for dirty socks and underwear is absolutely crucial). Since there never is time or space enough to dry your towel it will be constantly damp and increasingly dirty for the duration of the tour. In practice this means that every time after you have showered you will, in order to get dry, cover yourself in filth once again.

By far the most dreadful item on tour is, if you use it like me, the pillow. Each day I have it behind my lower back in the car and each night it is completely soaked with sweat. On top of that it manages to constantly fall on the dirty floor of the van or on the ground outside, some times in pools of dirt and motor oil, discarded food or dog poop. After the very first day it turned from white to brown-grey with dirt and sweat and after one week it carried with it the unmistakable smell of garbage. This is the item that I, every night, put my head and face against, and no matter how well I've cleaned before I go to bed I wake up with grease all over my hair and face. This is a bit unnerving in the beginning, but like with everything else you get used to it after a while.

JUNE 21ST – ON OUR WAY TO MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IN GERMANY

Trashfest seemed to be a festival without organizers. It was practically impossible

to get any information about anything. Where is the backstage area? Where is the beer? Where do we get food? Where are we sleeping? It seemed impossible to find answers to any questions. This morning a wild hunt for breakfast broke out and finally we managed to find a crate of juice, Redbull and coffee behind the bar.

Last nights highlight was the Descendents cover band. They were actually really, really good!
In Steenwijk people are old and drive around in electric wheelchairs even though they are able bodied. Yesterday Emanuel saw a woman walk with her child in a leash. When we were sitting back stage we could eaves drop on two journalists who were interviewing the band Shredder. None of the involved parties were very good at English and there were a lot of weird interactions between interviewers and subjects. The funniest thing was when one guy from Shredder was answering the question "What are your lyrics about?" This is his answer, as I wrote it down while he was speaking: "We write, for example, about shemales. Do you know what a shemale is? We write about that stuff, about human perversion and other disgusting things. You can use the internet now and see all that stuff—shemales, people shitting in each other's mouths. It's disgusting"

(Later) The village where this house is located is called Hemsbunde or something similar. It reminds me of that hippie house in Children of Men. It's a big house with a *huge* garden. It's got apple trees, a big woodshed, a pond with frogs and fish, a big lawn, barbecue pits, a bar, a foosball game etc. We got everything we need here: serenity, silence, sunshine, showers, beds, delicious food, internet, cell phone charging opportunities, laundry machine!

JUNE 22ND – ON THE WAY TO HANNOVER

Way more people showed up yesterday than anyone of us had expected. It turned out to be a pretty neat festival with a lot of people camping in the yard. A very weird skinhead showed up to the show. He was short and had big scars all across his head. His knuckles had lots of scars too. We were all pretty scared of him. He seemed like the kind of guy who could turn on you at any second and try to kill you. He kept talking to us throughout the night and at one point he said that he really, really hated communists. When we all sat around the campfire he fell off his chair and started screaming "Schwede! Schwede!" I tried to help him up but failed. Finally he stood up by himself and attacked the chair in a violent rage, kicking it to pieces with his steel capped boots... Another drawback to this place—the flies. They are everywhere. Woke up early this morning and couldn't go back to sleep because of the insane amount of flies who kept landing on my face. Tried to escape into my sleeping bag but it was way too warm.

(Later) The Rats just played a pretty bad show. Mark is really sick, all pale and disoriented. He slipped to and fro on the beer soaked floor, his voice coarse and waning. It's a miracle he didn't fall down. The place is called Stumpf. It's pretty cool, looks like a squat but is owned by the university and located on campus. The university rents it to the punks for free. They're playing the Smiths in the bar. Usually I don't like their music but right now it's wonderful. You get pretty fucking tired of crust and other noise-based music after a while. Now they're playing Outcast! Yes! Also went swimming earlier today on the way here, but the second we came to the beach we heard the crack of thunder and it started raining. Tonight and the next couple of shows will be together with Skitkids, they seem like a nice enough bunch of people.

JUNE 23RD – POTSDAM

Apparently all houses in Potsdam have to be painted either red or yellow. Approved shades of color are picked from a catalogue when houses are re-painted. This was not something that the eleven inhabitants of Black Fleck really cared about. The whole building is beautifully decorated with a huge mural portraying, among many other things, giant clowns playing with small police officers, eating them or throwing them through burning hoops. It's not a squat. The building is owned by the local government and the rent for the whole thing is €600 a month. In the contract it was stated that the people living here had to do all maintenance, including painting the façade—which they did in a very creative way. The neighbors don't like it and have been complaining a lot, calling for adherence to city ordinances. Entering the city we saw a lot of cops everywhere. The promoter told us there had been big demonstrations earlier regarding a church. Apparently it was a church important to Hitler during the '30s. It was destroyed during the war and now a lot of people want

to have it rebuilt. Others regard it as a symbol for the Nazis and do not want to see it rebuilt. The Rats might have to cancel their show tonight because Mark is so sick.

JUNE 24TH – BACK IN BERLIN

Earlier tonight we got a taste of the somewhat notorious inhospitality of this great, big, beautiful squat called Köpi. The Rats are playing their second show here during this tour and when we rolled in to the yard we were playing Journey's "Don't Stop Believing" on max volume. We parked outside Koma F and opened all the doors. The sun was setting and the music reverberated against the brick walls, giving the whole scene a movie-like quality. Suddenly a guy in a white tank top opens a window on the fourth floor. Small stones fly out from the window, hitting the van. We get the message and I run to the car to lower the volume. Moments later a huge water melon come flying from the same window, crashing into the ground next to us and disintegrating. A couple of feet in the other direction and one of us would have been hit in the head, being either killed or seriously injured.

I was supposed to interview a girl called Augustina who's living here, but she never showed up. I went to the bar and started asking around for inhabitants. After a while Jes showed up, a very nice young man who works in the bar and lives at Köpi. He gave me a tour of the lower parts of the building and told me the whole history of the place. It used to be a luxury hotel, a fact very evident from the highly ornamented ceiling in the room that now houses the main stage. The smaller stage, Koma F, used to be the hotel slaughterhouse. The building used to be a full square (now it's just like an even angled C) but half the house was destroyed in the bombings during WW2. The paved courtyard where the melon landed used to be a beautiful mosaic tiled floor with a glass roof above. Jes told me that, at a few places, one can see some of the colorful tiles in cracks in the asphalt. Walking through the kitchen a giant rat crashed some silverware and ran across the floor.

JUNE 15TH – ON THE FERRY BACK TO SWEDEN

I hate this fucking boat. Everything is expensive and ugly. We're eating tax-free candy for lunch since stealing leftovers from the diner proved harder than we thought. Keep thinking of that tour-song with Herman Düne "I'm just down on my broken knees on some dumb ferry boat you see..."

JUNE 27TH – IN GOTHENBURG AFTER WEST COAST RIOT FESTIVAL

God damn what a fucking piece of shit festival this was. Hyper commercialized, criminally expensive, one million security guards, weird people everywhere, bad sound at all the stages, a fucking strip show (!!!), 250 kr for a T-shirt, 55 kr for a beer, bad food (50 kr for rice and crushed tomatoes). Going anywhere was impossible since they wouldn't let me bring my camera in anywhere. Apparently a girl got thrown out after taking one picture with her small digital camera. A Norwegian guy we met had had his wristband cut because he was too drunk (he was basically sober). That whole place made me bitter. I kept walking around with an urge to destroy everything. The bands were cool though. Saw Attitydproblem, Randy, Lagwagon, Sista Sekunden and NOFX. The tour is basically over, we are now going to a much better festival—Punk Illegal, and then home...

BB KID

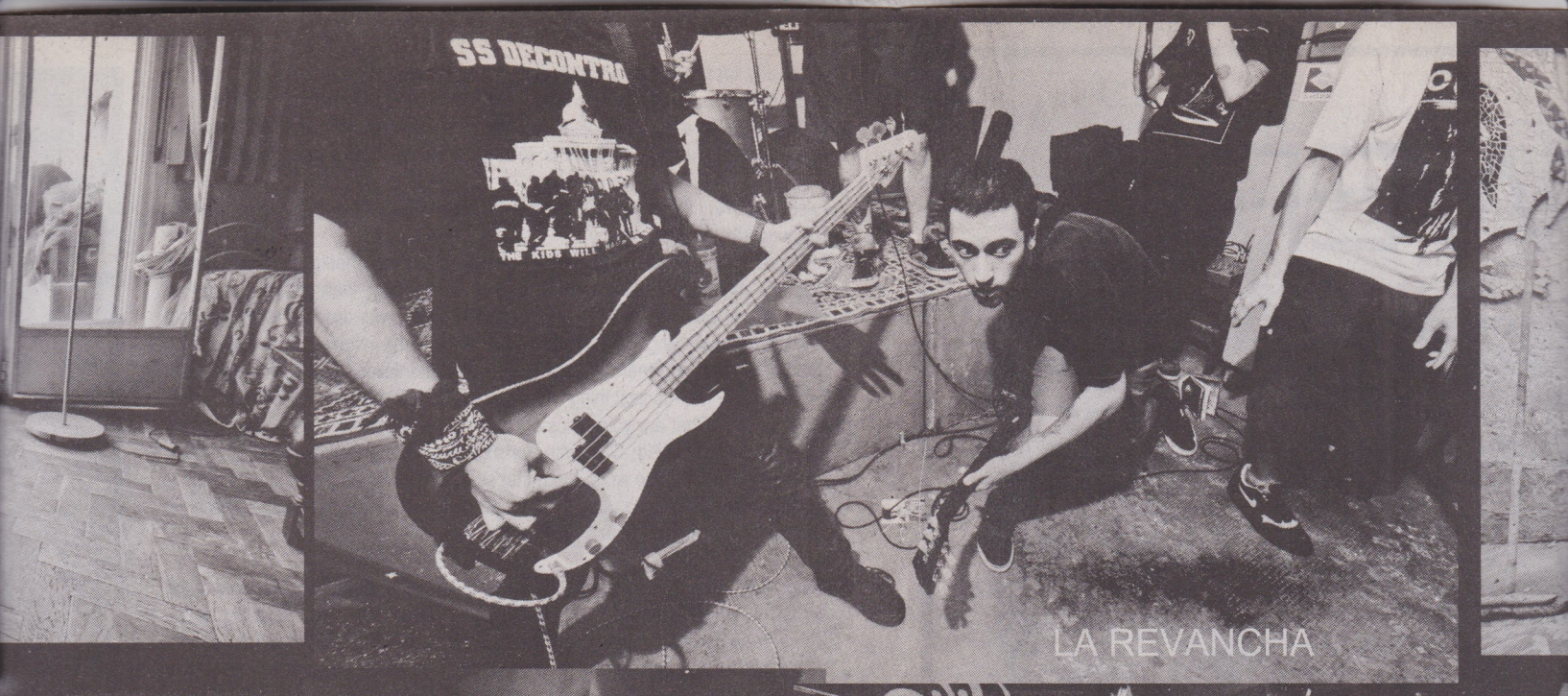
CADAVER EM TRANSE

MORBO

SEPTIEMBRE ONCE

AUTONOMIA

Pics by: Martin Sorrondeguy

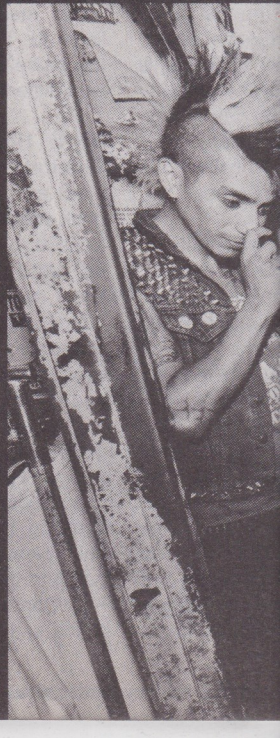


CADAVER EM TRANSE

DHK

AUTONOMIA

TIEMBRE ONCE



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ALL PICS TAKEN IN SOUTH AMERICA

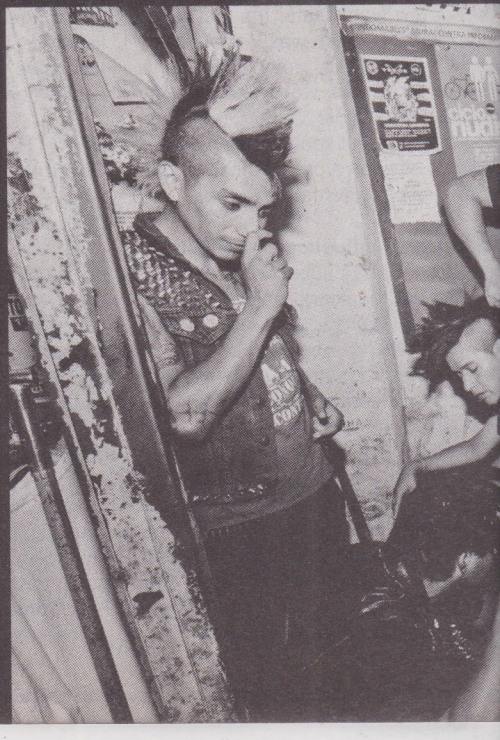
LA REVANCHA

CADAVER EM TRANSE

DHK

PIRE

AUTONOMIA



Pics by: Martin Sorrondeguy

ALL PICS TAKEN IN SOUTH AMERICA

LA REVANCHA

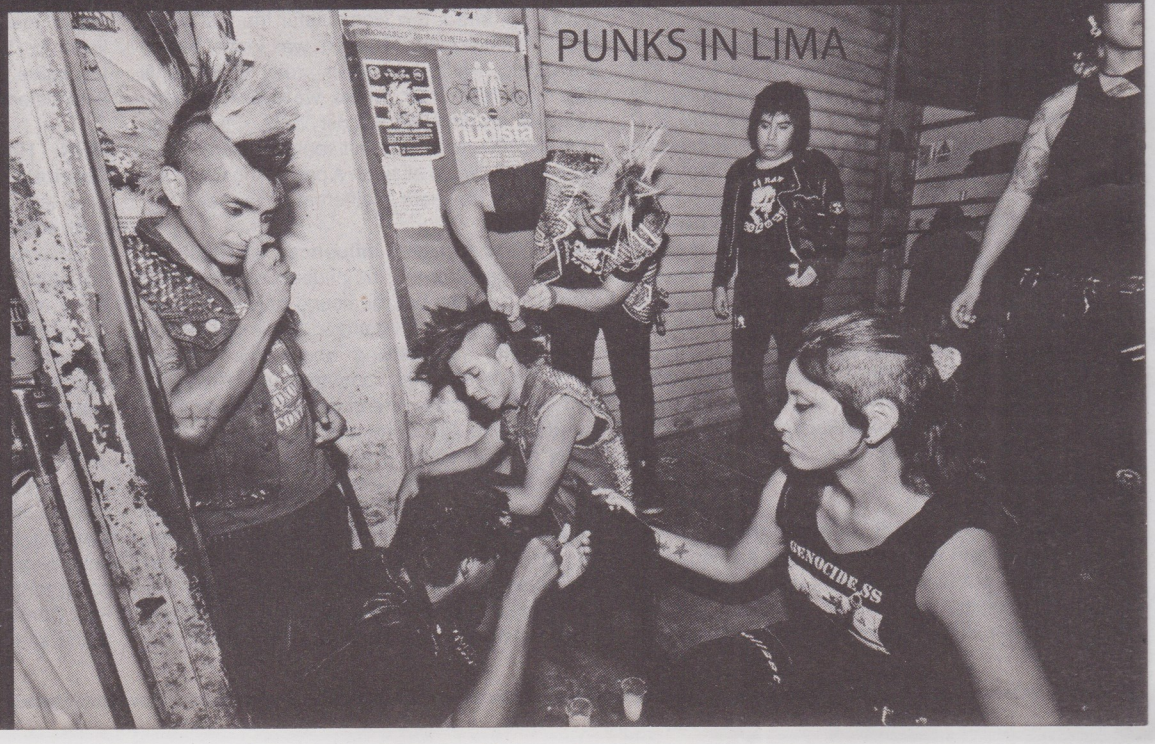
ARGENTINA

DHK

PIREXIA

ALL PICS TAKEN IN SOUTH AMERICA

PUNKS IN LIMA



NÖ PÖWER

Nö Pöwer is a band. That is a certainty. With a myriad of influences and ex-bands that cross the punk spectrum, they can be tough to nail down to one sound. At times they easily seem to fit into the D-beat or raw punk movement, but you would be missing a lot of their sound if you just place them into one box. I've heard Framtid and Totalitär thrown around, but at times a little SSD and other shades of American hardcore, mixed in with types of Swedish and Japanese influences. It really doesn't matter though. The band has worked its ass off in the short time it has been as such, and has progressed immensely with every release. While most of the band calls Charlotte, NC its home base, Rob Davis (vocals/ex-Grids, Obstruction) now calls NYC his home. It doesn't seem to hurt the band that much, since it just released an LP with Sorry State records, will be releasing a couple splits, and touring in early 2013. Interview by Joshua Robbins. Photographs by Sarah Blumenthal, Will Butler and Jordan Fogal.

MRR: For all the know nots out there, who is Nö Pöwer and when did it all get started?
Nö Pöwer started with Hunter (drums) and West (guitar) playing Joy Division (not really) covers in a garage in the middle-of-fucking nowhere. At some point, it became clear to both of them that there needed to be someone singing and playing bass. Rob (vocals) and Dave (bass) started practicing, and a few weeks later the first demo tape was recorded. The art was done before the music, which has been pretty typical until this most recent LP, where we cycled through possible art-direction almost daily. Other than Rob, Nö Pöwer is the first real band any of us have done. We've all been a part of the Charlotte punk scene for years in different capacities.

MRR: What are some influences musically?
When the band started, the influences were almost painfully obvious, but the sound quickly evolved into something much stranger. Eddie Schneidog (Brain Ffffff) was talking about the Terminal Boredom review that compared us to Nomad, and his comments were basically "They're right, you do sound Japanese and Spanish, but you'll never actually sound like those bands because you're too goddamned weird." I think that does a pretty good job summing it up. We sound how we do because we're from a town that has no real identity. Our punk past isn't documented in *American Hardcore*, none of the bands in our scene actually sound the same, and nothing any of us have done prior even touches in the "raw-punk". We're all obviously fans of Discharge, Bastard, Eskorbuto, Totalitär etc., but beyond the occasional drum match up or riff-lift, the records we've made are so much more miserable to listen to. There isn't a wheel reinvention, but at the same time we're all definitely not sitting in cars, listening to dis-bands and writing songs.

MRR: How does Nö Pöwer fit into the Charlotte, NC scene?
I just left Charlotte and I find myself missing the punk scene so much. It's a city that's big enough to have too many people and suburban sprawl, but small enough to have shows where we all know every other person there. The same 20-30 people have been making music together collectively for the last five or six years, without ever really sticking to a genre. There are towns and cities that we go to (or where I live), where the scenes are so divided by niche. Punks don't go to hardcore, if you're into ninth-wave-grunge, you don't go to a thrash show etc., but Charlotte's music community has done a pretty good job avoiding that, which means Nö Pöwer shows have people that love all sorts of different music going to the same show. I think that people like Rick Contes who have six or seven bands going at the same time, none of which actually sound

the same, are a good example of what our city is like as a whole. Show spaces are reasonably stable (though there are droughts for sure), and attendance is pretty okay for any good show. I'm sure some booking people will disagree with me on that, but if you're booking garbage in a town with a small music community, people really do just stop coming.

MRR: With Rob (vocals) recently moving to NYC to pursue a teaching career and chase the neon lights of the Big Apple, what does that mean for the future of Nö Pöwer?
We have an LP coming out in December on Sorry State records, and we're going to be touring behind it at the end of the year. Because I'm a teacher, I have a pretty strict schedule, but the vacation time gives me lots of time to travel and play shows. Last weekend I was in town to play with Criaturas, Joint Damage, Meat Group and Sister Fister, and it felt like I had never left. It's definitely made us less productive as a band, but we were writing too many songs anyway, I couldn't remember all of the lyrics anymore.

MRR: Nö Pöwer features a member of the band Grids and Obstruction, do any of your past bands influence what you do in your current band, or is it all water under the bridge, so to speak?
I feel like we carried some of the sounds of Grids over sonically, but a lot more of it just came from all being into weirdo music in the first place. If anything sounds familiar, it has less to do with trying to sound like my old band, and more to do with the fact that we all listened to the music that Grids was influenced by. I think that the work effort that existed in Grids definitely exists in Nö Pöwer. In Grids, we put out two LPs, a slew of tapes, a 7", and a bunch of weird CDs in less than two years. We did a bunch of touring and brought so many bands through Charlotte that wouldn't have otherwise stopped by (Raleigh, Asheville, Chapel Hill, Durham, Boone, are all within a few hours of Charlotte). The two LPs actually came out within a few months of each other. Nö Pöwer is definitely on a similar trajectory. In the first nine months as a band we put out a pair of tapes and two simultaneously released 7"s. We have full time jobs, Dave goes to school and I'm teaching and coaching. I feel like if you're in a band that isn't working hard then you're just taking up space and I don't have time for another fucking hobby.

MRR: Does Rob do Yoga?
I do yoga a few times a year. I always feel awesome afterwards. I guess I should probably start doing it more often.

MRR: How do you feel you stand out among all the other bands currently playing raw punk and D-beat?
Maybe we don't? I think every review of our band has mentioned that we're psychedelic (which I think is kind of a lazy description), but it definitely has something to do with the fact that we write punk songs without letting the songwriting regress. A lot of what we've tried to do as a band is push ourselves to write out of our comfort zone. We all know that we have the ability to write textbook noise punk, and there is always a place for that, but I'm much more interested in finding balance in punk. I think each of us is trying to write music we want to hear as well. With four people that aren't all digging the same music at the same time, a lot of our songs end up being a patchwork of punk rock.

MRR: What are the major differences between the 7"s you released last year and the upcoming LP?
The LP is more or less a progression from the 7"s. I know that sounds sort of cliché, but with members getting better at their respective instruments, we were able to actually come into our own and write a more realized, cohesive album. It's kind of funny... some of the songs are way more straight ahead and raging than any of our past songs, while others are the weirdest, more complex songs we've written. The sound quality is also a huge step up. We did it with Rick Contes who also did our *No Axis* 7", and he really stepped up his game on this one, and killed it with the recording. Kris Lapke mastered it for max fucking volume.

MRR: What is up next for Nö Pöwer?
LP in December via Sorry State. East Coast tour in January to support the LP. Chaos Destroy and we have both recorded our sides for a split cassette that Black Konflik will have out at some point.

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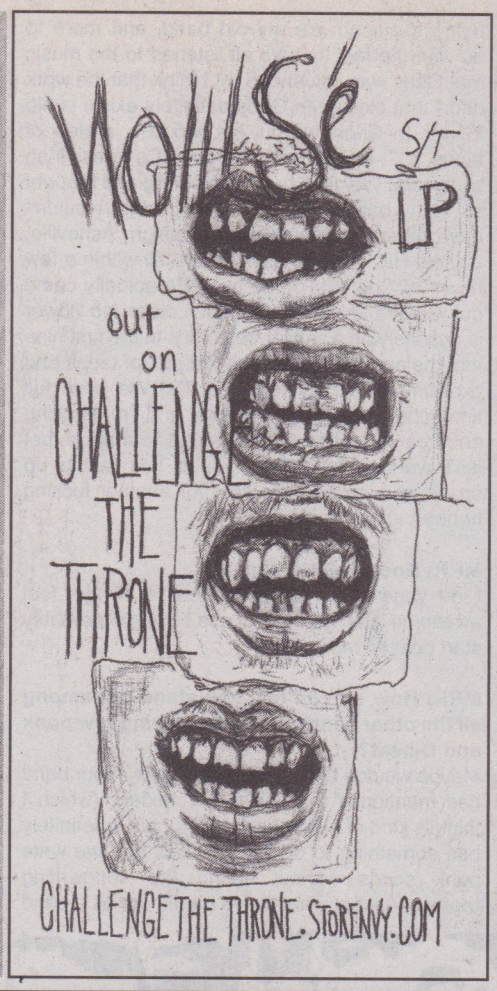

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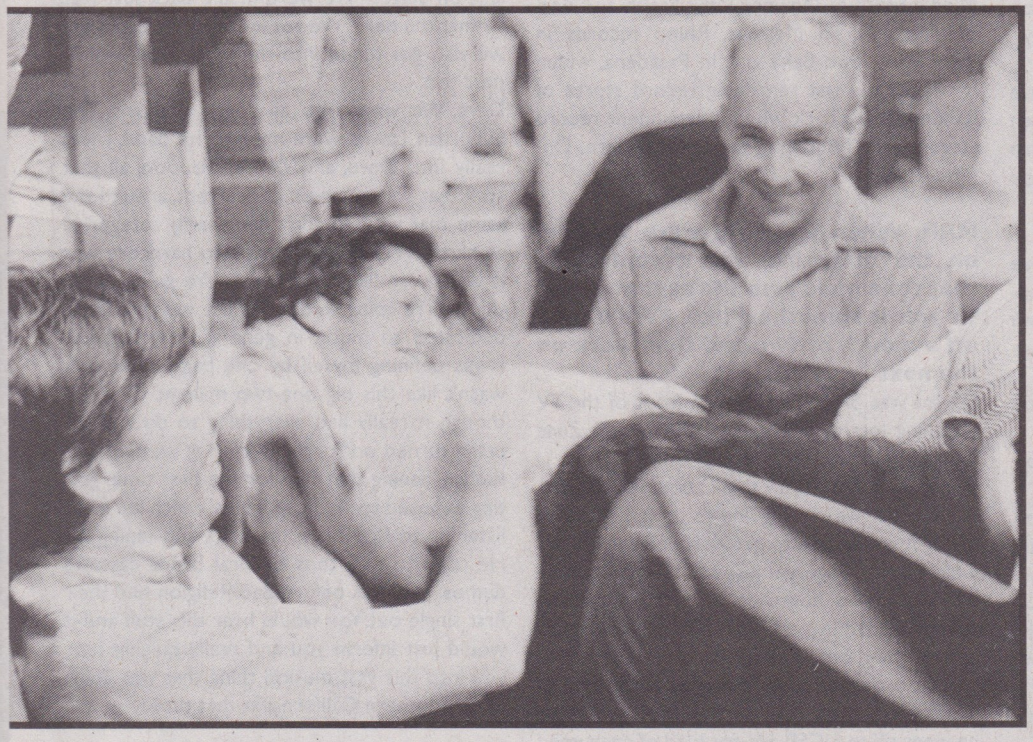

above: Minutemen at house party.Photo by Jordan Schwartz
below: Black Flag at Phelan office.Photo by David Markey

WE GOT POWER

***We Got Power* was a fanzine out of Santa Monica, CA in the early 1980s put together by David Markey and Jordan Schwartz. They only produced five issues, but those five issues made an impact on the hardcore punk scene that is still being felt today. Through the pages of the zine they put forth an honest portrayal of youth and their excitement of discovering a burgeoning music, along with all the things surrounding it. Not to mention providing a document of bands and people who would go on to be legends in one way or another. Alongside the zine, they also began making films under the We Got Power banner. The first being *The Slog Movie*, which offered a first look of bands like Circle One, Sin 34, Cheifs, and many more to the rest of the world. David would go on to make *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls*, *Lovedolls Superstar*, *Reality 86'd* ,*1991: The Year That Punk Broke*, and most recently, a documentary on the Circle Jerks titled *My Career as a Jerk*. On top of all that he also played drums in Sin 34, and Painted Willie.**

Bazillion Points recently collected all five issues of *We Got Power*, as well as the unreleased sixth issue into book form. Half of the book is also many never before seen photos (largely shot by Jordan) of early 1980s Southern California hardcore as it was happening. Scenes of people hanging out at Oki Dog's, shows, parties, the Punk Shack in Santa Monica, the SST offices, Minutemen writing out a set list at Dancing Waters, and more. There are also essays from the editors, Henry Rollins, Jennifer Schwartz, Chuck Dukowski, Janet Housden, Keith Morris, Mike Watt, Jula Bell, Joe Carducci.

Photos by Jordan Schwartz and David Markey

MRR: What was the impetus for starting *We Got Power* magazine?

Dave: Wanting to do something. It was the summer of 1981, right after high school and we were looking to alleviate boredom.

Jordan: We were hanging out in Alan Gilbert's room, who was a buddy of ours. It was Dave and I, Alan and my sister [Jennifer]. He had this tape of Richard Meltzer's show on KPFK, which is the local Pacifica station. Meltzer was playing all this crazy stuff, and I think Alan was playing some singles. We were just hanging out and that was when we got the idea of, "Hey, let's do a fanzine." Alan had this stuffed pillow sitting on his bed, this little lion from when he was a kid, and Jennifer was just drawing that, just doodling.

Dave: I added the "Anarchy" logo around its neck.

Jordan: And we were like, "Okay, yeah, this will be the cover".

Dave had done a fanzine before my sister and

Maybe we created what we wanted to make, without really knowing what the rules or codes were. We just had a lot of energy and wanted to do stuff. Whether it was taking photos, or making films, or starting bands, or doing fanzines, or whatever; just ways to express things that were going on in our teenage head.

I had met him.

Dave: I wouldn't have called it a fanzine.

Jordan: It was like a fanzine. It was a very homegrown thing. It was called the *Neighborhood Journal.*

Dave: It was a neighborhood newspaper. This was done as a kid. I documented what went on my street. "The ice cream truck came today". That kind of stuff.

Jordan: It was a Xerox zine. When I met Dave I helped him with a couple issues of that. Then we started getting into hardcore, and we also saw *Flipside* too, "Oh wow, so people do their own mags".

Dave: *Slash* magazine...

Jordan: *Slash, No Mag.* We were starting to see all those. So we're sitting around Alan's bedroom listening to tunes, and it's like, "Fuck, we can do this. Let's fucking do it!"

MRR: How long did it take you to put together that first issue out?

Dave: It came together pretty quickly. Probably about a month or so.

Jordan: Dave, specifically, had a lot of spare time, and he already had a pretty good work ethic. He had made Super 8 films, including feature length stuff, like a film called *The Omenous.* So he had done these pieces before. So once he started working on that, he would do it, and we would be hanging out every afternoon anyway. I think maybe more of it was just waiting to go to more gigs.

Dave: The very first band we interviewed was Circle One. Somehow we got hooked up with them.

Jordan: Well, Sin 34, you were doing a lot of gigs with Circle One.

Dave: Actually, Mike Vallejo [Circle One] was the first guitar player in Sin 34, and he was playing shows with us. That's how we hooked up with those guys. So, in the middle of this interview John Macias mentioned that his father ran a print shop. It was Mister Macias who received the layouts that we did. He was the one that said, "We're going to give you a glossy cover, quality paper and colored ink."

Jordan: The articles, were done on a typewriter, the pictures were just cut out black and white prints, or stuff cut out of newspapers or magazines or whatever. Dave would lay out the boards and we handed that off to Mister Macias, and he told us how much money to come back with. We would show up in Kim Pilkington's Gremlin and we loaded it up with *We Got Power* mags.

Dave: Drove them around to all the Southern California record stores; Zed's in Long Beach, Middle Earth in Downey, Vinyl Fetish and Aarons records on Melrose, Rhino records in Westwood, Poo-Bah's out in Pasadena, which is one of the last remaining record stores of its kind. That's back when independent record stores were flourishing, and everywhere. Different times.

MRR: When you guys were working on the magazine was it something that consumed your life at that point? Or was it something like, "We'll take off a month or two and then work on the next issue"?

Dave: I was probably sitting in front of the TV watching lots of episodes of the *Twilight Zone* until all hours of the morning.

Jordan: We didn't really think about it that hard. Except that we were going to do it. Instead of taking it someplace to get Xeroxed at two and a half cents a page, we just had to get a couple hundred bucks together to get the printed output from Mister Macias. We were able to get the mag out through record distributors, so that brought in a little more cash. It kind of propagated itself. The thing though with Alan, he went off to UCSB. He got kind of consumed by greater life events.

Dave: Alan went to college before Milo! We weren't going to college. We were, at best, City College level.

MRR: SMC? [Santa Monica College]

Jordan: SMC, with fellow alumni, I don't know if anybody graduated; Greg Hetson, I think Chet Lehrer went there. Louiche Mayorga, Mike Muir...

Dave: We were all going there at the same time. It was just like a continuation of high school. It was like, "What the hell is this?"

Jordan: They called it "Santa Monica High with ash trays". [laughter]

Dave: Just that whole weird period of trying to figure out what the hell you're trying to do with your life, just not really knowing, and just being 17 years old.

Jordan: One of the big gigs around that time, it was the spring of '81, and Dave and Alan and I went on a Tuesday night to the Cuckoo's Nest in Costa Mesa to see, I think, was it Saccharine (Trust)? It definitely was Red Cross, Minutemen...

Dave: Red Cross, Minutemen, Saccharine Trust, the Descendents, all on the same bill.

Jordan: On a Tuesday night, like twenty people there...

Dave: A dozen people there, tops and the people in the bands. Our jaws were on the floor, and we couldn't believe there weren't more people there. We thought all the bands were great.

Jordan: The main person that we knew was there was Mugger, who worked at SST. There were a couple SST guys there. I think Dukowski was hanging as well. Mugger was yelling when the Minutemen were playing, "D. Boon! Take a shit on stage!" We were in the back just like, "What the hell?" We got into hardcore, but yet we also got tuned into the whole SST weirdness too.

Dave: We were into all sorts of music. The Suburban Lawns were my favorite band. I was really into Devo, and Wall of Voodoo, all that stuff that was going on concurrent, around the same that you wouldn't necessarily categorize as hardcore. The way I came to hardcore was it was more like a ethic; if you're going to do this, you're going to do it all the way; hardcore dedicated to music in general. It wasn't like I was defining myself by one band's sound. It wasn't like this big one-two militant thing. Although it really had everything to do with us being turned on to *The Decline of Western Civilization.* Seeing that film for the first time, getting exposed to all those bands, which led to us listening to *Rodney on the ROQ,* and taping it... He used to play tons of local bands cassette demos. This was before Bad Religion had their first single out. You would hear this stuff and it would just inform you and really quickly tune you into this vast musical thing that was going on in Southern California at that time.

MRR: Where I grew up was a very small scene. You had people who listened to hardcore punk and nothing else. But a majority of people were kind of like accepting, well this [music] is part of this [music], so we'll accept that too.

Dave: L.A. had this giant eclectic music scene. You had all these bands who were intermingling with each other. No two bands were alike. You had a band like the Gun Club, then you had a band like the Blasters, and then you had a bands like Vox Pop and Human Hands, all playing these shows together for like twenty people. You look back at it now and realize that even those bands, I wouldn't necessarily classify that as "hardcore". The original L.A. punk scene had came and left. The Hollywood scene was really sort of back underground in 1981. The first time

we started coming up here [West Hollywood] going to shows at the Whisky (the Dickies, the Cramps) and the Starwood across the street, seeing Middle Class, seeing the Chiefs, seeing all these bands that were really great. Middle Class were actually the very first "Hardcore" band before there was a definition of what it was. We started hearing the word "hardcore" a lot through *The Decline...* and *Flipside*. D.O.A. put an album out called *Hardcore '81*.

MRR: There was also the *American Youth Report* comp.

Jordan: That was in like, '82. That was down the road.

MRR: Even though it said "hardcore" not all those bands would fall under...

Dave: Compilations really became this thing with hardcore. We did our own compilation (*We Got Power, Party or Go Home*). But we were really inspired by...

Jordan: *Tooth & Nail...*

Dave: A great LA compilation. Of course, we liked the *Flex Your Head* record. We liked the *Boston Not L.A.* record. We liked the fucking Midwest *Process of Elimination* seven inch. We were paying attention to music on a national level. It wasn't like we were sports fans and we only liked the Dodgers and the Rams. We realized this music goes beyond our territory and it's happening nationally. We were into bands like the Necros and the Teen Idles.

Jordan: We got this Government Issue board tape that we used listen to all the time.

Dave: We used to trade cassette tapes with people who would write in for the magazine going, "Yeah, I'll write the scene report for you. Here's a bunch of tapes. Here's Double O's demo" or whatever. "Here's some Void". The first time I heard Void was a demo from fucking Rob Moss that was in G.I. later on. You start developing pen pal relationships with people in bands. I started talking to Bob Mould from Hüsker Dü, and eventually they came out here...

Jordan: To record *Metal Circus*.

Dave: They ended up hanging out with us in Santa Monica. We make the connection somehow with Jesus Bonehead of the Dayglow Abortions. His band comes and hangs out with us. We somehow make friends with Tim Yohannon, who told us, "Oh yeah, I'm starting this magazine called *Maximum Rocknroll*, I want you guys to contribute to it". Which I did, early on.

Jordan: KPFK picked up the *Maximum Rocknroll* radio show for syndication, and that opened up a lot more stuff.

Dave: Still, not a lot of people were tuned in to it.

Jordan: But we were. We were fucking taping it!

Dave: It was still small, right about to explode, and when it did you had a sold out show at the Santa Monica Civic, you had a few thousand people coming together. You had a sold out show at the Palladium, or the Olympic. Then it started getting really big. But not compared to these days, or even the Nineties. The culture was entirely different.

Jordan: Like now, you've got Rise Against, Bad Religion, and the Descendents headline the Long Beach Arena. Rise Against? Who the fuck are they?

MRR: In your book, you use the word punk and put quotations around it. That's a band I would put quotations around as "punk".

Dave: Any band could call themselves punk now. I don't know if punk has a meaning anymore. Maybe it didn't have a meaning then. Maybe we were reading into it what we wanted to read into it. Maybe we created what we wanted to make, without really knowing what the rules or codes were. We just had a lot of energy and wanted to do stuff. Whether it was taking photos, or making films, or starting bands, or doing fanzines, or whatever; just ways to express things that were going on in our teenage head. I think that kind of culture doesn't really exist anymore with kids. Maybe they come together when they play their gaming in chat rooms or whatever. But it's all virtual, it's not really like you're down the wrong streets going around vandalizing shit.

above: Bob's Place. Photo by Jordan Schwartz
below: Punk mom with injured son. Photo by Jordan Schwarz

Black Flag had played a lot of the My War stuff at this gig at the Cathay (de Grande), and I didn't go. Kim Pilkington called me that night, she goes, "Oh my god, Black Flag, they're playing this new material and it sounds like Pink Floyd". I'm like, "Oh no..."

MRR: The Punk Shack, what was that?

Dave: The Punk Shack, that's what we called it, it was an abandoned real estate office that we commandeered in our neighborhood that set abandoned for about six months maybe? A year? It was on Santa Monica Blvd. and Yale in Santa Monica.

Jordan: A block from Rip City.

Dave: We lived at home with our mothers, respectively, and it was just a way to get out of the house we would sort of squat, but not full time. It was a place where we hung out and listened to Jordan's ghetto blaster of tapes from *Rodney on the ROQ*, and graffitied on the wall and just wished that we had our own punk club in Santa Monica. But that wasn't going to happen, we were just projecting, fantasizing. You're making this shit up in your mind. Which in some ways was pretty interesting.

Jordan: It got bulldozed and became a medical building. There's a picture (in the book) of the donut store across the street.

MRR: That's still there.

Dave: A lot of the stuff you see in the background remains, that landscape hasn't changed at all. It's funny because we would go in there and graffiti and come back a few hours later and there would be new graffiti added to the wall. We would be like, "Whoa, there's other people into punk around here?" Then we would end up meeting these two little kids that were in our neighborhood; Mike Roth and Junior (Mark Stephan). We ended up becoming friends with them and taking them to shows. They were like twelve and thirteen years old. We would drag them off to shows at Godzilla's and the Whisky, and Bards Apollo, places like that.

Jordan: The first time we met them in there, they were already drinking hard liquor. It was like, "These kids are fucking nuts!" It was a Wednesday afternoon, or whatever.

MRR: Hardcore!

Jordan: Extremely!

Dave: We're pretty sure that Phranc actually graffitied in the Punk shack too. She wrote the lyrics to her song, "Take Off Your Swastika! It really naziates me. If you were in those ovens you wouldn't think it was so cool". You would go to the Punk Shack and there would be these screeds that appeared on the wall and we would be wondering who the hell is doing this? We're looking around, scratching our heads.

Jordan: Phranc lives in Santa Monica.

Dave: I asked her about it, and she says she doesn't remember doing it. It had to have been Phranc. We recorded and documented all that stuff, fortunately.

Jordan: The other thing is, you can see it if you look close, on the cover of the *We Got Power* book, the Pettibon drawing inspired by the Atlanta child murders taped up to the front door. There was an issue of *No Mag* where they had eight or so Raymond Pettibon drawings. *No Mag* was a larger format publication, 11 x 17 inches. So we cut those pages out and pasted them up on the wall. We pasted fliers up on the wall. Spray-painted all over it. We made the Punk Shack into our own art gallery.

Dave: We like to say we gave Pettibon his first show.

MRR: I'm under the impression that the Westside had a lot of punk activity at one point.

Dave: Not really. The Santa Monica Civic had shows. They filmed *Urgh! A Music War* there.

Jordan: The Clash played there.

Dave: The Buzzcocks played there. X, the Blasters, and the Gears, which was our first show, our first "punk" show in 1980. I saw Suburban Lawns open for U2 there (who I walked out on). I saw tons of bands there. I saw Devo there. That was the closest it got in Santa Monica, but it wasn't like the vibe of a club.

MRR: But you guys had bands though. You had Wasted Youth, Sin 34, the Germs, Suicidal (Tendencies)...

Dave: The Germs, that was a few years ahead of our era. At that time it seemed like forever. We loved the Germs, but I remember at the time thinking, "That's old"! [laughter]

Jordan: There was a record shop up the street that had bootlegs and a small "Punk" section. They had the first Germs record there. We used to walk up there everyday...

Dave: It was called Off the Record. It was on Wilshire and 26th.

Jordan: We used to look at that Germs record. Before *The Decline*... came out.

Dave: Before we got the nerve to actually buy it.

Jordan: We were like, "Whoa!" You turn and look at the back and there's Pat Smear with the fucking puka beads. Or was it Darby? One of them was wearing puka beads and we were just like, "Whoa, what the hell is this?" But yet, they were at the next high school (Uni) over.

Dave: We also used to go over to Westwood on Saturday nights, and there was this new wave clothing store that was called The Village Mews. They used to have bands play there. Madness played there. We saw a band called the Zippers there.

Jordan: But it was all-ages, it was free, and we would go see it.

MRR: What about the Urinals? I remember reading that the Urinals and Savage Republic all came from UCLA.

Dave: They went to UCLA, and they would play in the basements, the hallways, and classrooms. They recorded their first 7" there.

Jordan: Those, you couldn't really find out where those gigs were happening.

Dave: You had to have been on the insides of UCLA... Even if you were, the chances of you stumbling upon that were very slim.

Jordan: Santa Monica High in 1981, there were maybe a total of twenty punks in the whole high school.

Dave: Ten punks!

Jordan: Dave, Jennifer, and I...

Dave: Manny Strohm. John Press. Sean Sutton. Dorta.

Jordan: The Symbol Six dudes...

Dave: Symbol Six were known as Gaudy Trash then. They weren't Symbol Six yet. I remember that we went to a party that they played up in Malibu, before school let out, and Pat Smear was there. I remember staring at him, going, I can't believe Pat Smear is at this party. I was way too nervous to go talk to him. It was one of the few moments where I ever felt star struck in my life. I was just amazed that Pat Smear showed up to this party!

Jordan: The other punks were Mike Muir, who got kicked out, Louiche Mayorga, who was in Suicidal...

Dave: But he wasn't even really punk. He was just a dude who Mike Muir said, "Hey, join my band".

MRR: Why did Mike Muir get kicked out (of Samohi)?

Dave: I don't know, but I do have a vivid memory of him marching across the Santa Monica High School quad wearing a swastika T-shirt. Maybe that had something to do with it. His brother Jim... They were Dogtown skate rats. He probably just stopped going to school.

MRR: Something I was wondering, I grew up in the Midwest, and if you were a punk you were a target. I was wondering if that was the same here.

Dave: You were a target here too! Oh yeah, you were! You think about Southern California at the time being this mellow... Believe me, everyone that looked different at the time got shit.

above: Jordan at The Punk Shack. Photo by DaveMarkey

There was none of this laid back Southern California life style 'it's easier here' kind of thing. No, it was fucking rough! If it was rough here, imagine what it was like being a kid growing up in South Carolina, or the fucking South, or the Bible Belt. Imagine being a kid into punk rock at that time. I could do the math.

MRR: I used to get death threats at my house. "Hey faggot, I'm going to kick your ass!" I would be like, "Who is this, and how did they get my number?" You would be walking down the street ready to go [fight].

Dave: Here you got it yelled at you from cars. Southern California is car culture, and it would almost always be a Camaro. A black Camaro that's hot rodded, (vroom, vroom), "Hey Devo! Whip it fag!" over and over and over and over.

Jordan: And they're playing AC/DC "Back In Black".

Dave: Devo freaked those people out more than anyone else. [laughter].

MRR: You would listen to Devo and wonder what it was.

Dave: They were intelligent, and they were threatening the status quo at the time, which at that point in time happened to be this bloated rock and roll environment. You had *Rolling Stone*, you had the Eagles, you had Fleetwood Mac. You had the boomer generation, who were really fucking opposed to letting this thing happen. They didn't respect hardcore! Are you kidding me? They were laughing this shit out of town. They're not going to fucking deal with this. It wasn't until years later that some of those people tried to come on board. The same people who came in and crossed out our Black Flag graffiti in the Punk Shack, The same people that were giving us shit, we started seeing around '83 with shaved heads and Suicidal Tendencies shirts. "Yeah, you were the one that spit on me and called me "crazy pogo head" at Samohi, and now you're like a Suicidal punk. Okay". Once that element came in it really took the piss out of it for us. It was an interesting experience. To see it while you're still that young, and you're actually learning stuff on a deep sociological level...

MRR: It taints how you view people. It makes you very cynical.

Dave: How could you not be? How could you not be at that time? If you were paying attention, and you had a conscience, you had to be cynical at the time.

MRR: The shit you had to put up with, you had to really love it [hardcore].

Dave: It started becoming this sort of set of rules. It was never supposed to be a codified set of rules. Then a lot of people that were originally involved in punk rock started barking back at this new generation that was coming in setting very strict set of rules. A lot of stuff that happened in '82-'83, was a reaction to that. Like Black Flag growing their hair out after Red Cross did it first.

Jordan: The other thing with hardcore and that kind of form, you can only play it at that tempo and that intensity for so long. It's got to go somewhere else.

Dave: Take the Circle Jerks *Group Sex* record. That typifies to me Southern California suburban hardcore.

Jordan: That was the first record. You get to the third, or the fourth Circle Jerks record, or the third or fourth Black Flag record. *My War*, that changed the whole fucking game.

MRR: I remember playing Black Flag to my friends who liked heavy music back then. "Oh you guys like heavy music, check out Black Flag." They were like, "Fuck this shit"! They hated it.

Dave: A lot of bands started going in that "crossover" direction. Whether it be D.R.I., whether it be Suicidal Tendencies. Also around that time there was this real sort of move to this, I wouldn't necessarily call it metal, because it wasn't really metal.

above: Go-Go's at the Whisky, 1981. Photo by DaveMarkey

Jordan: Black Flag *My War* was just this heavy record...

MRR: That was the turning point wasn't it?

Jordan: Oh shit yeah!

Dave: It would have been fucking awesome if that '82 line up would have recorded that album with Biscuits. The ones with the demos that got out that was bootlegged widely. That would have been the ideal recording of that album.

Jordan: With Biscuits, Dukowski, Dezo, Ginn and Rollins.

Dave: It really sucked when Dukowski got vibed out of Flag.

Jordan: We were completely fucking shocked.

Dave: We weren't down with that at all. That was the first thing we saw early on that made us cynical towards the SST illuminati.

Jordan: We used to reference Black Flag as the Famous South Bay Duo; that was Chuck and Greg. Then when Chuck was out, it was like, "Oh my god, what the hell happened?"

Dave: Then you realize it was all just Greg Ginn's power struggle. All of it.

Jordan: Black Flag had played a lot of the *My War* stuff at this gig at the Cathay (de Grande), and I didn't go. Kim Pilkington called me that night, she goes, "Oh my god, Black Flag, they're playing this new material and it sounds like Pink Floyd". I'm like, "Oh no..." I'm like ready to go kill myself.

MRR: I remember hearing the same thing about Die Kreuzen.

Dave: *October File*? I love that record! Die Kreuzen, another great band where you see the change around '84-'85. Ian broke up Minor Threat and went off and did different things, Egg Hunt, or Embrace, before he did Fugazi. Everyone was trying to move forward at that point.

MRR: Egg Hunt and Embrace, it was definitely a break from Minor Threat, but to me had they still had the same energy as Minor Threat. Die Kreuzen, you can't even classify it. They kept moving further and further out with every record.

Dave: You can see it in all the bands at the time that put records out. Look at everyone's records in '81. Look at everyone's records in '84-'85. You can see it. It's like water marks. It's all being reflected through tons of people, tons of different bands. Especially in L.A., you saw this incredible creative burst come up in, say 1980, and then really by '84-'85 it just kind of wound down a bit. It changed, it shifted. Then bands like the Butthole Surfers started to, uh, peak.

MRR: I don't want to be that old man, because it pissed me off when I heard, "Oh it's dead!" It was alive for me in 1982, but for the older guys it was dead, and I don't want to be that guy. But I see young kids nowadays that go eat at the Oki Dogs on Fairfax. But it's not the Oki Dogs from back then. Or they go see some reunion band. All this stuff...

Dave: It's amazing how this culture, it has a whole new life of it's own now.

Jordan: You can't choose when you're born. Sometimes you think you're being exposed to something, and it's not the right time to get it. That whole reunion thing, that's a whole other trip. But to me, it's better to do, even if you get the essence of it, as opposed to not hearing any version of it live.

Dave: I would have never imagined doing this fanzine that thirty years into the future I'd be sitting around talking about it.

Jordan: That's for sure.

Dave: I think we were really fortunate that we were really driven to be able to get out there and do this stuff, and document it. Whether it meant photographing, or interviewing bands, or...

Jordan: Shooting Super 8.

Dave: Shooting Super 8 film of bands playing live, or kids hanging out at Oki Dogs or behind Bards Apollo.

To be Continued...

SHOW REPORT

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(L.A. and I.E. no O.C.)

By Greg McWhorter

It's been pretty busy in Los Angeles recently. Dave Markey, from SIN 34 and We Got Power Films, just released a book also called *We Got Power: Hardcore Punk Scenes from 1980s Southern California* and was busy promoting the book and a gallery showing of photos and flyers from his personal archive. Markey co-wrote the book with Jordan Schwartz who was the head honcho behind the We Got Power fanzine in the early 1980s. The showing took place at Track 16 Gallery in Santa Monica. It is the final gallery show there as the surrounding gallery buildings are being torn down for something like a new Metrolink station. Markey showed his new film about the Circle Jerks entitled *Circle Jerks: My Career as a Jerk* and also hosted two amazing shows! The first show was on September 8th and featured all old school bands: ADOLESCENTS, WHITE FLAG, DEAD ISSUE, the LAST and SACCHARINE TRUST. All these bands still play great. SACCHARINE TRUST was especially amazing that night. I first saw them in 1984 and they still sound as sharp today. WHITE FLAG played their set with their original singer, Al Bum, who is now wheelchair bound. He was carried onto the stage where he sat in his wheelchair and sang the set while punks towered above him. They were joined at the end of their set by Greg Hetson (BAD RELIGION, CIRCLE JERKS, BLACK FLAG) and they ended their set with a cover of "Nervous Breakdown" that shook the building! DEAD ISSUE from Palm Springs was a surprise. This band harkens back to the early 1980s, and even though they played local shows, they never released anything. It was cool to see an unknown old band get it together for this show. Lots of luminaries were on hand like Ian MacKaye (MINOR THREAT, FUGAZI), Don Bolles (GERMS), Scott Guerin (DEADBEATS) and Geza X (DEADBEATS, legendary producer, Josie Cotton's lover man). I guess across town at the same time, the Punk Museum in downtown Los Angeles was host to a WAYNE/JAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS performance. We missed that, but heard it was pretty exciting.

On October 6th, we slogged it out again to Track 16 to witness the final show to take place at the gallery. This one was opened by the world's premiere Jewish, lesbian folk-singer PHRANC. She played a nice acoustic set, but was drowned out by mostly drunk punks (free tequila and beer at the bar) bent on seeing the harder bands to come. It was strange that the tequila was freely supplied, and they were actually giving out a free 7" compilation of newer bands from Los Angeles titled *Barrio Uprising Volume I*. It was even on tequila-colored vinyl! This free compilation features SOCIAL CONFLICT, SORRY STATE, ANGELS OF MISCHIEF, and PUBLIC NUISANCE. It seems that they are giving it away at major shows. Anyway, after PHRANC was done MIDDLE CLASS played next and were mind-blowing! They played almost every song off their two 7"ers and their first LP, which is a mix of über-hardcore and art-punk. The closer were the MEAT PUPPETS who were a real crowd pleaser. They played a mix of material from their earliest stuff right up to what they are doing now. These were two great nights of L.A. punk and hardcore with no fights or troubles with the police. With a sad farewell, we bid goodbye to Track 16.

In Pomona on Saturday, October 13th, my wife and I went to see some quasi-psychobilly bands with some friends that just wanted to get out: The TRENCHES from Upland, RENO DIVORCE from Colorado, and the LONESOME ONES from Lake Elsinore. I was expecting psychobilly, but these bands were more hard-rock with a punk attitude and a pinch of country. Weird. I couldn't figure out what they were all about, but it seems that rockabilly cats like them. Before this show my wife and I were walking around Second Street and we stumbled across a new gallery called Space Gallery. We were shocked to discover that there were all these photos on display of the RAMONES, BLONDIE, IGGY POP, etc., and that none other than Roberta Bayley herself was on hand! We met Roberta and talked for a while and got some of her books of punk photos signed. She was only at the gallery for one night only and we lucked out to be there on that one night! Talk about synchronicity! I also talked to the head curator of the Space Gallery and she tells me that she is working on a gallery show of West Coast punk for some time in 2013 so look out for that. Pomona has been getting cool again. There's even a new record store that carries punk, rockabilly, garage, etc. called Zoinks! records. Also, at the end of August, RATTUS from Finland played on Second Street at a Mediterranean restaurant with other local crust bands; DEATH COUNT from Redlands, MEDIA BLITZ from Orange County, and DIATRIBE from San Diego (DIATRIBE has a new split 7" out now with DEATH CRISIS on the other side). The club suffered from lousy sound almost all night. DIATRIBE, who I had not seen since 1985, played a spirited set, but RATTUS certainly stole the show. They had the best sound mix, but the acoustics were terrible. I'm still glad that a band like RATTUS will even tour the states. Some

bands like SUBHUMANS/CITIZEN FISH say that it is getting harder to play the states due to the tax people nailing the for up to a third of their total take nowadays.

Doctor Strange records in Alta Loma is still open and doing well, but his label has slowed down due mainly to trouble with distribution. Doc is working on getting out a SYMBOL SIX LP that features all the old material and some new stuff. He's also about to squeeze out a BILLY BONES LP too. I'm not too sure about releases from new bands in the area, except that MEDIA BLITZ from Orange County has a lot of vinyl out now including a DIY LP titled *Burn the World* that they just got out. It sounds pretty good, like a cross between old school hardcore and today's sounds.

A new band to watch out for is IRON MOUNTAIN who has former members from older bands like PILLSBURY HARDCORE. IRON MOUNTAIN is doing a West Coast tour in October and November. I've been told they sound like a cross between DOOM and BLACK SABBATH and that they are an all-instrumental band. Check them out on tour soon. Oh, and PRIMA DONNA is burning up Europe on tour right now! They are a great NEW YORK DOLLS rock'n'punk and roll style band. Get their stuff… Worship them…

Ever since the Showcase Theater in Corona closed, no other club has arrived to offer punk shows in the Inland Empire area. There don't seem to be too many places for punks to hang out except in local coffee shops. Back to the Grind in downtown Riverside has always been a prime-hang out for punks, train-hoppers, weirdos, etc. It's located on University Avenue right next door to a LGBT bar called The Menagerie. Back to the Grind sometimes has punk shows and they help sponsor the local LadyFest event. In the past bands like 7 SECONDS, MAGRUDERGRIND, and ALL OR NOTHING H.C. have played there. About a block up the street is an anarcho info shop called Blood Orange Infoshop. They have been around for about two years now and they hosted a book reading by Alice Bag (BAGS) last year. They have occasional music shows and art shows. Check them out on facebook. They just hosted a big event that drew about 200 people to witness Ian Makaye (Minor Threat/Fugazi) in his newest band, the EVENS. Ian had everyone sit down on the wood floor so that everyone could see the band, which was a cool move and made the show more enjoyable for all. Vegan snacks were being sold too.

Riverside area legends, the CONDITIONZ are talking reunion tour. Their singer Bob is a great guy who has been active in the Inland Empire since the early 1980s and his band put out their first 7" record in 1982 and a slew of LPs after that. Oh, I guess I should mention that Allen Wrench is still alive. I heard the stories about him supposedly killing Kurt Cobain all those years ago…rubbish. He's a nice guy.

In the Perris/Moreno Valley area there are mostly backyard parties with bands. There are a few new bands that start up, but they seem to dissolve almost as fast. There was a pretty cool anarcho-crust band called NO REFORM that was playing the party circuit, but I think they may be gone now. Also Artifix records is working on keeping the BAGS 7" and LP in press and we

just released the CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE vinyl LP version of the out-of-print CD. We have some upcoming stuff from late '70s California bands: NAUGHTY WOMEN (1978-79 Orange County), the OUTSIDERS (1979 Huntington Beach), and PUBLIK ENEMA (1979 San Luis Obispo). Besides the label, WHITE FLAG from Moreno Valley is still touring the world and releasing records on obscure labels across the globe. They recently got releases out on labels from Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan, and so on. I personally think that they will go down in history as the punk band with the most releases ever. Seriously, they have a new record out about every other month!

There are three newer Inland Empire bands of note: The BLACK WIDOWS, VICKY AND THE VENGENTS and DEATH COUNT. These are not your typical punk bands though. The BLACK WIDOWS are based out of Colton and are a punk-metal-surf band with all instrumentals. VICKY AND THE VENGENTS is kind of a garage meets '50s Doo Wop band. They recently booked and toured the U.S. all on their own. DEATH COUNT is from Redlands and they are a cool bunch of young anarcho-crust punks. Since I'm living in a timewarp, I guess they are my favorite new band. Full of youthful bravado and emulating that crazy d-beat sound whilst still affirming their own take on a much-abused genre. They have a huge fuzzy-haired manager that thinks he has to wear suits to their shows! I think it's a joke though. Seriously, check out DEATH COUNT for a great new crust band.

Well, that's it for this time. I've been a reader of *MRR* since 1984 (issue #16) and have never contributed much so hopefully this goes some way toward rectifying that. MRR is a great vehicle and it's a shame when cool scenes happen, or events take place of interest, not enough people write about it. Get off the facebook, put down the cell phone, and do something! Only you can help the scene to stay vibrant and alive! Cheers, Grege / Artifix

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Addresses:
Alta Loma – Dr. Strange records, 7136 Amethyst Ave., Alta Loma, CA 91737
Los Angeles – Punk Rock Museum, 1640 N. Spring Street, LA, CA 90021
Moreno Valley – Artifix records, PO Box 641, Moreno Valley, CA 92556
(check out Rock'n'Roll High School 101 on YouTube too)
Pomona – Space Gallery, 250 West Second Street, Pomona, CA 91766
Pomona – Zoinks! records, 226 South Main St., Pomona, California 91766
Riverside – Back to the Grind, 3575 University Ave, Riverside, CA 92501
Riverside – Blood Orange Infoshop, 3485 University Ave. Riverside, CA 92501

TWO NEW 12"s OUT NOW!

SCHOOL JERKS "S/T" LP
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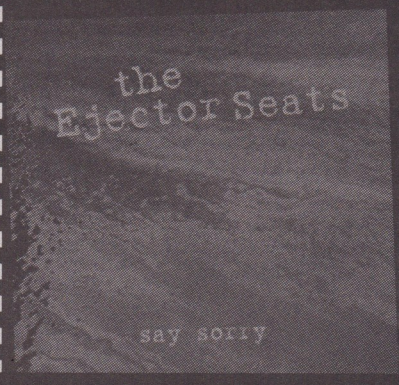

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Fear of Extinction

Fear of Extinction is one of the best raw D-beat hardcore bands in the Czech Republic. Their recordings sound just as strong and powerful as the demos of Doom or early Anti Cimex. At live shows, they roll like a total flood of noise and filth, simply said: full-on rock and roll.

Interview by Marek Rybenský.
Photographs by Smrčák.

MRR: Let's start this in the traditional way. Introduce your band...
FOE was founded in 2009 by Rich (drums), Kanar (bass), Roman (guitar), and Mirek (vocal). Rich left the band in 2011 because he moved back to the UK; his post was taken by Chose (Process Decay, Rapida Muerte). Also, Peter joined us for a while as a second guitarist. Unfortunately he had to leave us because of his busy life. The last change came in 2012, when Siba took over Peter's place and filled out our crew.
We're also involved in other projects. Kanar is in Jonestown and Blinded. Roman also plays in Jonestown and Angry Brigade. Siba's other project is called Intestacy. And Mirek works on the webzine Periferia, publishes an English-language fanzine called Despite, with the second issue coming out this winter, and runs the label Phobia records.

MRR: I read somewhere that your drummer, Rich, used to play in Bickle's Cab. So you're neither completely a Czech band nor a Prague band, right? He's actually not the only one who had played in another band before, so you seem to have gotten some preparation for your musical destruction before...
Roman: Rich is originally from the UK (Sheffield, Yorkshire). He used to live in Prague for a couple of years, and he's the guy who was in the very beginning of FOE. He also played in Angry Brigade. He's not a coach potato, and before he moved here, he played with Bickle's Cab and Truth Decay. Nowadays, he has a new project—I don't know the name; sometimes he's worse than the agent 007. Mirek and Chose aren't from Prague; they come from small towns around there.

MRR: What is Fear of Extinction?
Kanar: The stupid name of a bullshit band? What kind of a fucking question is that? Do you really expect something wise?
Mirek: Hours and days and months and years spent in the company of nice people… including Kanar, who is in reality a nice guy, even though it's not obvious at first (laughter).
Chose: The best hobby ever—great fun and great experience.
Roman: A couple of friends who do what they like doing.

MRR: You've released a demo (later re-released as the Winter Extinction 2012 Tour EP) and a self-titled 7". What are your further plans? Are you going to record in Dan's Mysterious Sound studio again?
Mirek: At the end of November and beginning of December last year, we visited Mysterious Sound again, and under the control of the mighty Dan, we recorded fourteen songs. Those should be released during this year on a split EP with March of the Hordes and on our debut LP. We are still working on the final mix and master.

MRR: Who has been responsible for your graphics? I think it's someone from Go Filth Go, but I can't remember...
Roman: We did most of our designs and logos ourselves. Last year, we asked Andreas from Greece for a logo. We used that on our tour EP and patches. This autumn, we met Igel (warholy-art.de), who promised to draw a few designs for T-shirts and maybe a new logo. We'll see. The cover for our debut album is in the skilled hands of Stiv from Visions of War.

MRR: All of your recordings sound like Doom covering Discharge to me. Maximum Rocknroll compares you to Anti Cimex, and the webzine Kids and Heroes compares you to Shitlickers. Is that how you wanted to sound from the beginning, or is it just you guys failing to play like Wolfbrigade? What's your ultimate inspiration?
Mirek: What more could you ask for than your favorite fanzines and webzines comparing you to bands that form your Top Ten? Everything in punk or in crustcore has already been invented, so we have basically recycled long dead punk bands. The circle has been closed.
Kanar: I would love to play like Motörhead, but due to our artistic skills, let's keep it as it is and be satisfied that we do not fuck up two-chord riffs too often.
Roman: My inspirations are depressions, which I usually have during winter or in the dark.

MRR: You sing in English. That's probably the best choice for the lyrics that you write. Subjects include war, destruction, and the human race. It's all just negativism. Do you put a lot of focus on your lyrics? Could you describe your lyrics for those who do not know you?
Mirek: Cross my heart, do you think that we live in a pink world where everything is beautiful and no one has any problems? We're facing cruel reality every day with big help from the mass media. Innocent people are dying everyday in war and conflicts around the globe. And the worst thing in my opinion is that the human beings who suffer the most in those acts of stupidity are children. Fanatics in the name of doubtful gods are killing and torturing hundreds of people. Even if our country is safe—and for many people from the third world it's something like an inaccessible paradise—

we still do have a mob. That mob is politicians, which keep spitting their lies into our faces while laughing at us. I don't have any reason to stop writing negative—and, of course, cliché—lyrics about the stuff I hate and what bothers me (or us). I still believe that this is what punk is meant for.

Kanar: Wars and destruction are positive. Do you know how many things, other than the reduction of the number of people on this planet, war inventions bring us? War brought us the microwave oven, cyanoacrylate glue, jobs for un-useless people for charity, philantropic and religious associations…

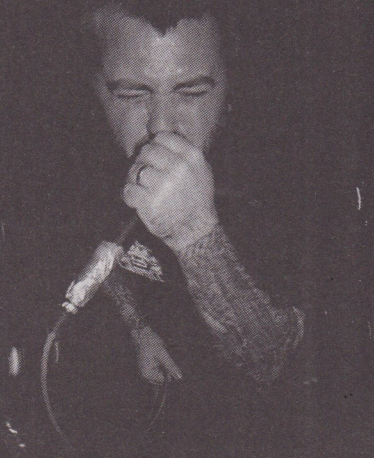
MRR: What do you do apart from playing? Mirek has a label, and others put on shows. Family is also an important part of your lives. How much does it affect what you do?

Mirek: Other than vocals in FOE, I run a label called Phobia records and the webzine Periferia (periferia.cz). From time to time, I organize shows in Podebrady, a town close to my village. I also work at my house and try to spend as much time as I can with my family and kids. My family has a positive effect on me. Although it might not seem to, my family has sharpened my edges and radicalized my personal opinions on many things (our shitty government, interpersonal relationships) more than it might seem at first glance.

Chose: I organized a few shows in my town, and for some time I was running a music club there. But it's already gone. There's no interest for hardcore or punk music in my town, so I decided to quit all of my activities there. I'm trying to help my friends with shows in Prague, as a sound engineer or at the bar.

Kanar: I did a few shows in the past, but I don't give a shit now. This lovely and super-helpful scene tires me as fuck. Anyway, I had to say I'm not doing anything interesting—and since interracial BDSM midget porn has been legalized, also nothing really illegal.

Roman: Nothing important. I'm part of the Punx Picnic crew, and that's all.



MRR: You're not the kind of band that just stays locked in their practice room. You play around a lot, and you've gone on several tours. Is there a big difference between playing shows in your homeland and abroad? I don't mean the common barriers like a different language or the simple fact of not being home...

Mirek: The only regular tour we've done was last year in February. We had a great time, more or less. There were no problems, it was cold as hell, and we had a lot of fun all the time. We also made a few short weekend tours, which were also great. We played plenty of shows in Germany. We enjoyed those people and places a lot! Great organization; nice, caring and friendly people everywhere we played—Hamburg, Liepzig, Berlin and Dresden fucking rule! Maybe that's the difference between shows in Czech and in other countries. Basically, all the shows we played outside Czech were great and all the promoters did their best. All of us have some experience with gig organization, and I'm pretty sure we'll do some shows in the future. We took all the positive things and inspiration, and we'll try to make it equal here.

Kanar: Bullshit meals made from expired food; bands borrowing your back line without even saying "thank you" and promoters giving you one third of the expected petrol money with the excuse, "Sorry, there weren't enough people" or some other bullshit happens just in this amazing country.

MRR: Do you want to look further than around Europe? America? Asia?

Mirek: I would definitely like to go to Japan or to the States. We'll see if it ever happens!

Kanar: No. I can have stomach problems after Budvar beer, as well, and if I want bigoted religious fanatics, I can go to Poland for Karol Wojtyla's (Pope John Paul II's) funeral anniversary if I really want to.

Roman: I would like to see the carnival in Rio, without the band, of course. Otherwise, shows in Australia or touring across Russia trough Siberia to China really attract me.

Chose: Yeah, I do want! I would like to go to Mexico or Brazil, which will probably never happen, but never say never, right? Within Europe, I would like to go south—Spain, Greece—but to

be honest, I'd go to Iceland, if there was someone who wanted to organize a show for us.
Síba: I'd like to visit every place I haven't been to. But South America is on the top of the list!

MRR: What do you appreciate the most about your local scene?
Mirek: I appreciate the people who invest their time and invention to keeping this organism going: Gigs, bands, distros, zines, etc.
Chose: It's really nice that we can still see a lot of new bands that have something to say, from a musical point of view or a lyrical point of view. Some bands are awesome and some less. Some will continue, and some will split up. But the most important thing is that people are still interested in the hardcore punk scene. The stereotype of this nation is laziness and shit talks with a glass of beer. Nothing against beer (laughter).
Siba: We have to appreciate people who are somehow active in these days, who spend their own money on gigs, etc. We all know that it's hard to get a good audience. People are lazy, and they'd rather drink and sit in their favorite pubs. I really like Garage in České Budejovice, where the guy is doing shows in the basement of his own house. It's really great and that's fuckin' punk.

MRR: Do you prefer an ultimate riot in front of the stage or rather calm concerts with an audience consisting of musical critics? Is there any kind of dancing that would make you stop your show or do you just not give a damn how much people slaughter each other during your set? Macho behavior was largely criticized throughout the '90s and bands such as Fleas and Lice or Hiatus took a strong stance on that. Many funny dance patterns were invented back then. It was quite fun.
Mirek: It's obviously clear that I like the mosh pit. You can stand in line for cinema tickets. But there are limits. At the end of December, we played in Dresden. There was a guy at the show who was at the wrong place; maybe he thought he was at a karate class or something. During our set, he hit my head. But fortunately, local punks calmed down that numpte. People like that can spoil the whole show for everyone.
Kanar: The mosh pit is what people allow it to be. When you tolerate body-builders or drunk, so-called punks kicking everyone in their heads, you have to deal with bumps, kicked teeth, or scratches on your face. If someone pisses you off with their macho dancing, do something: Tell them to fuck off or go away and shut up. Use your brain.
Roman: I'll quit playing if someone starts going, "Sieg heil," or if there are some Nazi shitheads around. Once I quit playing when some local drunk kicked down my box and amplifier.

MRR: Is punk and hardcore just music? Does it begin and end with piling up records and hundreds of hours spent sitting by a turntable? What is this all about for you? Maybe some of you don't even consider yourselves punks?
Mirek: If punk is only music for somebody, maybe they should change their crew. If I didn't feel those sometimes strong and sometimes small hints of resistance against the current society in hardcore punk and I had no opportunity to scream and write about my frustration—if the whole hardcore punk thing was only fun for a couple of years—I would have become a caricature of myself.
Chose: I've taken many good opinions from hardcore and punk. I've learned that many things should be done in a different way than I had thought. I found a lot of great places and met tons of good friends. Music is about content (but don't let me fool you; I'm really into the music itself as well), but it still has a big impact on my personal life. So no, it isn't just music.
Roman: For me it's all about a fucked-up life attitude.

MRR: Is knowing how to play an instrument necessary for starting a band? I totally respect bands that sound professional after ten years of playing, yet I still sometimes feel sorry that punks have the same expectations from young bands as they do from experienced musicians.
Mirek: Certainly. Look, I don't play an instrument, so for me it's hard to answer this. I like making noise, and I would like people to compliment us, because I'm pretty sure that we know how to make noise.
Kanar: What does professional mean to you? For me, it's enough when a band doesn't act like pricks and are able to respect other people. Then I don't care how or what they play. But that stuff you can also expect from a band that has only been rehearsing for two months, right? Some bands can play for more than 30 years, and they will still be fucking amateurs in my eyes. So it's about people, don't you think?
Roman: It's certainly not a good thing. But on the other hand, I don't know so many new bands. I'm not sure if they don't exist or if I don't care so much. But I'm inclined to the opinion that young punk bands are simply lazy and they think, "Why should we try hard to play when there are bands which have been playing for more than 30 years and they can do it better than us?"

MRR: Any last words?
Mirek: Thanks again for giving us space, and if someone finds us to be an interesting band—or if you just want to listen to our noise, visit our sites: www.fearofextinction.blogspot.com or www.fearofextinction.bandcamp.com.
Roman: Thanks for the questions. See you in the pit!
Kanar: Defo orst quez soz chap. Cheers!

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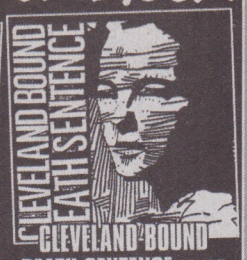

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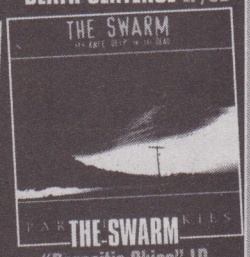

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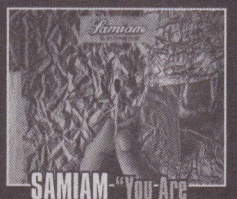

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THE SHORTS THE SHORTS THE SHORTS

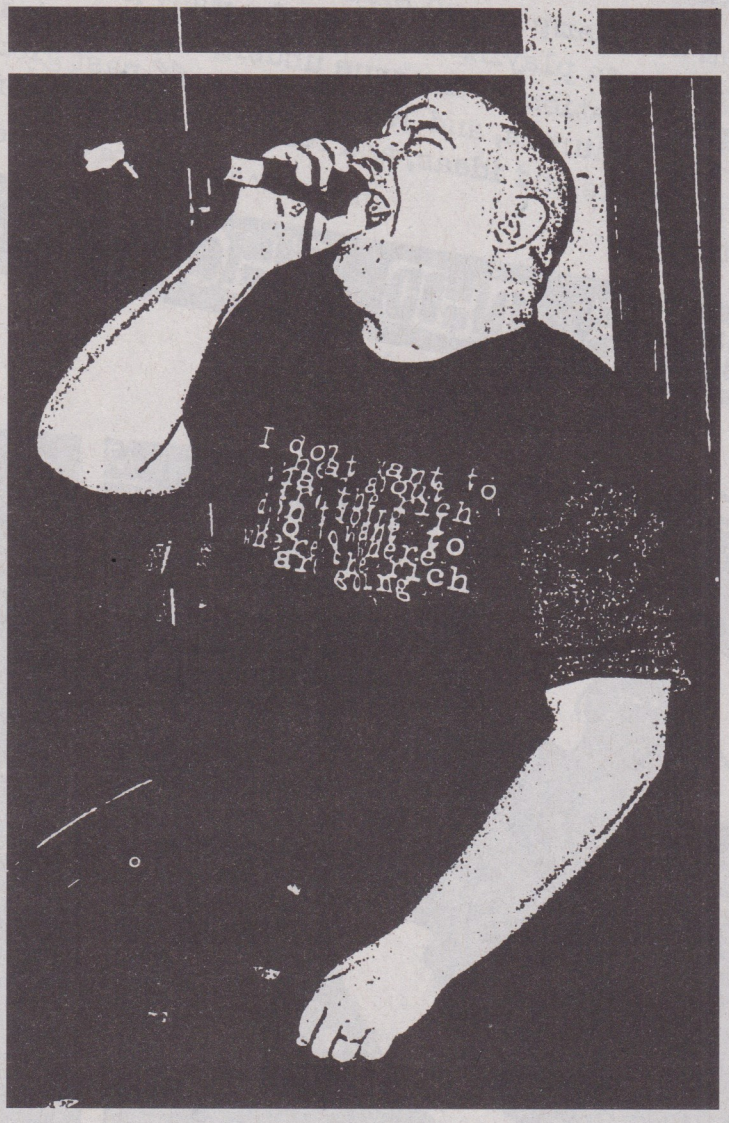
The Shorts, from Southampton, on England's South Coast, are four lads who have collectively been playing in bands for many (many) years. For me, they are a great representation of the true underground punk spirit. No big egos, no resting on their laurels, and just feeding off past glories, but always striving for new goals and ideas, and refusing to roll over and get sucked in to the mainstream.

Interview and photos by Pete Craven.

THE SHORTS THE SHORTS THE SHORTS

MRR: Names, ages, instruments. You know the drill.
Mike: Mike Fox, 46...shout.
Tony: I'm Tony, I play drums and I'm old...very old.
Alan: Hello, I'm Alan, I make rumbly bass noises. I am the new boy, but old enough to know better.
Neil: I think I'm the baby of the band at 36. I'm the one with the guitar.

MRR: How did the Shorts come together?
Tony: Mike and me hadn't done anything band-wise for a few months after Screwed Up Flyer finished and I wasn't sure if I'd even do another band, but when we went to see Limp Wrist in Brighton the urge to play short, fast punk rock was re-ignited for both of us. Around the same time Boss Tuneage records re-released the Stupids back catalogue and reading about how they often recorded with just two of them made me think that between us Mike and me could cover guitar, drums and vocals; and how difficult could bass be? We got together at his house and wrote a few songs and came up with a crazy idea of a concept demo with the song titles being the interview questions and our lyrics being the answers to those questions. It seemed funny at the time. We also had a crazy idea of making the band a trans Atlantic project with Andy Nelson from Paint It Black playing bass and Mike McKee (Amateur Party) singing. We didn't plan on gigging, just doing some recording and putting out demos. After a few practices with just the two of us we had enough songs to record a six-song demo, just guitar and drums, and sent the songs over to Philadelphia. Then we waited. Andy and Mike McKee are busy people and had their own things going on so that didn't happen. Tom from Attack!Vipers! had a practice or two with us and both him and Joe from that band were interested in adding vocals and bass, but they were doing quite a bit with their band (and their lives) so that didn't happen either. Getting frustrated, we went back to the studio and added vocals ourselves, then we tried adding the bass, but it turns out playing fast isn't particularly easy, at least not for us. With Neil working away at that point we put in an SOS call to Kev, Pilger's bass player and went round to his house with my laptop and he recorded his bass straight on to that. I mixed the demo at home.



We wanted to play gigs, so when Neil started working a bit closer to home we nabbed him to play guitar and coerced Kev into playing bass. After two gigs in Brighton (with the Stupids, Peter and the Test Tube Babies and the Hard Ons) and another recording session, Kev threw a Kev style strop (which is always funny and why we love him) and said he couldn't do it any more, so we approached Alan—whose band Whole In The Head had just finished—and enticed him with our promises of an easy life!
Mike: The Shorts came together as above. Slow down, but never stop.

MRR: Mike, what made you move from guitar back to being lead singer again? Too long out of the spotlight?
Mike: The sad truth is that I cannot play and sing together at the same time. I enjoy "the spotlight" whilst I am there on stage, though I suffer with a lot of nerves before that moment. I do enjoy writing songs and feel pretty pleased with a lot of the stuff I have been involved with in the past. Sure, it is what it is and I don't pretend it is anything else. It is pretty much what I wanted it to be and I am pretty darn pleased with everything that I have had the pleasure to be involved in. I should learn to sing and play, shouldn't I? Too much effort if you ask me...

MRR: When we were kids punk was totally reactionary and in many ways a big "Fuck You" to the likes of

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our parents. Some of you now have kids of your own, what do they think of their dads playing in a punk band?
Tony: I've just asked Becca, my daughter, what she thinks of me being in a punk band. She shrugged her shoulders and said, "That's just what you do." She's fourteen and has grown up with me playing in bands, going to gigs and writing a fanzine so it's what she knows. I don't think it embarrasses her, but I don't think she's particularly impressed either. I'm very proud of her and how she views the world and the choices she's made so far, I just wish her musical tastes were better.
Mike: Bill, my twelve-year-old son, thinks it's pretty awesome, which I find both heart warming and scary. Bill used to love listening to punk rock when he was a baby, probably due to my "dancing" and Limp Wrist was a firm

favorite on the car stereo. Bill has gotten into a lot of hardcore dance and likes something called Melbourne Shuffle. I don't understand, though I enjoy the fast beat and we listen to a fair amount of dub step and similar fast beat noise. He helped me write "Introduce Yourself." Lydia loves it too, but only because she gets to stage dive from the kitchen table when I am getting down to the Shorts.

MRR: And, what does keep the flame burning in your hearts, that anger and passion to keep playing short/fast/loud music?

Alan: Sounds cliche, but punk is my life, I have met virtually everyone I know and care about through punk. It is a huge network of generally likeminded people doing what they enjoy, for themselves! As long as there is shit going on in the world to get pissed off about and people keep making fast angry music I'll keep listening. As I get older I find my taste getting more and more extreme. I get bored of anything over about 30 seconds long.

Mike: Friendship keeps the flame burning, and a wife who understands my passion for loud blaring hardcore punk. Listening to Dag Nasty can still stop me in my tracks and hearing State Funeral was a revelation. You can insert pretty much any old band for Dag Nasty and many new bands for State Funeral, there is so much great hardcore punk out there. When I listen to the Shorts single I am pretty inspired to do another record or another gig or just another practice. Some of the times I have spent with my friends in bands have been the best and I am not ready to give up just yet.

Tony: The fact that there are still bands releasing music that really moves me and keeps me interested. When there are records that make me feel alive and energized it keeps me motivated to want to play music. We don't play live all that often, but when we do it's always fun, and I enjoy making a racket with the other three.

Neil: It's all about the people. I am not really a creative type—I don't sit for hours at home practicing and writing songs. I used to hear songs and want to be able to play along with them, but I don't even do that anymore. However, I actually get a lot out of being in a band and that is what keeps me involved. The fact that I can turn up with the frustrations of everyday life and spend some time making a noise, chatting and having a laugh with a great group of people who are way more talented than they realize is really revitalizing.

MRR: More and more these days, punk means many things to many people. To some it means being political, to others it's not giving a shit. To some it's being drunk, to others it represents staying sober, and on and on and on. Masses of sounds, styles, attitudes, all (supposedly) vying to claim their place as being "Punk." So, million-dollar question: what does punk mean to you?

Mike: Punk is just a word, a convenient label. The stuff I love is bloody amazing and is always in my head. It has framed my thinking, my compassion and my desire to make the world a better place. It is better to light a single candle than curse the darkness. Punk is more than music, for me it has been an education.

Alan: Punk should always have a political edge as far as I'm concerned. It doesn't always have to be up there in your face, I like plenty of bands who aren't political with a capital P, but it should always have that irreverent snottiness that comes from needing to say something you feel is important. I quite like listening to stuff that questions my own views and opinions; other times just a god-awful racket that hits the spot.

Neil: I always see "punk" as an attitude. The music gods have given us a music genre that is also called punk. I have no idea how you classify it though, but to be honest I am useless at genres. If I dance to Paint it Black, does that make them dance? I got asked the other day if I liked any urban music. I had absolutely no idea what they were talking about. I can only assume that it is music made by bands with a high population density, like Madness? Or orchestras? But it makes sense to me that the genre and the attitude do not need to be combined: you can have bands that play what can be called punk, but with no punk attitude and there are certainly people with a very punk attitude who do not play punk music. To me a punk attitude is an independence of critical thought with an awareness of the wider community outside of one's own self. It's about understanding what is important to you, believing in yourself and trying to create a better place for yourself and for those around you.

Tony: To me punk is an alternative to the mainstream, whether that's musical, or in the choices I make with my diet, my purchasing power or my political outlook. It seems that being a vegan who doesn't drink is still cause for confusion at work, people really don't seem to be able to get their head round that at all. Then throw in my refusal to accept any sexist, homophobic or racist "jokes" and not to just accept what the mainstream media promotes as "truth" and it sets me apart from 99% of the people I come into contact with most days. That's punk to me: it's both personal and political, and it comes with a wonderful soundtrack that is challenging, educating and more than just one defined style. That also seems to be beyond the comprehension of most people.

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MRR: Good work on getting seven of your songs down on vinyl, which is out on Tony's label Suspect Device. The recordings were split between two separate sessions (April 2012 and June 2011). Why the long delay?

Mike: We did not initially intend to record a 7", just recorded some good songs. Once we had saved enough money and had some new songs we went into the studio again. The Ranch near Southampton is a pretty good place for us and Steve the engineer knows what we want. The new songs were a development and sounded pretty awesome. The guys at SD then had enough money to put out a single. With Tony being our drummer it was easy. All pretty much happened as it happened, no real big plans, just doing it as it comes along.

Tony: I think the answers about how we formed goes some way to explain why things moved slowly, at least initially. Add to that we all have work and family commitments and time flies by. Putting a record out isn't cheap, so we had to wait for Gaz Suspect and me to get the money together and it all adds to push the time frame further. I initially wanted to put all our songs on the record, but the others vetoed that by saying that the quality of the record would suffer, and they were right. It took longer than we all wanted but I don't think we could have got it together much quicker. I feel that we are more of a "proper" band now so hopefully that will mean things don't take so long in future.
Neil: It might seem like a long time, but we must have one of the highest practice-to-releases ratios of any band going.

MRR: In this modern age of downloading, YouTube, Bandcamps (I guess we are all over MySpace by now), what place does a good old-fashioned 7" have? How many copies will you hope to sell, and how easy/hard will that be?

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Alan: I'm a vinyl nerd I'm afraid. If it's not on 8½" multi-colored vinyl with a poster as big as a bed sheet I'm not interested! It is funny how punk has stuck with vinyl though, when in actual fact downloads are environmentally better, easier to distribute and free. Room for both, I guess. Youtube and Bandcamp are definitely good for checking out new stuff.
Tony: I have always thought that the 7" record is the perfect format for punk rock. I hope we sell most of the 300 we got pressed, just because that will mean people will hear our music and that we have a bit of money to do more recording some day. However, the fact that the Shorts have a 7" record out is more than I ever thought we do, so I'm happy whatever happens. I'm not against downloading, or You Tube, or whatever. I think it's all there for us to exploit for our own needs; I love it when bands release vinyl with a download code as I can have the record at home, but also have the songs digitally to play at work. But the 7" vinyl record will always, for me, be perfect.
Mike: 7" looks so wonderful, nothing compares to vinyl. The convenience of modern life is all prevailing, though there is always time to slow down, put the kettle on for a cuppa and listen to a nice piece of vinyl. I am still not sure why I have gotten rid of my record collection. It is the right format for those that love it and the stuff is available to download...something for everyone...

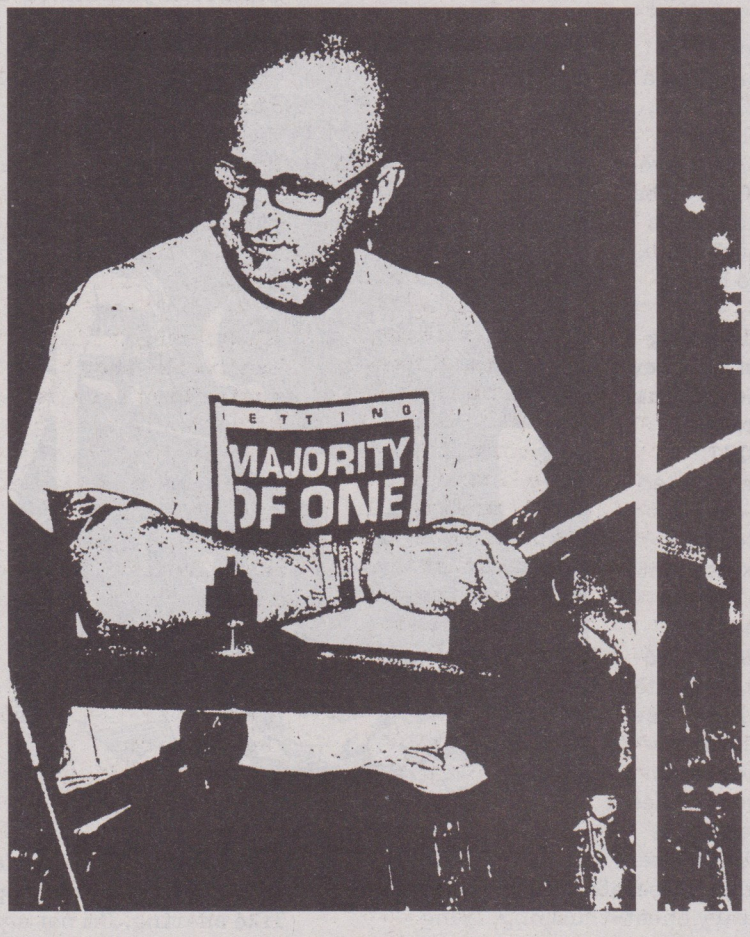
MRR: The opening track on your EP *String The Bastards Up* is a sarcastic response to the 2011 riots in the UK. You explain it by saying "on a personal level these were the times when I felt most out of step with the world." Could you expand on that thought for us?
Mike: I do not pretend to have all the answers, though I am happy enough to talk about almost everything and anything as if I do. It was that just after the riots I was dismayed by the amount of leftie/alternative/punk people that were sounding like Daily Mail readers, it really felt like almost everyone was joining in the "hang 'em and flog 'em" rhetoric. It just didn't sit right with me. In my early teenage years and some of the time when I was first a punk I did some fairly destructive and mindless "fuck shit up" stuff. Not much of it was planned out or had much of a purpose, so I could see how some people could end up doing some of the stuff that happened. I was just disappointed by the apparent knee-jerk reaction of so many people. Could be a case of showing their true colors, hence the "middle class hegemony." This is a complicated thing that happened and it is difficult to explain everything in a few words here. Though, that song encapsulates my feeling at that time, bitter sarcasm is something I can do, it is just part of what I felt. It is was a challenging song to write because I am not always confident that people always get bitter sarcasm. I don't always get it.
Tony: I didn't write the song, or have any input into the lyrics, but I understand fully where Mike is coming from, and I had similar experiences: self proclaimed "lefties" jumping straight on the "lock them up and throw away the key" bandwagon without thinking about the wider reasons, or biased reporting from the right-wing press.

MRR: I really liked the positive lyrical message behind the song "Inspiration." What's something you've been inspired by yourselves recently?
Mike: Getting some positive feedback and kind words from people whom I greatly admire. Every day my children inspire me to be the best I can be for them, though they don't always like it. And my wife's continued support keeps me on track. Tony never stops inspiring me. Also reading a bit of Carl Rogers, who is pretty inspiring, I am a sucker to that person-centered stuff. Of course seeing Rich Levene dancing to the Shorts inspired me to never look at Youtube again.
Alan: The most inspirational thing I saw recently was the reaction to the Indonesian punks from Aceh who had their heads shaved and clothes burnt by their police. Obviously their government is a bunch of bastards, but I liked the way the international punk movement showed solidarity with them: sending mix CDs, messages of hope, etc.—small but important actions. I also liked the human blockade that stopped the homophobic scum from Westboro Baptist church peddling their bullshit after the recent school shooting.
Neil: I don't think you have to look too hard to be inspired by the people around you all the time. I am constantly inspired by my friends and family for following their dreams and the amazing things that they are able to achieve. I recently discovered a friend of mine had trained to take his pupils through the Duke of Edinburgh awards, which made me realize that I really miss working with teenagers and kids and has inspired me to do something about this.
Tony: The new Needles EP! In fact most things Martin Sorrondeguy is involved with inspire me. I listen to N/N a lot and it never fails to make me want to get my guitar out (I am not a guitarist!) and his book, *Get Shot*, made

me want to do a photo zine. Our gig at the Cowley Club in Brighton back in August was pretty inspirational: a gig in a cool place put on by great people that had a really positive vibe.

MRR: For those readers not familiar with Bear Grylls, could you tell more on who he is, and why you demand his "Skinned and Mutilated Corpse?"
Mike: Bear Grylls, over to you Tony!

Tony: Bear Grylls does one of those survival type programs on TV. He's supposed to be some sort of survival expert, but is a bit of a fraud as he doesn't stay out in these extreme conditions, he's out there filming and staying in hotels once the day's work is done. I don't watch his show, and I realize that his is not the only show to not give the true picture, normally I wouldn't care, but I happened to be at my sister's house one day and it was on. The very first thing I saw him do was pounce on a snake that was slithering away from him in the forest, pick it up and slit it right down the middle. This seemed such a cruel, unnecessary and callous thing to do just for TV entertainment; I sat down and wrote the words in about two minutes. Obviously it was a pretty simplistic rant, so I gave the words to Mike to turn into a more coherent song. He just added profanities!



MRR: You guys have been round the block a few times, seen governments come and go, so how does it feel to be living in Great Britain in 2013 under the Cameron/Clegg-led coalition?
Neil: I think the LibDems forming a coalition with the Tories was the last straw for a lot of people in the country. I believe Labour lasted so long in government because Tony Blair led them very much to the right and they were able to not completely lose their traditional vote because no-one wanted the Tories back in. By 2010 though they had been in power so long it caught up with them, in exactly the same way as it did for the Conservatives in 1997 with backbiting and scandal upon scandal. The LibDems seemed to be doing some good work raising the standard of the political debate, but after the election they betrayed a lot of their voters by throwing in with Cameron. It now just plays out like a soap opera. It's all thoroughly depressing. I believe politics is actually very important, far too important to be left to these people who are undoubtedly very intelligent, but who behave like school kids. Seriously, have you ever watched Prime Minister's questions?

So, as per usual, it will be another year of well-received news equals, "what a fantastic idea of ours, didn't we do well to do that despite those idiots over there"; bad news equals "it's their fault, it was all a mess when we took over and we are trying to fix it."
Mike: I am hoping that 2013 will be a watershed year. I think that too many people are disillusioned with the current political system and that the increase in knowledge that the internet has brought makes it difficult for this current system to continue. It has stopped being validated as the only show in town. At some point the constant barrage from groups like UK Uncut, as well as the myriad of other sources of information will mean an end to this. The Condems will be the first to go, though we know that La-bore is not much of a change. I can see a more devolved form of democrazy starting to establish itself in stark contrast to globalized capitalism. Globalization is a dinosaur now and communities all around the world can bring that monster down. Would also like to see the back of Thatcher in 2013, a guilty pleasure.
Tony: I'm not sure I share Mike's optimism. I don't think much will change for the better, only that the ordinary people will get more shit thrown at them while still mindlessly waving that patriotic flag. For me living under this awful coalition isn't too much different to other governments we've had. Since Thatcher, governments of all sides seem to think that you have to be "strong" and that actually caring about people is a weakness. Capitalism doesn't work, but I see no real move to something better happening any time soon.
Alan: Same old bollocks. Those of us old enough to remember Thatcher can smell bullshit from quite a distance!

MRR: Could you tell us what old and new records have been pumping on your stereos recently?
Mike: Music!

THE SHORTS THE SHORTS

Tony: That new Needles EP has been a pretty constant musical companion over recent weeks, it's pretty much perfect. Other than that I have been listening to Sudor, the Sickoids LP, the Replica demo, Northern European stuff from Heratys, Desperat, 1981, First Times, and Kuudes Silma. Plus: Illegal, Porkeria, Punch, State Funeral, Arctic Flowers, Epic Problem, Violent Arrest and Geriatric Unit as well as enduring favorites N/N and Limp Wrist. The Glam 12" has just arrived and I love the new Anthrax LP. Currently I'm filling this room with old, late '70s, demos from Adam & The Ants.

Alan: I have been given a bunch of records recently thanks to Mike, Jamie, Luke and Brandon, so I've been listening to loads of old stuff - Jerry's Kids, Spermbirds, Infest, Larm, Ripcord, Poison Idea. New stuff floating my boat includes Chainsaw to the Face, Hummingbird of Death, Low Threat Profile, D-Clone, Anthrax.

Neil: In no particular order of preference, I've been enjoying all of the following recently: OFF!, Propagandhi, Swedish House Mafia, Hot Water Music, Teenage Bottlerocket, Kreator, Otis Gibbs and Ihsahn. My iPod also keeps throwing up early Bad Religion, which is always a joy to hear.

MRR: This interview is being conducted at the dawn of a new year, could you please give us your predictions (personal, and otherwise) for 2013?

Neil: Well, I am getting married in February, so after a couple of difficult years I'm looking forward with a lot of excitement to 2013 and beyond.

Alan: Last year I had a hip replacement—I know, old git—so looking forward to better health, and supposed to be moving house to one with a big garden to grow veg in and play with the dog. On a wider scale I suspect we will see more screw tightening on those who can't afford it whilst bankers and politicians shit on us from a great height. Desperate acts of terrorism countered by more military chest-thumping, lying journalists and fucked up weather—Aah! Happy times.

Mike: I am hoping that 2013 will bring a bunch of gigs for the Shorts. Personally, I hope to complete another module at the Open University and get a step closer to becoming a counselor. Every year I say I want to get to more gigs, maybe this will be the year.

Tony: Personally, 2012 was like a sea of shit with little islands of happiness dotted around; sometimes it was a struggle to get to those islands without drowning. So I'm hoping that 2013 is a little bit less crap.

MRR: Finally, let's talk about zines. Tony, you're still going strong with *Suspect Device* (issue 54 at the last count). Mike, sorry I forgot the name of yours, and I think you interviewed me once! And Alan, *Pea Brain* was surely the smallest/shortest zine ever. But the point is this, having all been involved in the printed punk rock medium (if you will) and being as this interview will feature in *MaximumRocknroll*, tell us why fanzines are still important/relevant?

Mike: Pete, I did a couple, and feel that perhaps you forgetting my efforts answers your question. Zines are still relevant and should not be replaced. The challenge is for zine writers to believe in what they put out.

Alan: Zines are the visual version of the pissed-offness and vitriol that good punk music provides—the same "If you don't trust the printed media available go and make some yourselves" attitude that keeps punk vibrant. Unfortunately I have the same lack of attention span when it comes to zines as I do with music I'm afraid. Hence *Pea Brain* being 2" square - issue 2 still in production! So I have great respect for zine writers who do it properly. Some long-running zines are finally being appreciated for the important documents they are. I think in the future they will form a vital record of resistance and underclass. Besides that, they are good to read on the toilet.

Tony: Personally, doing a zine is important to me because it gives me an outlet to talk about the music I love and give a bit of exposure to bands and people that I find inspiring or that I feel deserve to be given what little help our zine can offer. Zines are important because they are ours (ie: punk's); they are not driven by commercial considerations, or pander to advertisers; they give us a form of communication, where we can connect with like-minded people who share our love of music, writing, photos, poetry or whatever else we feel like sharing. I'm not against the internet, *Suspect Device* has a webpage, as I feel it's a tool we can also use. But there is still the fear, or perhaps suspicion is a better word, that it can be regulated and manipulated more easily than printed zines. I think we need to embrace what modern technology is out there. Anything that allows punks to publish and distribute our ideas is a good thing, and punk was never supposed to be about living in the past, but I still think the paper zine is the best medium. But then I would say that wouldn't I?

www.suspectdevicezine.co.uk
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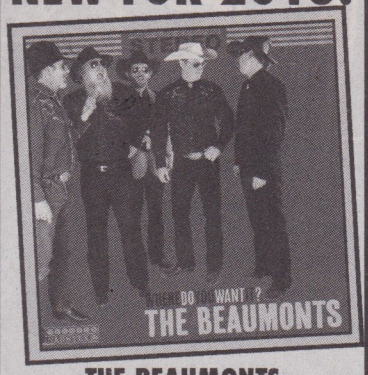

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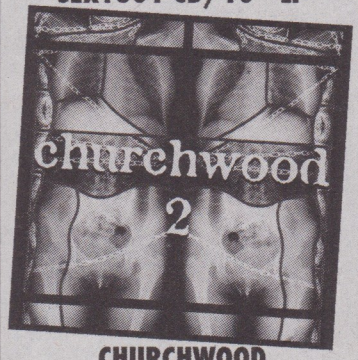

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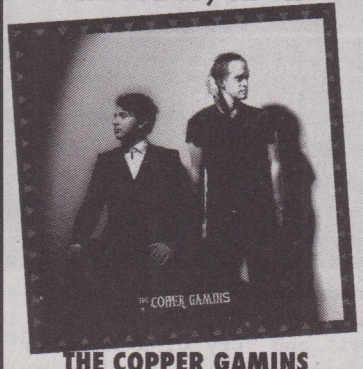

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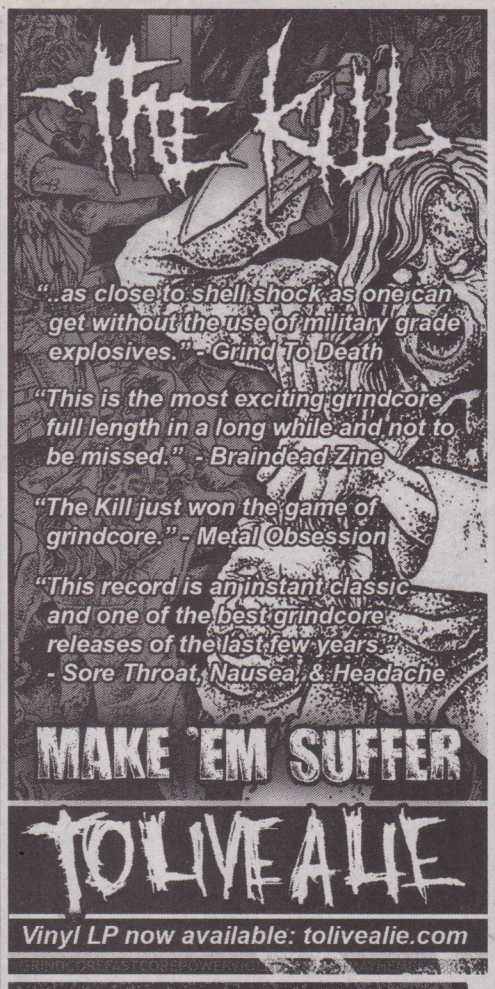

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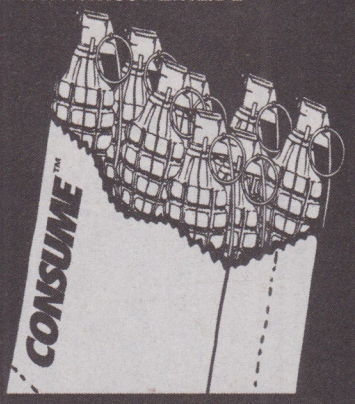

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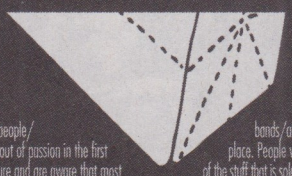

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

MELUSAASTE

Melusaaste is an all girl hardcore band hailing from Helsinki, Finland. They echo the cold rawness of the streets of Kallio and last August they unleashed their seven-track debut EP Manifesti Kuolevaisille (Manifest to the Mortals), which follows the well-loved formula of Suomi '82 (Finland '82), rather than the mall-friendly easy listening they call hardcore these days. The quartet furiously blasts through songs much in the vein of Pyhakoulu and Kaaos. Interview by Jyrki "Spider" Hämälainen. Photographs provided by the band and by Lee, Marko Kyrö and Markus Rågback.

MRR: Being in a band can still be seen by some to be a male privilege. Have you come across any prejudice or sexism? Or would you say being an all-female band has been more to your advantage by setting you apart from the stereotypical all-male setup?

Suzi: On the contrary, it has been a great advantage being an all-girl band, kind of an odd one out from all the other hardcore punk bands. I don't recall that there has been any significant all-female hardcore punk band before us, at least not any that haven't concentrated merely on women vs. men issues. Not to my liking at least. If there has been, they've all retired by now and given up punk for more of a decent lifestyle.

Sarry: Can't remember any sexism occurring, of course some people automatically think a rock/punk/metal band with all-female members is usually quite shit. But then again if they think like that, it's easier to wow them if you actually can play something. I believe it's more of an advantage for us, because there are a lot of bands out there and having a thing that makes them stand out makes them more memorable.

MRR: Recurring themes lyrically are very anti-fascist and anti-establishment in songs such as "Police is Corruption," "Fucking Nazi" and "Cry of a Prisoner". Are there particular incidents in your life that would have created these views or more from general observations?

Sarry: More from general observations on my case. Social activist Howard Zinn expresses my thoughts about fascism to the dot—"Historically, the most terrible things—war, genocide and slavery—have resulted not from disobedience, but from obedience."

Suzi: Well, I was already fifteen when I started to get interested in politics and see the rotten-to-the-core side of our surroundings; that had before seemed all too polished and shiny to see through. Punk has influenced that point of view greatly. Maybe me being institutionalized at that age was that milestone when the plaster started to fall from the walls of ignorance. Everything I've encountered thus far has only rooted by beliefs more deeply.

MRR: What is the story behind the song "Psychosis"? Is this an expression of a hippy LSD trip gone sour?

Sarry: Hahah! Suzi can tell you more about that! The song is subjective. Due to mental illnesses I've closely witnessed, in my mind the song is about the point where you lose control of your own actions, like you were possessed by a demon, that's fucking scary.

Suzi: The name is actually misleading, because it talks about panic attacks I started to have in 2010 Anno Domini. Gallhammer inspired me to write that type of a song, of being on the verge of going completely mad. I don't suffer from panic attacks anymore in the original sense of the term, but perhaps even from something worse, constant agonizing anxiety and distress. We Finnish people have these absurd mental problems when compared to our relatively high standards of living. I'm happy I'm half Russian, not being so fucking in-bred as the pure Finnish population.

MRR: The much loved punk rock topic of getting drunk, wankered, wasted, steaming, pissed, cunted (depending in which country you are doing it) comes across often as well in "My Booze Ain't Something You Can Steal" and "I'm Nauseating" among others. What is your favourite method of achieving this goal? Now is a good opportunity to throw in those Finnish drinks and cocktails that no one has heard of outside the fine country.

Suzi: Doing it like the old school guys: speed, tranquilizers and vodka in the blender and that cocktail down your throat. I don't do that very often anymore as I can't be bothered to go and search for my own dope and then in the end wind up dependant upon it so I "very wisely" only take it when someone else offers it. When I want to get quickly wasted, it's vodka all the way. If I'm in a real haste, I use already alcohol-packed stuff as mixers for pure booze, such as cider or long drink.

Sarry: My favorite way is to buy a nice cheap white wine and a couple of beers, drinking my way to bliss in a park with friends. Kilju is the filthiest Finnish drink! You put water, sugar and yeast in a bucket and wait for the yeast to do it's job and you get alcohol. If you add lemon amongst other stuff it might taste great, but usually it's quite neutral; when raw it's disgustingly foul.

MRR: Do you think you have to be poor and unemployed to play punk and does being commercially successful automatically make you unpunk?

Suzi: Depends on what you have to say. Of course we don't say you have to earn less than something to be punk, but I couldn't imagine some stinking rich heir or heiress composing songs of life's misery, because, like it or not, punk has its frame too, even if it's not precise or bound by any written rules. Anarchocapitalists aside, but they're scum of the earth. Don't get me wrong, I actually don't envy people richer than me, I myself chose this downshifting lifestyle. Drooling after some big bucks all my life is not a preoccupation of mine. Money and power corrupt, with very few exceptions.

Janita: As long as the music sounds great, anything goes. We don't do this for the money, but of course it would be nice to get back at least the money that you had to spend on tickets to get to the gig, hah.

Sarry: I see no problem if you gain commercial success by doing things your own way. The "unpunk" follows if bands start selling themselves bit by bit and losing themselves in an image.

MRR: Am I wrong to suggest that songs such as "I'm Nauseating" would reflect existentialism much in the vein of the French speed freak Jean Paul Sartre?

Sarry: A very interesting way of looking at it! You're on the right track, though I don't know if was that a contributing factor to the birth of the song. Jean Paul Sartre is a genius!

Suzi: I bet that you knew in the back of your head that the song is of a far more simplified theme than anything philosophical! I nowadays read Sartre's and Nietzsche's works, but haven't, at least yet, included their shenanigans in Melusaaste's lyrics. It all comes from my empirical experiences and maybe a bit also from philosophical anarchism, which I have read a lot about. One of our not-yet-published songs has a self-translated line of a traditional French song made in the beginning of 1900s; I love to have those kinds of elements in my compositions. I'm a school dropout; I haven't studied much further than the basic level education. All knowledge I have I've absorbed myself from library books and life experience. I'm always thirsty for more knowledge, but it has to be obtained in accordance with my own conditions. I think that for my last completed grade being ninth, I'm not in such a shabby place right now.

MRR: Do you generally think punk only belongs to the underground or is it still punk when it is being absorbed to the mainstream culture (Ramones T-shirts and jeans with the Exploited logo in high street shops etc.)?

Suzi: Definitely to the underground. Punk has been raped into a form which brings cash-flow to wealthy pigs' accounts and I dig my heels in saying I strongly oppose that. Punk, not profit.

Sarry: It depends what is seen as punk and what's not. If someone sees punk as a rebellion against the mainstream society, then being a part of it and selling it as "cool" would seem wrong. Unless it's being used as a way of fighting that society, so that more people can, for example, start bands even if they've never touched a guitar. I have no problem with Ramones shirts.

MRR: Bands often get asked about musical influences, but what would you say has influenced your music or the lyrics outside the sphere of music? (I believe you've taken quite a liking to French culture).

Suzi: The non-iconoclast part of me has been dazzled by French culture, yes. But our lyrics reflect mainly life's uglier side(s): death, mental illness, corruption, greedy bastards that suck out the only joys in our life.

MRR: Punks tend to always wear black along with studs and chains. Wasn't it meant to be about non-conformity and individuality? Did people get it all wrong?

Sarry: If someone is non-conforming and expressing it with their clothing and notice someone else doing the same, they might get along and non-conform together. Automatically people who hang out start to look a bit the same, especially if they have the same interests. Nothing wrong with that!

Suzi: In the late '70s not many people wore black, originally black-cladness and studs were an underground element. As in the previous question you stated, it has been copied into general fashion and not vice versa. And when it comes to me, I won't change the style of my clothing I love so much because some cunt says it's a trend. Sticking to the way I like to dress from now to eternity and not trying to consciously dodge looking like somebody else is, in my opinion, the most defiant thing to do. I will never pledge my life for trying to look unique.

MRR: You've played a few shows outside Finland, in the UK as well as in Spain. Do you think the Finnish scene is a lot different from what you've experienced elsewhere?
Sarry: The scenes don't differ much, which is great! If you travel abroad you just have to find squats or punk gigs and you'll meet cool people with also a lot of the same values.
Suzi: England was actually quite similar to Finland, I'd say it's because our latitude and weather are alike. Punks in Spain, then again, were completely different, much less depressed and their culture at least seemed to include much more daily happiness and friendliness. It doesn't reduce the anger in their music, but they don't try to deliberately fuck everything up around them just to show how punk they are. I don't mean to say it's so much like that in the UK, but at least in Finland it has been so to some point. We spent only one week in London, so we didn't have the chance to get to know those punks better.

MRR: Your debut release is the Manifesti Kuolevaisille (Manifesto to the Mortals) 7", which came out quite recently on Hätäapu records. How did this come about and how did you choose which songs would end up on it?
Janita: Connections, connections...We asked Petri if he wanted to release our music and he said yes quite quickly. The process itself wasn't so fast, but somehow we got the 7" out.
Suzi: I was first suggesting we'd make a ten-track LP vinyl before more minor outputs, but Janita knew better and convinced us to make a seven-inch first. We recorded nearly all the songs we had at that point, but some of them we found out not to be yet in the peak of their condition. The maximum amount of songs was seven before the sound quality would turn utterly crap (even for us!), so we negotiated some songs out of it.
Sarry: Our first songs, noise song and a couple of newer ones had to be put there!

MRR: Any particular new bands you'd want to recommend?
Suzi: Not much. Maybe the likes of Heterofobia and Musta Humala, plus Masquerade, my gothic rock/post-punk band, but the rest of them have been quite crap.
Janita: Finnish bands? I would like to name Perikato, Maailmanloppu and Silminnäkijä!
Sarry: Eu-vostoliitto is a great, underrated hardcore band! They have unique parts in their music, that you didn't see coming, and the lyrics are antifascist, for example a song about the stupidity of the Finnish army system. You go to prison if you don't want to go to the army or the alternative "civil service", which treats you like a slave. They have a bandcamp page. The name is a mixture of the EU and Soviet Union.

MRR: A lot of punk bands such as the Exploited, as well as Finnish hardcore bands like Riistetyt and Terveet Kädet, have steered towards more heavy metal sound as they've carried on. Do you think this'll be the case with your lot, or how would you see yourself musically progressing in Melusaaste?
Suzi: Don't scare the other girls with that kind of talk! No, seriously, we'd like to keep our sound punk, and not do the same mistake the likes of Tampere SS have done and piss on our repertoire with too much slickness and trying too hard. The music will change its form in time, of course, but we'll at least try to keep it predominantly punk. I have toyed with the idea of taking some influences for instance from Napalm Death and Unseen Terror, but the mainline will always be '82 hardcore fucking punk.
Janita: Most of us are a bit metalheads ourselves so I'd be more surprised if there aren't any metal vibes in our music in the future.
Sarry: The simplicity of our first songs isn't that much present in the newest ones. So I guess not so much of the three chord songs anymore.

MRR: For those who have not visited Finland, what activities, venues and sights would you suggest to the readers of MRR?
Janita: Puntala-Rock! And you should go to Suomenlinna, that's a cool place. But make sure it's summertime when you go, in the winter that place is freaking freezing!
Suzi: If they're coming to Helsinki, then Kallio (and region of Sörnäinen), the most decadent place in the whole city, including also a few punk bars. Then maybe gigs in general, Rauhanasema in Pasila (an all ages punk venue), Uusi Ylioppilastalo in the centre (also all ages) and so forth. Finland hasn't much culture of its own, everything is a bit of plagiarizing and sucking up to United States, but the nature (at least in some parts) is great.
Sarry: There are Anarco ciné documentary evenings and other anarchist info sources for example in a place called Kupoli. If you wanna get hammered then you can find yourself gigs from Lepakkomies, which is in Kallio. There are times the whole region is infested with punks. Punkinfinland.net is a forum where you can get info of gigs and venues. And of course Puntalarock is a great summer punk fest, you'll get hooked after the first time.

MRR: Tell us about your projects outside Melusaaste. I'm aware that you've a post-punk band and you're documenting Finnish hardcore lyrics as well, etc.
Suzi: Yes, I do have that post-punk band bubbling under, and voilà, I seem to have mentioned it in previous answers too. Aside for those two bands I maintain Projekti 82, a Finnish hardcore punk lyrics site, as you already knew, and keep my own poetry-meets-psychosis blog, Saboteur's Suicide Notes and keep myself busy with not-yet-published works and projects. But two bands is definitely enough for me, although I do entertain the idea of having a grindcore/powerviolence or a horror punk/metal band...

MRR: What vinyl would you rescue from a burning house and which CD would you use as a coaster?
Sarry: Unfortunately I have vinyls but not yet a vinyl player! Luckily my neighbor has one. Anyhow Terveet Kädet—Ääretön Joulu 7''EP is sick, the best piece of music I know about, the lyrics are fantastic! Brokencyde is utterly terrible; I would not use it even as a coaster.
Suzi: My the Creatures vinyls and a flash-drive with my complete works, lyrics, poems, novels, etc. As a coaster I'd use some of that hipster shit they're playing live a lot these days in our little drinking dungeon, Lepakkomies. Would love to shut them up permanently some day.

MRR: "Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll". We've heard the holy trinity too many times. How would you re-write it?
Suzi: I wouldn't. I don't care. I do my thing; rockers can pretend all they like to do something significant with their rock'n'roll. At least my life has something else to it other than just wallowing in shit and acting like it's cool and the only purpose of ours. And then we say we are superior to animals! So piteous. But don't get me wrong—I do have my moments with that holy trinity, but at least it's not my sole preoccupation.
Janita: I think it's good as is!

MRR: Finish the sentence: "If I were Bono…"
Sarry: I'd try to rehabilitate myself from sunglasses.
Janita: I wouldn't always wear those stupid-ass sunglasses!
Suzi: Bono? What's that?

MRR: Back in the early days of punk, in the '70s, the Clash claimed to be the only band that matters. What would be the sole band that matters today?
Suzi: Us. Pure and simple. We're a band that doesn't understate themselves or aren't overly modest. There's a bunch of ridiculous rules that you shouldn't wear your own band's T-shirt or patches—why the fuck not? That only says you're ashamed of your own band in some way or like to obey some anemic rules made up by the scene. We've trampled through so much shit, often knee-deep, because so many people have, over the years made it their mission to make our lives a misery and stop us from doing music. I feel sorry for those people, both because they lead void and boring lives and because we've beaten them so well in their own game, I bet they're hiding in some smelly and dark cavities considering killing themselves as we speak.
Sarry: That's quite a big statement to make; I prefer John Lennon's statement of the Beatles "Bigger than Jesus". I really cannot think of a band that would now be the band.

MRR: Which one do you think is culturally more significant, Big Ben clock tower in London, UK or Big Tits striptease bar in Tampere, Finland?
Sarry: I guess Big Tits have made people far more happier than a big clock on a tower.
Suzi: Big Tits, although I unfortunately haven't been there (even employed!), yet. I think bad neigbourhoods, prisons, slums and brothels reflect the society the best, not some guarded palaces or expensive sightseeing spot.

MRR: Who would win in a street fight Melusaaste or Mötley Crüe?
Suzi: Mötley Crüe? Give us some credit! They were just a bunch of sissies and hippies that had no more balls than a bag of sawdust.
Sarry: Probably the less drunk one.
Suzi: Hahaha. The less?

MRR: Where do you see Melusaaste in five years time?
Suzi: If we're not killed by each other, STD's or overconsumption of alcohol, we'll be perhaps doing this same thing (in much bigger proportions, of course), at least for a couple of years more. I don't want to be an old saggy bitch playing punk, but I don't want to quit this, either. Not at least for many years to come.
Sarry: If we're still going to be together then we've probably contributed a good share to the punk culture.

MRR: Is there a question I forgot to ask here?
Suzi: I don't think so. But I'll ask myself something that has been bothering me for some time: America, when will we get to tour you?!
Sarry: Yeah, by Spider: would we like to get a new gig in London? The answer is yes! Thank you for the interview. Find us at www.melusaaste.tk

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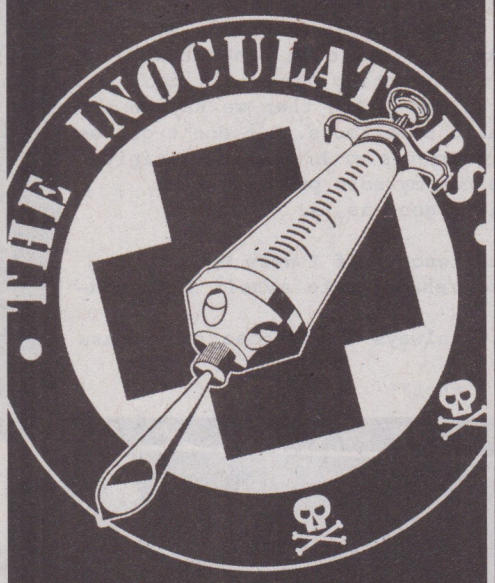

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BOOKS

The End of San Francisco
Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore
186 pgs • $15.95
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Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore is best known for her fierce and fearless work organizing Gay Shame, editing brilliantly sassy (and sassily brilliant) anthologies that celebrate queer resistance and radiance, and generally being a colorful splash against the gray backdrop of dominant gay culture. *The End of San Francisco* is a keyhole to the secret world that exists behind such a life.

The book opens up with Mattilda returning to the house she'd escaped from years earlier, brought back by the `need to confront her father before he dies. Mattilda brings us along for the tenseness and silence; that awful feeling rendered so sharply that we can feel it gnawing at our own bones.

From that raw starting point, Mattilda takes us to all the places she escaped to, all the places she thought would be big enough to hold her—everywhere from the false haven of college to the paralyzing depths of a k-hole. Early '90s young queer America, that mythical thing that people under 27 are so hungry to revive lately; partially because they weren't there. They don't remember the crushing isolation, the socially accepted homophobia constantly coming at you from all corners. Sometimes that isolation can be sort of good because it's easier to recognize each other once you find each other, because the need is great enough to take risks or at least say hi. But finding each other was so much harder back then.

Mattilda writes about the glitter and the glory but also about getting pepper-sprayed by a straight dude for daring to kiss in public; and a few pages later she writes about getting verbally attacked by people in an activist group who are supposed to be her comrades, over a tactical disagreement: "And after a few of these meetings I realized oh, it's actually not okay when people tear each other to shreds, I mean it's not okay for me because I hold it all in my body. Just like my father's rage."

So what happens when you get somewhere because it's what you desperately need, but once you arrive it's just as fucked up as anything? Where do you go, when that need is still so huge and so unfilled and now there's no hope of filling it? What do you do when you plan a covert action and the person who volunteered to be the central link in your chain across Broadway turns out to be a police infiltrator and you're left with a gap that's so hard to close? When you meet the people whose words have saved your life and they turn away from you and hug someone else instead, like you aren't even standing there?

The End of San Francisco doesn't answer these questions like an all-knowing oracle, but instead whispers truths in your ear like a friend with some truly excellent gossip. It shines a light into some shadowy places, rattles the pedestals of some queer idols, and memorializes a few things that we, as a community, should not forget. This autobiography is a story of the way people fail each other, whether out of malice or exhaustion or just not knowing how to be there. It's a chronicle of the ways that we need each other, and the way that need can be turned around, inside-out, torn in all the wrong places but still the only blanket that you have. It's about critiquing out of love and loving despite critique, despite failure, until you can't do it anymore, until you genuinely feel as though an entire city has come to an end.

—Ocean Capewell

Make It Last: Prolonging and Preserving What We Love
Raleigh Briggs
128 pgs • $9.95
Microcosm Publishing
www.microcosmpublishing.com

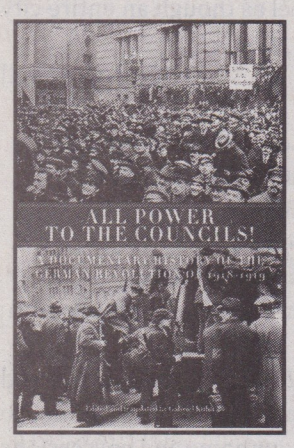
Make It Last is a charming hand written and illustrated guide to keeping your home and possessions sturdy and long lasting, rather than buying new stuff, or buying into the planned obsolescence consumer model. Where Raleigh Briggs' last book left off (*Sustainable Guide to Housekeeping*) this little book takes you further. She doesn't concern herself with making things, so much as fixing up existing things, such as mending clothing, simple plumbing techniques, drying vegetables, canning and fermenting, and other repairs. Raleigh's tone throughout is as if she is sharing her experience with a peer: never assuming you aren't ready to roll your sleeves up and try it right then and there with no hesitation. I believe she really lives this elaborate DIY lifestyle, and it shows in her enthusiasm and cute asides.

Maybe you are asking, what can I find in this book that isn't readily available elsewhere? I can only say that the personality

really shines, and that the basic tone is inclusive and appealing. It has the feel of a letter; the painstaking handwriting and sweet illustrations draw me in. Now, I do quite a bit of home improvement myself. There isn't a lot here that I don't already know about. I am also the first person to see if taking things apart and seeing if I can mend, repair or replace small parts will resolve my issue; yet I've never thought about replacing the wax ring under the toilet bowl before! Kudos to Briggs for making these notions so accessible, and enticing even. I am itching to fix something right now. What a great resource to add to my book collection.

Microcosm Publishing seems to have a mission to "spread punk and DIY ethos" beyond the lucky few who already have the skills, ideals and resources for the betterment of humanity. (See E. Connor's review of *Beyond the Music* from issue #359.) I think there is fair criticism about the uselessness of championing the punk lifestyle in the mainstream real world—but Briggs' work, her type of advice and how-to's seems more appropriate for people who maybe haven't been exposed to DIY before. In that I salute the idea of bringing the fix-shit-up strategy to the regular public. Maybe there is hope there; that a comic for patching the holes in the walls, or re-caulking the tub will be empowering for someone.

—Julia Booz



All Power to the Councils: A Documentary History of the German Revolution of 1918-1919
Edited and translated by Gabriel Kuhn
352 pages • $26.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

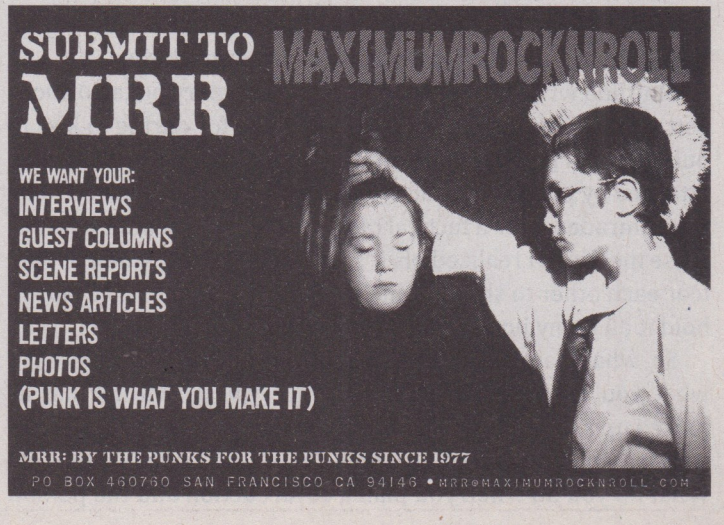
In the years following the Russian Revolution of 1917, a revolutionary wave swept Europe. The most significant revolutionary process to unfold was that of Germany, where a rupture brought on by the collapse of the German military effort unleashed a titanic struggle over the future of the country. For revolutionary sailors, soldiers and workers this was a struggle for a different social order, based on the revolutionary democracy of the council system. The revolutionaries in Russia desperately hoped that a successful socialist revolution in Germany would end the poor and devastated revolutionary state's isolation, strengthening the struggle for world socialism. Unfortunately, the workers in Germany (and hence the world) suffered a tremendous blow when the revolutionary wave was defeated (through a brutal crackdown in which thousands of militants were murdered) and the Weimar Republic was established.

Anarchist intellectual Gabriel Kuhn has done a great service to the radical left by compiling an impressive range of documents written by participants in the revolutionary movement at that time. The strength of *All Power to the Councils* lies with Kuhn's conscious attempt to demonstrate that the revolutionary movement contained many political and organizational tendencies, and not simply the main left political parties (SPD, USPD, Spartacists, KPD). This attention to political tendencies (anarchists, revolutionary shop stewards etc) that are not typically the focal point of histories of the German Revolution helps fill a gap in our understanding of this crucial period. However, it should be noted that the neglected political tendencies were relatively minor, compared to the massive left parties and the crucial role they played (for good or ill) in the German revolutionary movement. So it really is no surprise that they get most of the attention from historians of the period.

Another strength of Kuhn's book is the focus on areas of Germany outside of Berlin. Most histories of the revolution focus on what was taking place in the capital. In reality, the revolutionary movement was widespread across all of Germany. The highlight of the book is a pamphlet that goes into an incredible amount of detail about the history of the Bavarian Council Republic which was a government established by revolutionary activists in Bavaria in 1919. The republic was initially opposed by the KPD, though the KPD eventually took the lead. The pamphlet, written by Eric Muhsam, was written to counter the self-serving accounts of the history of the Bavarian Council Republic by the (then Stalinizing) KPD. Eventually, right wing paramilitary forces that were dispatched to Bavaria by the SPD leadership smashed the council republic.

This book would have been even stronger if it also provided documents from 1921 and 1923. Those years experienced a revival of revolutionary struggle in Germany, and many of the lessons of that period provided are crucial for activists today (the theory of the united front, questions of party building, and the struggle against fascism). Perhaps Kuhn will do us another service and provide a follow-up book on this subject. All in all, this book should definitely be placed along side your copy of Pierre Broue's *The German Revolution 1918-1921.*

— Robin Horne



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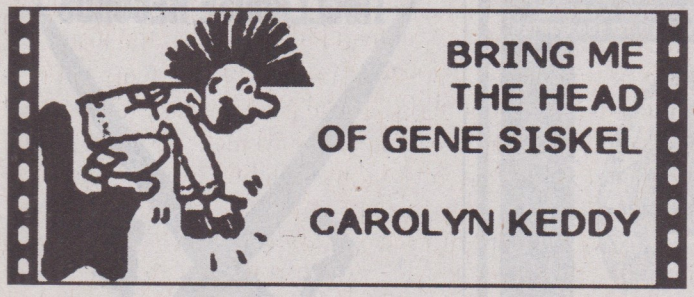


"THE BEST TEACHER IS EXPERIENCE AND NOT THROUGH SOMEONE'S DISTORTED POINT OF VIEW"

I am writing this on the day Storm Thorgerson died. I had never heard his name before watching **The Cover Story - Album Art** a documentary about the artists who create covers for record albums. I have seen his work. He is mostly known for doing Pink Floyd's album covers. Thorgerson's one of the more interesting characters in the film. He is a stereotypical artist and as he explains the way he creates a cover, someone like me who doesn't think about it that much realizes how much thought goes into it.

The Cover Story - Album Art is a story that needs to be told. The history of the record cover is never one I think about even though I own many records. I like looking at them, but my preference with always be what's inside. Yet I never have a problem complaining when an album I buy has a terrible cover.

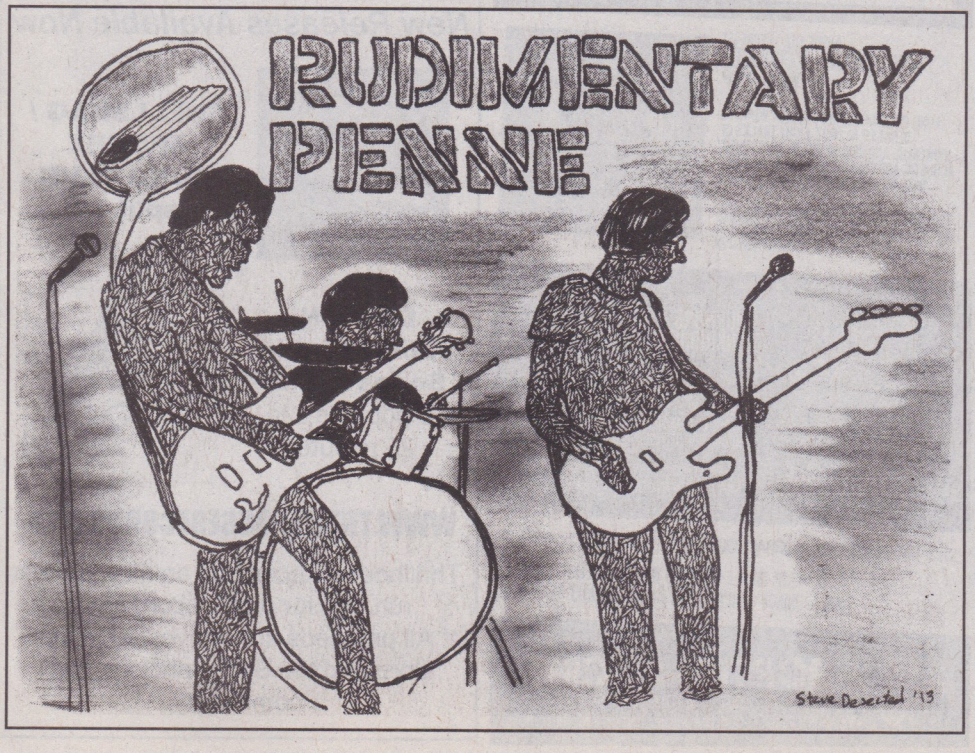
The creation of the album cover is credited to Alex Steinweiss who was working at Columbia records in 1938 when he decided to dress up the plain sleeves the 78rpm records were packaged in. Once this simple idea is let loose every record company starts making colorful covers for their records. **The Cover Story - Album Art** breezes over these developmental years to get into the artists who made their name during the hippie era.

Some of the more striking artists include Andy Warhol, Thorgeson, Barney Bubbles and Bob Seidemann. Seidemann took the photograph on the controversial Blind Faith cover. In one of the more detailed segments the process of shooting that cover is discussed by Seidemann—the young girl he originally pursued when he saw her on a London bus to Mariora Goschen the even younger eleven year old sister who ended up as the model. Goschen recalls how she was supposed to be given a pony for her posing. She ended up getting £40. Yoko Ono discusses two of her controversial albums *Two Virgins* with John Lennon on which the two pose naked and *Seasons Of Glass* were Ono uses a photo of Lennon's blood stained glasses as the cover.

While the concept behind **The Cover Story - Album Art** is an interesting one, the film gets too dragged down in celebrity. Just because you have interviews with famous people doesn't mean every one of them needs to be included in the film. Some editing needs to be done. The film is almost two hours long and could probably have been an hour.

Similarly the film concentrates on '60s and '70s rock musicians. Director Eric Christensen worked in radio and putting on concerts during those two decades so his musical knowledge is stuck there. He skips over punk completely, briefly mentioning a couple of album covers before jumping to his interview with Spencer Elden who was the baby on Nirvana's *Nevermind*. Unfortunately Elden's story is too whiny. He feels he should get royalties or some further compensation for appearing on that cover. That seems to be stretching it—a lot.

I came across an interview with director Christensen on nbcbayarea.com where he states, "I used to collect only for the music. Now I collect for the cover." That seemingly innocent admission made me even more annoyed with the film. It is nice to have a cool cover and all, but the music is what matters to me. (www.thecoverstoryalbumart.com)



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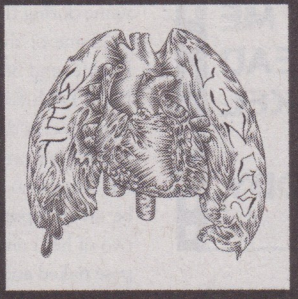

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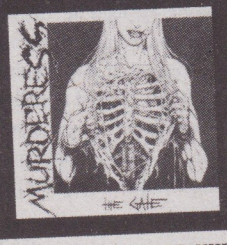

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ABOLITIONIST – "The Growing Disconnect" CD

This Portland band seems to be on the right track. Social political melodic punk that reminds me of early PROPAGHANDI and DILLINGER FOUR. There is also a touch of that JAWBREAKER dissonance and pounding. Lyrically these guys are not happy campers with titles like "United States of Endless Struggle/Are We So Grateful". A strong eight song release here, this band's second LP. (RL)
(1859)

ACTION SWINGERS – "Miserable Life/Losing My Cool"

Kudos to Total Punk for releasing these two totally fucking punk ACTION SWINGERS tunes on a 7" slab. This shit needed to fucking happen in a major way. "Miserable Life" is a world-beater tune: desperate, completely fucking negative sludge. "Losing My Cool" is an anthem of cock-sure manic degenerates the world over. Guitar scree and filthy throb rhythms and kill-yourself vibes… this it fucking it. Essential. (MC)
(Total Punk)

ACUTE – "Murder Notice" 12"

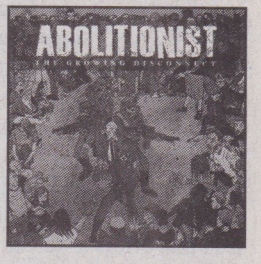
Originally self-released by the band as a homemade CD album, Sweden's SMRT records has given this recording the vinyl treatment it deserves. In a scene that's seeing a resurgence of traditional-style hardcore bands, ACUTE stand out from the pack through their willingness to experiment with tempos, dynamics and even other styles, all while maintaining a core of blazing fists-up hardcore. The backing vocals, sometimes sung, sometimes chanted, sometimes melodic in the style of traditional Japanese music are a particular distinction. Some passages are even evocative of music from the Kabuki stage. They also exploit their two-guitar setup to the fullest, with solos running over verses and occasionally even dueling for supremacy as in the chaotic breakdown of "Deformity". Some of the experimentation doesn't entirely work (or at least isn't entirely my cup of tea), but this is worth the purchase based on the strength of hardcore rippers like "Pessimist" and "Eradication" alone, and everything else is on a scale from good to "this is so nutty it's got to be heard". I gave the original CD release a middling review when it came through *MRR* HQ a while ago, but this recording has definitely grown on me in the interim (or maybe it just sounds that much better on vinyl). (AU)
(SMRT)

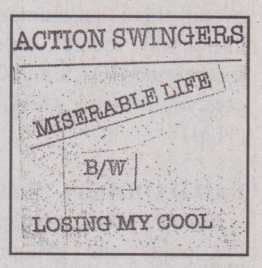
APOGEE SOUND CLUB / SHELLSHAG – "Lifestyle Obsession" Split EP

I really love APOGEE SOUND CLUB's ability to keep themselves from being pigeonholed into a certain style of punk and have even gone as far as creating a new style to play under (USE or Underground Sonic Energy). All three songs on their side sound completely different from one another, but work together to make a cohesive unit. The first song is a jerky instrumental that almost seems to go nowhere until a staccato synth arrives to save it and carry it over the top. The second song is a straight-ahead flawless rocker that recalls a Kerr / Boon guitar tone and Wade Driver's unmistakable vocals. The last one is a noisy knob-turning experimental track that acts as a perfect closer. On the flip, SHELLSHAG continues to, in my book, do no wrong. Shell and Jen soldier on with their raw guitar and drums attack that never fails to stick in your head for days. If anyone is bemoaning the fact that the band's newer songs are getting more slick and sweet (not me!), this record will not let you down. Their side has a raw, fast sound (not raw punk!) that recalls the band's first LP from a few years back. They play two originals and one JAPANTHER cover that they manage to make their own (as usual). Great split! (GH)
(Thrillhouse)

A VOLCANO / BURNT THRONES CLUB – split EP

A West Coast affair with BURNT THRONES CLUB from Oakland delivering turgid garage thuds on one side and Portland's A VOLCANO bringing a cyclical punk scorcher. BTC mashes violent psych with tough riffs, a style that comes through particularly well on "Millions," particularly during the squealing bridge, but "Little More" could use a little more variety. A VOLCANO's side begins with an understated guitar riff and then twists the rhythm into an off-kilter caterwaul, but returns to the original motif. It's a cyclical song-writing style evocative of UK post-punk, but delivered with '90s post-hardcore tone and driven home to simply ferocious playing. (SL)
(Hover Craft)





AWFUL NOISE / UNEMPLOYMENT PARTY – split EP

Side A on this split 7", released by Arizona's self-described, "Crappiest record label," comes from UNEMPLOYMENT PARTY. They mostly shred in some toxo-metallic punk bog of stuttering delinquency, occasionally changing gears and showing us, through the use of dual harmonic solos that they can actually shred. On the flip, AWFUL NOISE come at us both crustier and more straight forward hardcore, somehow reminiscent of SUICIDAL ex'd with DISRUPT. (JU)
(AZPX)

BAD AMERICAN – "Bruises" EP

Okay, remember a couple of years ago when raw punk was really en vogue and a bunch of second rate new bands put out way too many mediocre records? The same thing is happening now, except the "neo hardcore" sound is the culprit. I mean, come on, this record is blatantly aping the HOAX demo, except it's nowhere near as good as the aforementioned Massachusetts band, who aren't exactly musical scholars themselves. Slow, plodding, angsty hardcore with endless breakdown riffs, but there aren't any actual breakdowns. BAD AMERICAN's singer is a bit more throaty and screamy than the vocalists of most of the bands currently playing this style, but his lyrics are awful. They're vague allusions to the "warped" and self-loathing nature of what seems like a mentally challenged middle-schooler. The second track does have a slightly melodic guitar lead that offers a welcome change of pace, but overall this is an uninteresting and unoriginal throwaway record…unless you're way into second-rate HOAX and GAG clones, in which case you'll love it. (KM)
(1124)

BAD DADDIES – "Bad Year" EP

Nerdy looking types playing stripped down fast punk with galloping drum beats and screechy Riot Grrrlesque female vocals. The faster songs are better, while others have a very '90s BIKINNI KILL/HUGGY BEAR feel to them. Much better than you'd think from the horrible band name and cover. (RO)
(Central District)

BAD MAMMALS / PITY PARTY – split EP

I was thinking why does this name PITY PARTY sound kinda familiar? Then I heard the song "Baby" and I remembered seeing them as a duo called SEXY CRIMES in New Orleans a few years ago. That song "Baby" is fucking awesome and is even better from this four piece, lady-fronted, cynical, pop punk band. I hope "We Stand Accused" is about what I think it's about… but everyone knows anal sex is the sexiest crime right? BAD MAMMALS brings two really melodic songs about heartbreak or loss or something on the other side, which may not be your thing, but also you could be way into this JAWBREAKER-style regret, right? When the bedroom doors close and my roommates are away I know I am. (AG)
(No Breaks)

BERNAYS PROPAGANDA – "Забранета Планета" CD

I was first introduced to this excellent Macedonian post-punk band a couple years ago by a close friend, and I'm elated and honored to get to review their third album! BERNAYS PROPAGANDA plays a frenetic brand of angular and dancey post-punk with a radical social political message, and there's really nothing quite like them. This album shows the band a bit more refined, musically and production-wise, but they have not backed down and have not lost their potency. Kristina's vocals are incredible; a melodic instrument as much as a mighty presence, dynamic and confident, ardent and truly unique. Imagine an evolved, contemporary incarnation of GANG OF FOUR meets DELTA 5, but from the Balkans! All but two of the songs are sung in Macedonian, but all the lyrics are translated into English in the booklet, which is much appreciated by this reviewer, because I believe this is a band that actually aims to convey a message, while giving you a soundtrack to smile and dance your ass off to. I would love to see this band live, and they are currently in the middle of a three-month(!) European tour through the end of May. An appropriate (mis)quote to sum up this band: "If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution."—Emma Goldman. (MA)
(Moonlee)

BESTHÖVEN – "Hail to Disclose" EP

Yeah, yeah, tribute records are supremely inessential et cetera et cetera. But if any tribute is an absolute labor of love it's this one. Fofão (the one-man-band that is BESHTÖVEN) was a close pen pal of Kawakami, and even contributed lyrics to a DISCLOSE song. Indeed, half the layout of this record is given over to pictures of Kawakami and DISCLOSE that were sent to Fofão over the years. As far as the record goes, it's obvious that DISCLOSE songs are perfectly suited to BESTHÖVEN's rickety D-beat sound, and he selects some pretty deep cuts to cover (no "Conquest" here). Is this record essential? Of course not. But if you're a fan of either band, there's a lot to appreciate in this really sweet tribute from one friend to another. (AU)
(I Feel Good)

BLACK CAUCUS – "Anus" EP

This is like some BLUES HAMMER no-wave bullshit but also really nineties at the same time, but like bad nineties. Somebody might describe this as "sexy" or like "badass" or something. Theoretically this is a bunch of stuff I like, weird female vocals, sparse messy guitar riffage, ongoing loops of noise, but this is pretty fucking terrible. Or, you know what it is? So I love BABES IN TOYLAND but it's partly because they were a really big deal to me when I was a teenager, but some of their shit is so embarrassing, especially the Lori songs. This is like an entire EP of Lori but a clueless Hollywood version of that. This is horrid. I got about half-way through the last song before I threw it across the room. Fuck this. (MM)
(RFC, no info)

THE BLIND SHAKE – "Garbage On Glue/ Go Go 78"

First of all, Sweet Rot records consistently has the best center label artwork. SR understands the importance of, please forgive the term, "corporate dress" for a record label. Next, the BLIND SHAKE props up a four-on-the-floor scorcher for the A-side of this single, but the flip is gold. "Go Go 78" plods along an extended instrumental intro, unnerving effects segue into the burly title chant and druggy backups punctuate the racket. The production highlights all of their assets, wielding effects into menacing terror and imparting the percussion with exactly the punch needed to underpin the track. (SL)
(Sweet Rot)

BLOOD RED – "Serpent" EP

There are approximately nine billion bands named BLOOD RED but this one is a Dutch straightedge hardcore band whose demo from 2004 has been re-released by a German zine called *Voice of Generation*, which you can read all about by flipping to the zine reviews section after you're done reading this. The band is generally fast but even when the music slows down to a few mid-tempo breakdowns, it's angry and earnest sounding. They aren't reinventing the genre but I finished listening to these five songs and was down to give it another spin. The singer's guttural vocal delivery kind of grated on me at first but is so hate-filled that I came around by the end of the first side. These dudes sound pissed. (BL)
(Voice of a Generation)

THE BODY – LP

With an artful, droning approach that thumbs its nose at doom traditionalism, the BODY bring the avant-grim on a level few others can, rewarding those patient enough to endure their monolithic dirges with some of the more harrowing soundscapes to be found in contemporary American metal. This is a reissue of their excellent eponymous debut, originally released in 2004, and the remaster here is absolutely *massive*; even after seeing them for years, it's

still hard to wrap my head around the fact that this is only a two-piece. Famed for playing without the aid of microphones, Chip's piercing, tortured shrieks occasionally offset by some of the most off-puttingly murky vocals ever put to wax, there's enough occult/torture chamber vibes here to satiate the most craven soul, with a focus on ambience that they've only expanded on with subsequent releases. One element that this band never gets enough credit for are their stark, mythical lyrics, obliquely mournful and Biblical in scope. The BODY is unmissable live, louder-than-death and seriously the most ass-shaking (in the PARLIAMENT sense) experience in modern doom. They've yet to disappoint thus far, so of course I'm more than a little excited for their new EP *Master, We Perish*, which will be out by the time this goes to print. (WB)
(Feast of Tentacles / Howling Mine)

THEE BOMB'O'NYRICS – "Into the Wood/She Was Puking"

After getting over the initial freak-out upon finding out that I now do record reviews I sat down with a slice of rhubarb pie and listened to this Italian all-girl single like 20 times. This is ready made mixtapes for your sweetheart, summer jam style, garage pop at its best. If you've worn out your CHIN CHIN records and are looking for a new euro girl group to obsess over, this could be it. Put this in your in your tape player, tie it to your handlebars and take your sweetie on a date to a photobooth. (AG)
(self-released)

BORN WRONG – "Torch The Place" EP

This is a brief, but raging offering from a new Canadian band. This EP sounds like a mixture of the more mid-paced early hardcore acts, like UNITED MUTATION, and some of the better "revival" bands from the early 2000's, namely NO REPLY and VIOLENT MINDS. These guys approach hardcore in the way that most of the first-wave bands did: with devout attention to creating memorable songs. The tracks are fast enough to whip any room of disconnected adolescents into a frenzy, but the main focus isn't on speed. The songs come together seamlessly, which is a bit unusual for a band in its infancy. The riffs compliment the vocals perfectly (and vice versa), and the simple solos drop at just the right time and don't linger too long. The lyrics are rad too; they target some of the usual suspects: cops and the bourgeoisie, but in insightful and sarcastic ways. The last track, "Wage Slave" is a brilliant 30-second diatribe about the ails of being lower-class, but not poor enough to be destitute. The record ends in a locked groove, so the word "fuck" (as in, "I am a privileged…") is repeated endlessly. Awesome. (KM)
(Schizophrenic)

BREVATOR / TEAM ROBESPIERRE – split 10"

This is the fucked-up side of indie rock. BREVATOR presents a single track of static, feedback, lumbering heavy bass and the occasional droning moan. It sounds a bit like the MELVINS jamming out FANTOMAS's *Delirium Cordia* 2x LP. TEAM ROBESPIERRE has short, spastic, keyboard-laden songs featuring angry yelling. For indie rock it's aggressive and savage. I don't think this release will capture many fans of hardcore, punk or rock'n'roll. (JM)
(Chrome Peeler)

BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS / LEGENDARY WINGS – split EP

Waaait a minute…a split worthy of attention? Yup, this one's solid gold. LEGENDARY WINGS check in with two excellent pop tunes that stay punk amidst the buzz. I could see this appealing to fans for the MARKED MEN, but LEGENDARY WINGS come off a whole lot more fun than that lot does. BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS, still riding high on the heels of that monster debut single, continues to impress with their lamebrain punk brilliance. SPITS fans oughta take a look at this lot with great urgency. (MC)
(Pelican Pow Wow, no info)

BUNNY SKULLS – "Your Life" EP

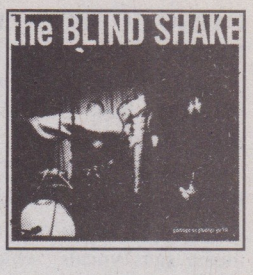
For those who believe hardcore is best suited for messages that can be expressed in ten words or less, I give you Michigan's BUNNY SKULLS. Action-packed with an old-skool blastbeat or three, the '80s throwback vibe is strong (though not dominant) with oh-so-dejected vocals in the vein of ANTIDOTE (US). Production is rough and raw, with a home-recorded guitar tone that's spot-on for the style, and yes, they do a not-half-bad cover of "Punk's Not Dead." If I had to pick some of its lyrics to sum up this recording, I'd have to go with "Kicked in the face, kicked in the balls". One for the hate-filled drunk in all of us. (WB)
(Knot Music)

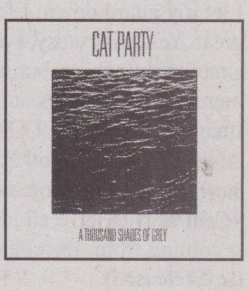
CAMPAIGN – "The Black Album" EP

This is an appalling mixture of RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS' style rock'n'roll and SCREECHING WEASEL-esque pop punk. Loads of recycled riffs and way too many "whoa-oh's" that sound even worse than usual because these guys can't sing for shit. A completely uninspired and disposable record. (KM)
(No Breaks)

CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE – "Underground Babylon" LP

Oh Claude. Jesus. They thought I would appreciate this because I am working on a Catholic Church at work right now. Seriously. But I mean, *everybody* knows CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE. Whether they want to or not. That shitty new wave band with the six-minute song right in the fucking middle of *Decline of Western Civilization*. That's how it started. And then, on repeat viewings, that song would slowly creep in, first a rare guilty pleasure, then something to look forward to, until finally it's the only song you can still sit through on the whole played out soundtrack. Oh, how we all wondered, what did CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE actually sound like? They played hella shows, prolly had 90-minute long sets. But we never knew. Until now. Well, don't get too excited. This one will definitely be clearing some rooms. For the true believers, well, it's still a bit much to sit through. Plodding. At times the poor live recording quality gives it a similar trancelike quality of a half melted SCREAMERS video. I mean, this has to exist, and you probably need to own it. How many records in one's collection does anyone even listen to? Pink vinyl. (GB)
(Artifix)





CATHOLIC SPIT – "I'm Your God Now/ Die Alone"

Spooky deathrock with watery, flanged guitar and bass strumming gloomy, yet menacing melodic riffage, well leveled synths and FOREIGN OBJECTS with a touch of the EXPELLED vocals. Both songs are good and catchy, with some rather lengthily intros and music sans vocals, which may sound gratuitous, but it's great. Now, I know this vein of punk is popular these days, but this is more deathrock than goth or coldwave, and if you don't know what that means then read up. Sure lots of bands sounding "dark" these days, but this 45 is a good example of how these genres grew from punk particularly when you hear hints of UK82 appear. The first track on here, "I'm your God Now" has an intro that is curiously similar to "Vanilla Blue" by NAKED RAYGUN. I'll be waiting to hear more. (MB)
(Bad Touch)

CAT PARTY – "A Thousand Shades of Grey" EP

CAT PARTY serves mildly goth-inflected punk full of teardrop guitar leads and melancholic vocal resignation. On this record, the group tempers mean-spiritedness with moodiness. CAT PARTY successfully aspires towards a darker sound, which works best on the B-side tracks "Fatalesque" and "Loves Benign," particularly during the sparser moments. Considering the group's earlier work, this EP strikes me as more of a transitional record, as if CAT PARTY will make its next release before the crimson curtains and black altar (i.e. way more goth.) (SL)
(Yellow Number Five)

THE CHERRY ICEES – "1! 2! 3! 4!" CD

Truthfully, I had my reservations about reviewing a band that bills themselves as "cute, fast, kitty kat, bubblegum punk rock," but once I let my guard down, I found that this is really great. Yes, it is cutesy, syrupy sweet and almost annoyingly upbeat, but it also has great hooks, memorable melodies and breakneck 4/4 beats. Imagine mixing the RAMONES, CUB, HUNX AND HIS PUNX and BEATNIK TERMITES sung by a trans woman from the south and you'll start to have an idea of where this band is coming from. Excellent. (GH)
(self-released)

CHILL DAWGS – "Oh Okay" EP

Their name immediately makes me want to barf up the beer I had for breakfast. You get some horrible artwork of partying bro dogs hanging out at the lake, complete with one wearing one of those douchebag hats with a beer on each side and a straw. What the fuck!? Check out these song titles—"So Chill," "Most Chill," "Space Dawg"…etc. I can't stop barfing enough to suffer through this garbage. Very mid tempo middle of the road non-threatening party rock. Coming to a frat house near you. (RO)
(Do What?)

CHIT CHAT – "Attitude" EP

I loved the demo and was well chuffed to see this slab come through the doors here. Michigan's CHIT CHAT tweak dreamy garage rock'n'roll and '60s girl groups with an airy distortion and a fire that even burns during slower tunes like "Communication." While I confess that I prefer the demo recording to this EP, the songs here are a progression in the right direction—more casual intensity and an insistence that makes the plodding breathy closer "Undeath" a complete show stopper. This band is addictive. (WN)
(Party Nogg!)

COKE BUST / VACCINE – split EP

These COKE BUST tunes are pretty relentless…damn. As I've said in these pages before, musically they bring no new ideas to the table, but they do the stomping, slugging, throttling, youth crew-tinged hardcore routine better than or as good as anyone else going. The VACCINE tunes on the flip are more of the 100% furious, break neck ragers we have come to expect from this now-defunct powerhouse. A dynamite split. (JU)
(Refuse)

COMA IN ALGIERS – "Christ Adonis Algiers" LP

Quirky, demented noise-rock. This collective of Austin weirdos are throwing a lot of shit at the wall here and most of it sticks. Helter skelter rhythms and stabbing synths, sludgy riffs and theatrical vocals. I'm not sure there's much here in the way of memorable songs, but YBNormal vibe suggests a confrontational live experience. I'm tempted to blame drugs. (AM)
(self-released)

COPSICKLE – "Too Many Cops, Not Enough Punk" CD

This Canadian trio has been brought up on a steady diet of LEFTÖVER CRACK, and MDC. I'm sure they'll grow out of the whole "getting wasted" stage, but it doesn't appear too clever, or funny, but whom am I to judge a generation. Musically they perform a very adequate dumbed down version of the aforementioned stylists. Lyrically, there's only so much extolling the virtues of vomit that one can take in a sitting… Eight tracks of vitriol and puke seem to stretch out those thirteen minutes. (RK)
(Asshole)

CRIME WAVE – "Nazi Sex/Convulsion Gospels" 12"

So at first, I figured that because this record has two different front covers and titles for each side, that it must be an old Houston band with two records reissued on one LP as a "double feature special." Turns out, it's a current band opting for pretentious presentation, though each side is fairly different. The five songs that make up "Nazi Sex" listens like some sort of mix between NWOBHM-influenced punk, *Record Collectors/Kings of Punk*-era POISON IDEA, and some meat-and-potatoes KBD à la the LEFT or AK-47. Not bad, but I'd rather hear the classics. The "Convulsion Gospels" side of the record is the band doing a damn good imitation of hardcore BIG BOYS, from the vocals and drums on down to quirks in songwriting. Unfortunately, Eric T. Neal of Torture Garden Picture Company is responsible for half of this record, and instead of putting out records (though this is admittedly far better than average for him), he should really be paying back the thousands of dollars he owes to the Baltimore and DC punks he conned into believing he had brain cancer, before skipping town once people were on to him (and by the way, there is no "other side" to this story, in the same way that "intelligent design" is not an "alternative theory" to evolution). So I can't recommend buying this record, and thereby putting money in his pocket. (DG)
(Agrowax / Torture Garden Picture Company)

CUELLO – "Mi Brazo Que te Sobre" LP

This is high-energy pop-punk from Valencia, Spain. It's not necessarily fast (in fact it's mostly mid-tempo) but very catchy and with a ton of energy. The first track had me thinking about UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND right off the bat, musically, vocally, everything. Luckily the following songs differ enough that you couldn't say they are ripping anyone off, though some of it is reminiscent of the BEAT BUTTONS (too obscure? Maybe, sorry). What really works on here is the two guitars complementing each other, keeping the songs driving but pretty, while the vocalist has a very distinct singing style that makes the record stand out. (PA)
(BCore / Flexi Discos / Mascarpone / Will a Muerte Ediciones)

CUSTODY BATTLE – "Christmas" EP

This band has a cool jangly and abrasive garage punk sound with vocals that are mostly snotty and always lethargic. The songs range from mid-tempo to slow and don't have much in the way of structure, but flow well and are catchy nonetheless. Not much else to say, file under "above average." (DG)
(Goin' Apeshit / Morning)

CUSTODY BATTLE / SHARKPACT – split EP

Trying to write about SHARKPACT makes me wish I were a better writer. Their songs are

uncompromisingly amazing, yet any attempt I make at describing these tracks, leaves them sounding like the most irritating band on the planet. They integrate so many mismatched styles of music that sometimes I feel as though this is music created specifically for me. Allow me to explain…their songs combine pop-punk, goth and synth dance, all to tune of ceaseless harmonizing vocals. I don't care who you are, there has to be something in that last sentence that makes you grimace. And yet I find myself loving every second of their songs. Is it the catchiness? Is it the originality? Is it the absurdity? I don't know what makes me like them so much, I just do. Arizona's CUSTODY BATTLE on the flip bring me to a reality I'm more accustomed to (not in a bad way) they play a lo-fi snotty gritty punk. They conjure memories of the short-lived STREET LEGAL (best demo tape of 2010!) Both sides destroy. Great record. (FS)
(Ditch, no info / Morning Star)

DANCE PARTY BOYS – CD

Fuck dude, I don't know what the fuck is up with this band but it's like some asshole who knows my music tastes really well, put together a band whose only reason for existence is to play shit I fucking hate. Take the worst part of that pop-flavored shit from bands with names that are just the same word twice, and mix it with emotional nu-metal riffing when they are trying to sound dangerous. I find this kind of revolting as a music fan. And then there's a song at the end with straight '90s brocore singing, like those multi-part harmonies that I like to call "date rapist barbershop quartets". This looks like an industry demo for a band from a place where there's no DIY scene. I can't hang. (BL)
(self-released)

DEAD GHOSTS – "I Sleep Alone/Spot a Trend"

Mellow and reverby. Lackadaisical and nonchalant. Two songs of well-played, strummy, moderne garage rock. The singer draws out the lyrics at the end of each line he sings. The kind of music best listened to lying on your back on a shag carpet. It makes me very sleepy. (CK)
(Randy)

DEAD ON THE WIRE – "Misery" CD

Five songs from a SoCal Band here. This doesn't make me cringe but I don't like it either. Certainly a SOCIAL DISTORTION feel mixed with recent DWARVES. The vocals can be a little too off key for me at times. So this is barely OK in the punk rock world. (RL)
(Radioactivity)

DUBOIS – "Hanging Out" EP

Five songs of late '90s style pop/emo, more in the vein of HOT WATER MUSIC than say, BRAID. There are numerous vocalists, all gruff, off key and really laying into it but in different ways. Most of it is on the upbeat side of things but with some musically prettier, quiet parts placed sparingly in the songs. On the whole it's a pretty cheesy reliving of the past (lyrics very much so) though there are some redeeming qualities in the guitar interplay. (PA)
(self-released)

EAGULLS – 12"

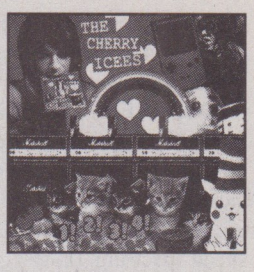
When the needle dropped on the EAGULLS 12" and the flanged guitar tone hit my ears, I thought I was in for some HÜSKER DÜ worship. Rather, the record starts out with some pretty straight ahead pop punk. However, these lads are making just enough interesting choices to keep me into it and bopping my head. The second song is where the record gets really intriguing, with it's introduction of more guitar effects, cool guitar leads and the first whiff of…something interesting going on. By the end of the record it has become pretty clear. Here is a band, firmly rooted in pop punk, but looking to the same place of inspiration as bands such as CRIMSON SCARLET and the NEW FLESH. However, instead of diving into the style as wholeheartedly as the two aforementioned bands and their contemporaries, EAGULLS stays much more heavily in the pop punk and even catchy, rocking indie rock realm (the former much more so than the latter). This is the real strength of the record, that it is just a pop punk record, but with allusions of the CURE as much (and more so than) as TOYS THAT KILL or SCREECHING WEASLE. "Still Born" is a fucking jammer, bringing all of the elements together in just the right way, while the singer gets his Robert Smith voice just right. Also, the recording is super good sounding, and the fact that this is a 12" EP doesn't hurt either. If the last track on this record is any indication, EAGULLS could just become one of the most interesting pop punk bands today. (LP)
(Deranged)

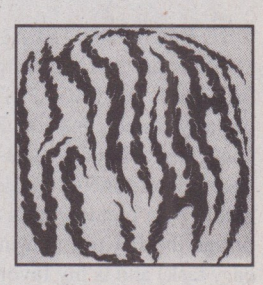
THE EJECTOR SEATS – "Say Sorry" CD

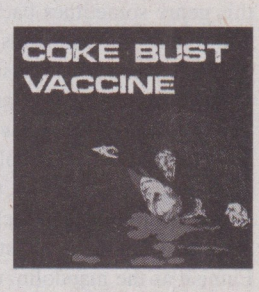
A very spirited lo-fi/garage effort, which seamlessly mixes that stripped down '77 classic punk sound (think EATER, KILLJOYS), with a fairly complex rhythmic sensibility, and some excellent, classy musicianship and composition. Kind of like if WIRE wanted to show the HUMPERS how garage should be really done. Twelve tracks, and twenty-three minutes of sonic bliss. (RK)
(Collision Course)

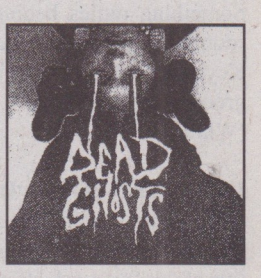
THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE / UNEARTHLY TRANCE – split LP

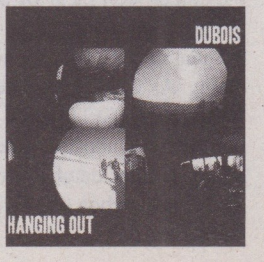
The first side of this split is spastic grind noise from the ENDLESS BLOCKADE, with nine tracks of crazy grindcore alternating with crushing doom. The vocals are desperate, the drumming is fucking tight and the guitars just chug on with articulation and speed. "I Just Kill" is black noise insanity that is as unnerving as it is engrossing. Now, UNEARTHLY TRANCE was one of my favourite bands during my mid '00s "everything slow and miserable" era. Their first two LPs were just great doom records, appropriately on Lee Dorian's Rise Above label. Then the band really exploded with the release of their third LP, *The Trident* in 2006, this time scooped up by Relapse. Merging icy black-metal vocals with doomy tempos, heavy riffage and nettled walls of sound, it was terrific. However after that they seemed to stray into warmer pastures (read stoner), channeling MELVINS mass as opposed to XASTHUR frost. By then the new wave of post/stoner/doom was well underway, so I figured they would not return to darkened my doorway any time soon. So, five years later, to see this in the record bin is an unexpected surprise. UNEARTHLY TRANCE have











seemingly returned to the black hole of bitter darkness and deliver one (!) track of wretched doom; starting off with a hardcore bite, turning to SOURVEIN immensity, then ending with razor blade guitars and expansive vocals à la NEUROSIS, while the drums pound to a slow, slow finale. A worthy split for those of us who are mystically drawn to both extremes of the speed spectrum. (LA)
(Chrome Peeler)

THE ESCAPIST / SLACK BIRD – Split EP

There are two bands from Finland here. The first one is the ESCAPIST, who recall sounds of early peace punk like ZOUNDS. Their first song has a bouncy, ska-like guitar line and shouted-yet-tuneful vocals, but is carried along nicely by a melodic bass line. The second one brings the EX to mind in small ways (not an easy task) and is my favorite of the two. It also tries to break out of the mold that bands of this genre sometimes back themselves into. If you're a fan of the bands mentioned above or the MOB, this will not disappoint you. SLACK BIRD falls into the folk-punk category, but unlike most of the bands within the genre, they actually know how to play their instruments and construct a cohesive, enjoyable song. Both songs are pretty laid back, musically and the male and female vocalists harmonize well in Finnish as the mandolin, upright bass and guitar work well together. Not bad. (GH)
(Parta)

EX-BOOGEYMEN / WAYLON THORNTON & THE HEAVY HANDS – split CD

Both groups on this play a sort of ghoulish garage rock with guitar leads evoking carburetor cool and the leather undead returning on surfboards. Obviously, there is heavy schtick going on with both of these bands, but the technical proficiency of each player make the midnight movie host vocals sound great. Something rattles behind your ear. Did your roommate drop their keys? That's the beat. Keys are rattling around in a skull. Now you're grooving. Dig. (SL)
(White Moon)

EXPECTED BOY – "Radiation Days" CD

Not sure exactly, but I have an inkling that this quartet may be Japanese. Which makes the title of this five-track effort a little, well, I dunno, ironic, given Fukushima an all that. Lyrically, they steer well clear of anything you might be led into believing via the cover, and stick to the mundanities of necrophilia, vampires and flesh eating. As you might expect from such "horror" lyrics, the MISFITS play front and center in the "musical influences" category. Of course, one could do considerably worse, and I'm a sucker for the old "whoa oh's". (RK)
(self-released)

FAGETTES – "If I See Him Again" EP

FAGETTES are from Boston, MA and play simplistic, mellow pop music with pleasant alternating and harmonizing female and male vocals. At first it seemed a bit too twee for my tastes, but after a few listens this really grew on me. The B-side "My Girl Looks Like Johnny Thunders" is very catchy and also conjures a very creepy image. Nice stuff. (CK)
(Rockslop)

FOLKEIIS – "Hate Rebel Blood Stain" 12"

All songs sung in Finnish with Nagoya attitude. This is a 12" collection of *Hell Kaaos Night* EP, track from split with MAUSER and D-CLONE, and well as tracks from other splits and compilations. The A-side contains their older songs that are super noisy, reverbed and sound like they're underwater due to the all out distortion. There's a super '80s Japanese punk metal feel to their sound mixed with the rawness of a band like KROSSA or ISTERISMO. The B-side with their newer material has a way more metal guitar at first but goes into some twang at times. Overall, it is more blown out in that D-CLONE style with a heavy reminiscence of MORPHEME. I feel like everyone has differing opinions on what these guys sound like. A band must be good if their sound is unrecognizable and controversial. Solid GBH cover on the B-side. This is definitely worth picking up. (AE)
(Vinyl Rites)

THE FUCKING PARTY– 12"

Band name aside, it's like if fans of QUEERWULF and BRAINWORMS formed a band that was thematically (not musically) a little more along the lines of MUNICIPAL WASTE. Screamy and off kilter (at times), with a whole lot of guitar shredding. Not as galvanizing of any of the aforementioned reference points, but the record's theme, partying,... is enduring and cohesive. (P$)
(self-released)

FURY – "Flying/100% Proof"

Ha ha, will the SONNY VINCENT archives ever run dry? Jesus, this guy was playing punk rock in 1972, power trio moves n shit. So yeah, maybe "punk" is a stretch but this is fuckin' sick tough as nails '70s hard rawk. Ahhhhhhh, *fuck*! The B-side fucking rules. Ha ha, sorry for my outburst, but the B-side is like hella burnt lo-fi SONICS RENDEZVOUS axis shit. I mean, I love, *love* that sound when it's right, and I also cannot deal with some of the endless noodling blooze-band shit, but this is one of those *perfect* songs you keep coming back to. Like you wish BOC had songs that sounded like this. Like heavy as fuck Southern/Detroit styled '70s rawk, but fuck a studio, here's an extra lo-fi overblown punch in the face. Hell, I'm sure you BONEHEAD CRUNCHERS types would prolly prefer the A-side, a doomy up-tempo banger with some serious shreddery. Red vinyl. It's official, SONNY VINCENT *is gawd*! (GB)
(Hozac)

GAMES – LP

Fans of contemporary powerpop and punk will no doubt recognize these GAMES folks from any number of noteworthy bands (and labels and books!), but the strength of their debut LP demands they be dealt with on their own. The band's debut 7" threw me for a loop with how straight the band played it, but I'm trading that perception out for the LP and just calling this fantastic. While there are several moments that are upbeat enough to please plenty of punks, the focus here is on pure pop music. Exceptionally well-executed pop music at that. The songs recall anyone from MILK'N'COOKIES to BLUE to SHOES to STARJETS. The whole gamut, basically, and there's no one area GAMES phones in. If you're looking for spikes, look elsewhere…but if you can appreciate a great set of pop songs, you'll be all over this. (MC)
(Hozac)

GIVE – "Singles Going Confetti" LP

I have gone back quite a bit on my previous review of GIVE, where I said that they have some great songs and some that I just cannot stand. There are no longer songs that I "cannot stand," just songs that I like *a lot* less than others, and to be fair, they *all* have a great riff or two, and they all sink in deeper with repeat listens. For the un-initiated, GIVE will forever be pigeonholed, and rightfully so, as the reincarnation of SWIZ…with *way* better guitar playing. This LP is a collection of the singles released semi-simultaneously on BBB, Painkiller, Youngblood, Deranged, and React!, with the addition of the tune, "Pat Weird," with the tracks from the *Painkiller* EP, "Petal Pushing" and "Taste of Smile" are seriously untouchable and some of the most interesting and technical and talented songs that heard last year. (JU)
(Deranged)

GLITZ – "It's Glitz" 12"

Bobby Martinez is a fan of this band. Seriously. Don't believe me? It's all over Facebook. (Bobby Martinez is a sort of *MRR* outlaw. There is more than one of these, but Bobby fancies himself the most famous *MRR* outlaw.) That Bobby liked this had me a little concerned. Bobby is a bit of a sissy when it comes to music. GLITZ is also a sort of punk supergroup, featuring members of APACHE and PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS, among others. I've heard some of these supergroups before and mostly they suck. Things weren't

looking good for GLITZ. Then I put the needle on the record. More bad news. It's a 12" record and it plays at 45 rpm. What the hell? Oh, but the sounds are glorious. It's punk and it's glam and it's power pop and it is just so catchy it makes you want to hug somebody. And then the tempo picks up a little and all of a sudden it makes you want to punch somebody. How awesome is that? Trust me, it's awesome. I'm buying this one today. I love you, Bobby Martinez. (KK)
(Grazer)

THE GRABOIDS – "Back to Perfection" EP

The GRABOIDS bring four songs of rock'n'roll-y pop punk with a drawed-on-the-line garage rock recording style. One song, "Bad Ramones," actually directly addresses this. Therein, the singer bemoans (or does he celebrate?) his inability to write anything but songs that, "sound[…] like bad Ramones." Luckily for him, one of the songs the guitar player wrote sounds like bad TOYS THAT KILL. I've heard worse pop punk 7"s, but "Want Too Much" was obviously written in two minutes with a rhyming dictionary and I hate it. (LP)
(self released)

GRANNIES / HICKOIDS – split LP

Sometimes you see an image that no matter how hard you wish, you can't un-see it. This was my experience with seeing the HICKOIDS in 2009. They played at some lousy bar in Austin and during their set their singer had this move where he would lean towards the audience and ferociously flick his tongue (in a sexual way) while strumming his lower lip with this index and middle finger (in a sexual way). He must have done this several times during every song. Multiply that by a two-hour plus set and…well, it wasn't pretty. It has made it hard (almost impossible) to enjoy *Waltz A Crossdress Texas* (their otherwise decent album). Anyway, the reason I bring all this up is because their performance that night mirrors the disappointment I'm feeling listening to this album. Granted it's going to hard (possibly impossible) for anyone to write a Cow-punk album that's worth listening to in 2013, but this is a clear miss. On the flipside GRANNIES do us no favors either, but it is slightly more palatable. They play a typical bar-rock punk that isn't bad, but is certainly bland and predictable. (FS)
(Saustex)

GREENBACK HIGH – "Bombs Away/All of Us or None"

Jumpy, catchy pop punk from a bunch of Vancouver veterans. The A-side has a mod-ish, powerpop ring to it (with an Elvis Costello gulp to the vocals), reminding me of fellow hosers the TRANZMITORS, while the flip has a more classic punk feel. The chiming guitar interplay and political lyrics call to mind the CLASH. Great stuff. (AM)
(self-released)

HALDOL – "The Death Drive" LP

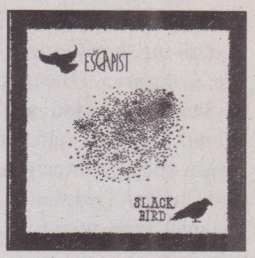
Man, this is a really hard record to review. First thing—kudos to Philly/Nashville's HALDOL for doing a style that's hard to pin down. It's definitely very dark, and some of the lyrics are really strange, but aside from consistent flange-y darkness, you never know what's around the corner. I'm leaning toward the slower-to-mid-paced moments, as they really stand out musically. A decent portion of the material is fast hardcore/thrashy (still dark), some of which is okay, but doesn't quite have the effect that the slower, more depressive dirges have. Is this making sense? If not, it's because it's really hard to describe…the only band I could think to compare them to is ANTISCHISM, but that's still kind of a stretch. Wanna hear something interesting and different? Try this LP. (MA)
(Primitive Prison)

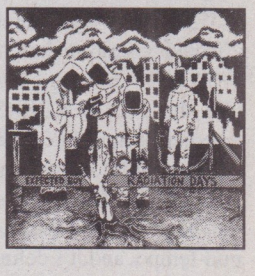
HEAVY TIMES – "I'm Single" EP

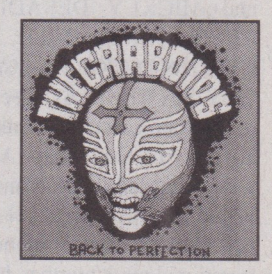
I remember a couple other EPs by this band coming through, and I remember warming up to every one of them. Honing a distorted yet dreamy sound, they fuzz up the bass and slap on the punk in a way that makes the riffs catchy and the hooks exciting. It's got a seemingly laid back tempo and a poppy affection, but pay a little more attention and you'll hear a neurotic beat and coded sonic angst. Think the mutant child of the SPITS and WIPERS, and then add just a touch of INTELLIGENCE and a dose of BLACK LIPS, all filtered through their own attitude with a characteristic pang. The hand-drawn cover of a miffed punk sitting alone below a tombstone, some empty beers cans and a pack of cigarettes above the EPs title might be suggestive, but I can see this is probably part of a grander narrative. Keep this Chicago band on your radar; they've got a good thing going. (LA)
(HoZac)

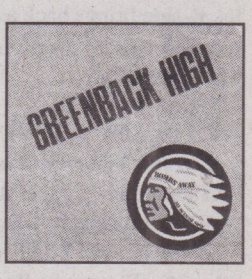
HELLKRUSHER – "Recorded Works '93-'94" LP

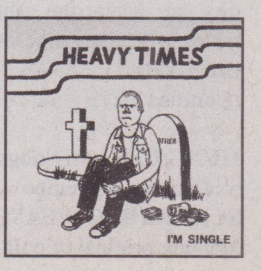
Oh man, this is a gem! This LP compiles fourteen tracks recorded over the titular years, of which only seven were ever released due to turmoil in the band. So side A is all eight tracks recorded during the session that produced the excellent *Fields of Blood* EP and side B is composed of all six tracks recorded with a much different lineup, half of which appeared on their split with DISCLOSE. The remaining tracks were almost uniformly never even performed live, much less heard elsewhere. Now, HELLKRUSHER have a long and tumultuous history, and there's plenty of argument to be had about which lineup was the best, but the '93 lineup, which also produced (sans bass player Gus) the definitive *Dying for Who?* EP is my absolute favorite as guitarist Scotty (ex-HELLBASTARD) and drummer Curry brought an understated edge of metallic precision that produced some truly inspired songs. And indeed, the "lost" songs from this session are outstanding. I honestly prefer these recordings of "Ethnic Cleansing" and "Doomsday Hour" to the reworked versions that appeared on the '96 *Doomsday Hour* LP. The recordings on the flip are a bit (well, a lot) rougher in terms of sound quality, but hardly suffer for it. It's not as if HELLKRUSHER is a band that might lose nuance without a perfect mix. These songs showcase a band experimenting with choppier, more complex song arrangements and extended soloing, more than overcoming the 50% lineup change from just the previous year. Look, HELLKRUSHER rules, this record rules, and if you're at all a fan, or you're just interested in stripped-down D-beat from a time before it was cool and trendy to play, this is a must-have. (AU)
(Antisociety)











HEMORRHAGE – "Chapter One" CD

Driving, burly, angry hardcore outta Southern California. The vocals are convincingly shouted. The band and songs are tight, the drums keep busy and the production is fine. Seven songs, thirteen minutes. Worth a listen and Chapter Two should be even better, (JM)
(Abduct Tape, no info)

HOLLY AND THE NICE LIONS – "Nom de Plume/No Future"

The jangly style combined with the sort of affected vocals makes me think of the PRETENDERS, but the band really doesn't sound like the PRETENDERS. I can't figure out whether or not I like this and every time I look at the record, I keep seeing HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS. These guys are starting to bug me. Anyway, like I said, it's sort of jangly and mid-tempo, and it's definitely catchy. Honestly, she's got kind of a pretty voice, but I feel like she's trying too hard and the vocals are mixed way too high on the recording. (KK)
(Certified PR)

CHRIS HOUSTON WITH EVELYN DICKS AND MICKEY DESADIST – "Einstein's Brain/Shit for Brains"

You might not recognize the name, but CHRIS HOUSTON was once in the FORGOTTEN REBELS. This one features CHRIS teaming up with the EVELYN DICKS on the A-side and MICKEY DESADIST (FORGOTTEN REBELS) on the B-side. I always thought the EVELYN DICKS was just a song by the FORGOTTEN REBELS. It seems it's also the name of another Canadian punk band. I'm learning all sorts of shit today. Anyway, these tracks were recorded in 2006 and 1986, respectively. While the two songs are quite different—the first a sort of quirky number, the second a more traditional punk number, both are worth having on their own. And hearing MICKEY's voice on the B-side brings back a lot of great memories. Keep on rockin'. (KK)
(Schizophrenic)

HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES – "Bearing on the Moor/Pant and Heave"

Shambolic garage scat, like fuzz pedal white jazz played by people who listened to too much FALL and PERE UBU (or just the right amount). The music is enhanced/obscured by noise and static that feels like a Midwestern dive bar where the ashtrays are stuck to the tables with the grime of layers of old beer. I like. (AM)
(Certified PR)

HUNG UPS – "6 Songs" CD

Decent up-tempo pop punk in the SCREECHING WEASEL and QUEERS vein. Nothing original or political here, but this does have a good tight rawness to it with the obligatory snotty vocals. A bit of a tired genre but these guys do it well. (RL)
(self-released)

THE HUSSY – "Turn it Three/Firelung"

Two garage-pop surf-influenced songs. Like they found a middle ground between the BARBARAS and TY SEGALL and set up shop. I appreciate the brevity of the songs, and that's not a backhanded compliment. They don't waste time and the song structuring isn't self-indulgent. They hit you with what they got, then they're out. It's formulaic but it's kinda catchy. (P$)
(Certified PR)

THE HUSSY – "Weed Seizure" LP

Let me just state, for the record, that I've been a fan of the HUSSY from the get-go. I ain't no bandwagon fan. Okay? I'm hardcore. Get it? In fact, I think I reviewed their very first 7" way back in the day. Now that my street creds have been established, let's get to the disc. It's amazing to me how the HUSSY's sound has changed over time. It's a much fuller, much heavier sound than when they started. They're probably a little more serious than when they first started out and their song writing talents have definitely grown. That isn't always a good thing. Here it is definitely a good thing. Sure, they've grown up some, but the songs are still as catchy as all fuck. As I listen, I find myself tapping my toes and bouncing my head. And the male/female vocals really hit the spot. I don't think I'll ever get tired of these guys. (KK)
(Tic Tac Totally)

INSANITY ALERT – "Second Opinion" CD

Yet another goofy '80s thrash metal throwback, this time from Austria. I swear, if iconic bands of yore like AMEBIX, YOUTH OF TODAY, BLITZ, etc. had to pay reparations for all the turgid imitators that flood the market these days, EXODUS and co would owe big time for all the flip-cap party bros they've spawned. The tunes on this disc are competent enough, but this much pizza, beer bongs, and skateboarding just feels like a frat party. Avoid. (JH)
(Glorious Thrash)

EL INTRATERRENO LOS Y LOS ALMAS NEGRAS – "Masticando el Hambre" EP

Rudimentary and frantic street punk tinged hardcore with some interesting leads and fast-to-mid tempo songs from Lima, Peru. The vocals are this great, mostly high-pitched yelling/screaming in a snotty, grating way with chorus vocals and a few speaking parts. The music is simple and good punk, but the vocals are what make this. I have to say: that China crash is really distracting. The last song is a melodic Latin jam with a spoken part over a singer lamenting in an anguished voice. This reminds me of FALLAS DE SISTEMA! I wish there were lyrics included because these dudes have plenty to say. Def worth a listen. (MB)
(Odio Los Discos / Huayno Amargo, no info)

JONNY MANAK AND THE DEPRESSIVES – "I Am Not a Bum...I'm a Jerk" LP

Imagine for a second that you take three talented punks, all involved in some sort of "serious" punk bands. Are you with me so far? Okay, take those punks and tell them they're in a band and that the purpose of the band is to let off steam, to have some fun. Tell them that the band will never be a serious undertaking, just a side project. Keep in mind I'm making all of this up, but I imagine that this is the sort of record you'd get. It's good, but it's not great. In terms of music, it's catchy rock'n'roll roll with some garage, surf and punk influences. It's a little too polished for my taste and there is no sense of urgency. If you're looking for fun, this might be for you. If you want a serious relationship, keep moving. (KK)
(Reach Around)

KANTUTA – "Ask Me" EP

Non stop high-end intensity and a disjointed delivery that is clearly more focused on speed and impact than cohesion. Raw and ferocious hardcore gives way to blasting fastcore offered up with the kind of anxious energy typically associated with '80s South American hardcore. Manic, chaotic, noisy, awesome. (WN)
(Discos Huayano Amargo / HP / Kantuta / Nasty Core / Sin Temores)

KAOS – "Betonska Djeca" LP

Already a fan of everything that NE! records has released thus far, I knew I would eat this one up. This KAOS is was from Croatia circa 1979-84 and played an infectious blend of synth-punk and post-punk. Most tracks exhibit a frantic drum machine, but a few have an actual drummer. I'm guessing the last couple tracks are their earliest material, as they're more straight ahead punk, and honestly remind me of the GORILLA ANGREB demo! All fourteen studio tracks are classic and ready for dancing. Even though it seems like the material is culled from different recordings, it's consistently well-recorded and mastered to flow well. Every song has a great driving keyboard line, distorted guitars and great female vocals, and she often goes ballistic before the end of each song. As is the case with previous NE! releases, it comes housed in a thick gatefold jacket and includes a CD version. Highly recommended, along with all the other great former Yugoslavia punk released by NE! (MA)
(NE!)

KLAXON – "1984" LP

The sole EP from Rome's KLAXON is one of the high-water marks of melodic '80s punk, to the point where I can almost sense commercial appeal in a post-CLASH world, especially in Europe. Marked by great vocal melodies with perfect back-up harmonies, and busy rambling bass lines, this is one of those rare occasions where the guitar is used mostly to just carry the tune and deliver it to its destination, as apposed to shouldering the melodies. This LP's got the EP on the A side, with the track from the *Quelli Che Urlano Ancora*... comp LP and three unreleased tunes from the same session on the flip. Top-notch tunes, front to back. (JU)
(Sydney Town)

LAST NIGHT – "Cut Your Throat" EP

LAST NIGHT is a French punk power trio from Paris that actually sounds rather American. At least the vocals sound more like an American affecting a European accent than vice versa, but the riffs are straight out of the Dangerhouse playbook with some modern Southern garage rock sensibility and a dose of spite and venom from the singer. LAST NIGHT play straight-ahead, command some volatility and reveal cool musicality in bridges and intros. (SL)
(self-released)

LEE AND THE LIARS – "Tofu Rock Tofu Roll" CD

LEE AND THE LIARS is a one-man band from Germany. Though it doesn't sound like your usual one-man band. I usually think of that as one person playing all the instruments simultaneously while singing. In this case I think it is one man playing all the instruments on the record, but each was recorded separately. This sounds too much like full band. But I have no problem with that. The songs are peppy tunes with surfy melodies and bright vocals. It's poppy and easy-going. (CK)
(Liars)

LENGUAS LARGAS – "Si Es Cierto" EP

This is one half of the latest installment of the Sister Series of 7"s released by our Southern California friends Razorcake. Two records by two different bands, where one of the songs on each is a cover of the other band. LENGUAS LARGAS' sister band is MIND SPIDERS, although I'm not familiar enough with that band to know which song here is the cover. Taken as a whole though, this is a great record, marked by its Phil Spector-esque wall-of-sound production. The A-side, "Se Es Cierto," has a definite exotica vibe. Definitely an unusual release, I will be checking out more from LENGUAS LARGAS immediately. (AM)
(Razorcake)

LIFE FORM – "Creepy Crawly" EP

Components in order of importance to the overall impact: high end vocals shrieking with a near comedic anguish, bass flanged to oblivion, guitar so burdened with distortion that riffs are distinguishable only through the aforementioned bass (with an affinity for nonsensical solos), drums that go 1-2-1-2 like a monkey on intravenous methamphetamine—incapable of speech or any communication other than the frantic destruction of small wooden tubs. And that overall impact? Yeah, it's great. This is a headache in the making, and must be "enjoyed" at maximum volume. (WN)
(Distort Reality)

LION'S LAW – "Watch Em Die" EP

Melodic Oi!/street punk from Paris that favors the classic English sound over their French forbearers. The first number kicks off like a cheap recap of COCKSPARRER's "Take Em All," with a chorus about "hanging them, watching 'em die, letting 'em burn alive," and other nasty shit. The tunes that follow are packed with big choruses, chants,and other tropes of the genre, but they do it with gusto. Generic, but still a couple notches above the tawdry fare that plagues this genre. (JH)
(Sydney Town)

LIVIDS – "She Likes Zits" EP

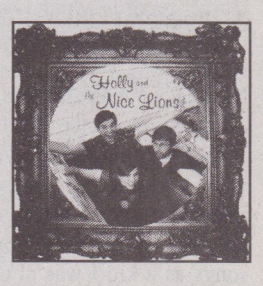
She Likes Zits is merely one part of the singles barrage this new NYC band has unleashed in recent weeks. Wanna make a maximum punky impact? Release an album's worth of tunes on some handsomely assembled singles and watch the nerds drool. Works for me. With a singer as distinctive as Eric Davidson, it's hard not to hear NEW BOMB TURKS in his new outfit, but the band's attack is closer to the spit-n-shades snotpunk I associate closely with Rip Off records. The songs are streamlined, '77-leaning blasts with copious energy and obviously engineered for shit-tons of beer spillage. As a fan of the previous efforts of all involved, it's great to hear this mash-up of styles exceed expectations. For the uninitiated, you get top-tier buzz punk circa now. Two sharp originals and a ROLLERBALL cover. Time to nab the other singles and reserve space in my singles boxes for what I'm sure will be many LIVIDS 45s. (MC)
(Twistworthy)

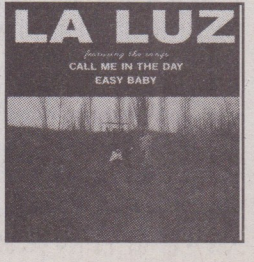
LOLITA BLACK – "Flesh Blood and Bone" LP

This one has already spent many moons on my home system, but words to appropriately describe it are still somehow elusive. Greater than a simple sum of parts, LOLITA BLACK take mesmerizing black metal guitars and a relentless pace and treat it with a pummeling low end and haunting female vocals, that are closer to rock'n'roll swagger than the dark metal punk that this record really belongs with. For San Francisco denizens (and elderly ones at that), I am unable to shake LOST GOAT comparisons and some of the more anthemic moments are even worthy of a comparison to early HAMMERS OF MISFORTUNE, but this is more akin to straight ahead balls out power rock delivered with maximum purpose. There is brilliance in repetition, something LOLITA BLACK is clearly well aware of—this one is a monster. (WN)
(Fireheart)

LA LUZ – "Call Me in the Day/Easy Baby"

Cinematic pop surf from an all girl group outta Seattle; reminds me of the late '80s NY girl group the PUSSY-WILLOWS. It's a perfect simulation of a retro early '60s beach party soundtrack band, but an imaginary simulation because I am quite sure that such a band never existed in the actual '60s... True clean living *Girls in the Garage* jams for those that put their false eyelashes on in





huge vanity mirrors and pine after cheesecake surfer boys. Seriously if you love the work of APRIL MARCH and miss sweet Annette Funicello this 7" was designed for your portable record player… This 45 could actually be a band on *Girls in the Garage*, rather than being one of those post-VIVIAN GIRLS-plosion groups. It's the sound of smoking a lonely cigarette out your car window as the sun rises over the ocean. I think they are doing a record with Burger records which is not surprising… (LG)
(Water Wing)

LYRES – "A Promise is a Promise" CD

A reissue of the third LYRES album from 1988. Not initially a favorite of this reviewer when I originally purchased it upon release, the album has grown on me over the years. While I can now hear the obvious catchiness of these songs as a kid I was always looking for more of the instant gratification of the traditional hit song or at least my interpretation of one. I have since expanded my horizons. This LP has some great Jeff Conolly originals such as "Knocks My Socks Off," "Feel Good" and "On Fyre" plus the usual covers of obscure garage tunes. STIV BATORS sings on the first track, a cover of "Here's A Heart". There is also a picture of Bators with Conolly and Carolyn Warren inside the booklet in case you doubted it. The booklet also contains a strange, but fascinating short interview with Conolly about his musical memories of the '60s. The CD version contains three bonus tracks including "We Sell Soul" from the 1990 tribute to ROKY ERICKSON. What else do I need to say? This is a classic. (CK)
(Munster)

MANATEEES – "Cat Food/Tree House"

Completely stupid in the best possible ways, this is brilliant. I was hooked at the first "meow" of "Cat Food". Thrashy, distorted garage punk with ridiculous lyrics. I don't need or want anything else. Abe White of OSCARS and TRUE SONS OF THUNDER jumps out from behind his drum set to lead this band and I am glad he did. (CK)
(Goner)

MASSACRE DIVINE – "Beijando A Morte" EP

MASSACRE DIVINE is good. That said, I judged the project with skepticism before I listened to it. But, this EP made it through my contempt prior to investigation. I am not a fan of MySpace crust or blatant DISCHARGE aesthetic rips. For the record, this EP is neither one of those horrific plagues of modern day punk. The sleeve has a rather nice, simplistic punk layout. Knowing what I knew of the concept of the band, I expected this to be the epitome of everything wrong with modern DISCHARGE clone punk and the painful "I heart D-Beat" movement. But, this release was done with such an obsessive OCD compulsion on both musicians' ends that it goes and reaches beyond my initial reversion to earn a fucking nod of respect. MASSACRE DIVINE is Fofão of BESTHÖVEN from Brazil and Jo of GERM ATTACK from Ottawa. This is an impressive bi-continental two member project. The drums are recorded mono and imitate the structure, playing, style, beats, tempo, mistakes and everything else down to the last detail of the first DISCHARGE 7". You will find none of the rubbish currently called D-beat here with down-tuned guitars, screamy and growly vocals, with garage epic death metal riffs. This is for the purist in your studded little "I truly heart D-Beat" heart. (AE)
(Blindead Productions / Nuclear Fear)

METH SORES – "Destroy Life/Clever"

Two shits on one side of a square of plexiglass. "Destroy Life" starts out with instrumental noise that builds up to a deliciously blown-out dirge with an overdriven drum sound, before hitting a D-beat gallop as the mangled, buried, barely-audible vocals kick in. This alternates with an ace breakdown, before fading out. "Clever" is a fraction of the length, and is more of a 1-2-1-2 rhythm. Before you know it, it's all over…and you want more. (DG)
(Life Sucker)

MIL MASCARAS – "Fuzz" EP

A little blast from the recent past! From Paris, MIL MASCARAS were a group on the fringe of what you may remember as "Glue Wave": internet-inspired and Casio-drenched lo-fi that was coming out of France in the early 2000s, most of which was a bunch of atrocious art school dude stereo jizz. This being an unjust world, these three unreleased tracks from 2006 almost slipped into obscurity while the aforementioned became regretfully well-documented, but it's seven years later and HoZac saves the decade! Cool and bratty with repetitive, hypnotic stripped-down bass-lines, these ladies sound like equal parts STEREO TOTAL, the FRUMPIES, and STEF PETTICOAT. In other words, totally fucking cool and worth your five bucks. More of this and less of the rest until the end of time, please. (FF)
(HoZac)

MINDLESS ATTACK – "Kill Count" EP

From their pogo punk sound all the way down to including two stickers and a mini-foldout poster with this record, if with I didn't know any better, I'd guess this was some "street punk" (hate the term) band from the nineties who toured with BRISTLE or something, rather than a couple of people in noise bands who teamed up with a "punk lifer." The songs aren't terrible and are at least rough around the edges, but they're neither raging nor imaginative, and except for the final song, the same 1-2-1-2 drum beat goes on for damn near the entire length of this record. The "political is personal" lyrics take on various political and social ills with a broad brush and at times are a little too Dr. Seuss, but are at least unpretentious, and there are no songs about "the punx." I do hope the song "Love" is tongue-in-cheek, though. (DG)
(CTR / Mindless)

MINDSET – "Now More Than Ever" CD

This is a CD discography of one of the best current hardcore bands right now. Baltimore's MINDSET have been around for several years now, and seem to have perfected the youth crew style, picking up where bands like the FIRST STEP left off, but whereas the FIRST STEP had a UNIFORM CHOICE vibe, MINDSET have more of a CHAIN OF STRENGTH and *We're Not in This Alone*-era YOUTH OF TODAY style, and they've got it down to a science. Their *Leave No Doubt* LP is a modern straightedge masterpiece and one of the best hardcore LPs I've heard in a long time. This CD collects their LP, plus the two EPs that came before it. Many, many sick tracks that deserve repeated listening. Check it out. (TM)
(Refuse)

MIND SPIDERS – "Entity Me" EP

Razorcake brings us some bland ass poppy new wave. Horrible cover of some poorly-drawn robot with new wave sunglasses on. There's lots of annoying synthesizer sound effects over forgettable power pop with white bread vocals. Avoid. (RO)
(Razorcake)

MINKIONS – "Distorted Pictures from Distorted Reality" CD

This gang of Italians is doing a more-interesting-than-average take on party thrash. The riffs generally follow the fast and metal-influenced formula but just when you think this band is all bandanas and key bumps in the pit, they surprise you with a quiet and slow part with post-punk guitar work, or the singer breaks into a garage-ish wail that sounds related to actual singing. Kind of weird for people who swear by DRI's *Crossover* but that shit is pretty tired at this point so I'm stoked to see these dudes doing it a little different. (BL)
(F.O.A.D.)

TONY MOLINA – "Dissed and Dismissed" 12"

Aye man aye, why does the dude from THIS IS MY FIST and SHARP KNIFE have a solo record? Is he trying to be like TY SEGALL and get on *Conan* or some shit? If so, he's gonna have to write some songs that are longer than a minute. For those who don't know, TONY

MOLINA is one of the minds behind the aforementioned bands, as well as the fabulous OVENS and the new hipster grindcore band CAGED ANIMAL. However, his musical passion, as evidenced by this LP, is straight up pop-influenced rock'n'roll. Most of the reviews I've read of this album immediately mention WEEZER, but for me this sounds like TEENAGE FANCLUB meets the FASTBACKS, with a chunky yet warm guitar tone similar to that of MILK MUSIC. Dude can definitely riff, Scott Gorham-style, and he knows it, which is probably why one of the songs is called "Sick Ass Riff." Pretty much every track on this succinct LP, save for the acoustic GUIDED BY VOICES cover, starts off with a stout verse riff underneath simple but touching lyrics about heartbreak, aimlessness and misanthropy. Afterwards he'll transition into a blistering solo, like the layered one at the end of "Don't Come Back" (one of the definite standout tracks), before ending the song in a seemingly abrupt manner. On first listen you might think some repetition would benefit the songs, giving them less of an "unfinished" feel. After a couple spins however, you'll realize that this isn't an album, or a songwriter, whose intent is to create traditional pop songs. These are fantastically brief musical expressions of feelings, past and present, meant to give the listener an insight into Tony's world. Luckily for us, his world is filled with tight ass riffs that are both melodic and scorching, as well as memorable passages that will make you reminisce about your own failed romances. Track this record down at any cost, cause it's a great one, and this dude needs money for fast food. Shouts out to BREAKDOWN, Kurt Bloch, and Lord Ezec, and remember kids, it's important to always stay based. (KM)
(Melters)

MONGREL – "Reclamation" CD

Very metallic female fronted rock. The singer's voice is super strong and from the lyrics, she's very pissed at someone. Really. There're several songs that seem aimed at one person that seems female. The song "C and ½" is the prime example. I can never understand why people just can't say *cunt*! I mean. Come on. Anyway this is slick slightly punkish metal that should be reviewed in one of those slick free industry metal mags that you throw away shortly after leaving the record store. (RO)
(THC Company)

MÖRKHIMMEL – "Zloskrivec" LP

This crust band from Prague has a lot of things going for it, a heavy sound that is groovy without excessive guitar wankery, trading off driving faster and mid-tempo parts with sludgy parts that are sticky like the bottom of a weed grinder. The rhythm section pounds, it's not super tricky but a lot of it, especially the slower parts, have the massive presence that I prefer over any technical noodling example you'd care to show me. The only aspect of this band I don't like is the old-school black metal riffing that comes up occasionally. I'm just going to say that a lot of DARKTHRONE and company's riffs are just generic rock blasted out all shitty and rehashing that is not nearly as exciting as people seem to think. The more dynamic songs are actually the crustier tracks. Solid record altogether, I'll listen to it again. (BL)
(Insane Society)

MOUSE – "1/2 Wig" CD

At first this came off almost like SCREAMERS but quickly proved to be quirky in a more nerdy way I guess? Hard to explain. Kinda like best buddies goofin' in the basement and making up silly rhymes to blurt along to simple bass lines and drum parts. Or like maybe the SHAGGS influenced by X. It definitely has its place in the world. (MM)
(self-released)

NADE IZ INKUBATORA – "Skalpel" EP

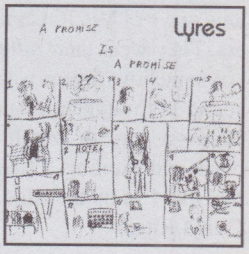
Well this is gem, courtesy of the exciting label NE! records. NADE IZ INKUBATORA is a punk band from northern Vojvodina in Serbia. They were part of that remarkable Yugoslavian wave of '80s punk bands, and while they had contributed to various compilations and recorded a demo, apparently they never officially released anything. This EP collects three of their tracks, remastered and presented with rather unfortunate artwork (a slashed pillow with blood-red feathers wafting out). The music within however is attention grabbing. The first track "Skalpe," is a mid-tempo rawk'n'roll track about a blood sucking lady vampire, but on the flipside the post-punk melodies of "48" and "Hymn" weave in I start to think of KUD IDIJIOTI from Croatia. If I'm not mistaken, NE! also released an LP for NADE IZ INKUBATORA last year with a selection of older, previously unreleased songs—I will check it out! An interesting discovery I'd say, and timely reminder that this unique Balkan region continues to impress with the amount of new and old music still left to discover. (LA)
(NE!)

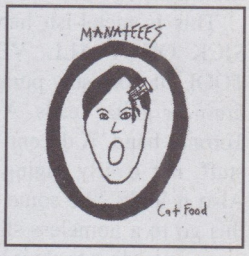
NECROVECK – "Depths of Skell" CD

The energy is super TURBONEGRO here. They are self-professed to be from the "Loin" of San Francisco, which does not give an air of street cred. The sound is really jumbled from NWOBHM to hardcore to a ripped GISM riff that was probably ripped from a riff of a riff. Whatever—not into it. Inauthentic brocore, ew. Gag me. (AE)
(self-released)

NEO CONS – "Idiot Circus" EP

While I feel that recordings will never fully convey the insanely manic and self-destructive nature of this band's live show, this second EP is a marked improvement over their first in almost every way. It doesn't sound nearly as flat or muddy, and the songs still rip. These guys and gal offer a delicious mixture of Midwest rock'n'roll and snotty '82 style hardcore, the perfect music to start your day with. Speedy riffs that never stray too far from the sound that excited all of us in our formative years are paired with tongue-in-cheek lyrics that will make you both think and chuckle. Highlights include "No allegiances," wherein trend hopping is gleefully and thoughtfully bashed, and "Neo Krunch," an odd rager That lampoons the marketing behind unhealthy food targeted to impressionable youngsters. Definitely pick this record up and go see this band live if you get the chance, 'cause they'll be breaking up soon. (KM)
(Deranged)





NEON PISS – "Close The Door/Burn"

Sometimes you love to see a band experiment and try new things with each new release. And sometimes you like a band so much you hope they never change. For me NEON PISS is absolutely the latter. Their full length of last year ranked (for me) among the best LPs of 2012. And this two song 7" (both total barnburners) is undoubtedly cut from the same cloth. It's a sound that borrows significantly from your favorite K-Town band and from the new wave of VICIOUS inspired Swedish rockers. They wear their influences on their sleeve; yet somehow find a way to make their songs sound both authentic and regional to the Bay Area—a way in which they can sound both bleak and exciting. Listening to this makes me feel like I'm on the edge of a knife. (FS)
(Vinyl Rites)

THE NEW ENEMY – "Darkness, She Was the Universe" CD

This is metal-ish hardcore with a mix of SICK OF IT ALL, VERBAL ABUSE and TOOL. It does stay punk without double kick drum or guitar leads. A full-length from this Toronto band. A decent listen for this type of stuff, not overly raging but not slick either. Also it looks like some of the proceeds from this go to a homeless shelter for youth in Toronto according to their bandcamp page. (RL)
(self-released)

NO – "Can You Dig It?" LP

This is funky, fast, up-tempo thrashy punk, with a definite hard rock feel to it. The track progressions and ideas have an old school Cali punk sensation at times, but the guitars override and cloak the songs in heavy rock guitar noodling, plucking, solo-ing and thrashing—it can get a bit excessive, despite the catchiness. The bass is funkier; as are the vocals at times (imagine, if you will, MR. BUNGLE meets PENNYWISE or the DEAD KENNEDYS) and the drums do a good job of keeping up with it all. I appreciate the fearlessness to get experimental and crossover styles, however this is rather too clean sounding for my taste and this style of vocals are low on my want-list. That does not mean however, that this record can't or won't be appreciated by punks, metalheads, funkier go-betweens, guitar virtuosos and rock'n'rollers alike. A feather in NO's cap I'd say. Can you dig it? (LA)
(Electric Indian, no info)

NO MISTAKE – "Connect the Dots…Complete the Puzzle" EP

Heavily drawing from the Connecticut Transplant side of late '80s NYHC, but falling a bit outside of the spectrum, mostly because of the drumming, lack of adherence to formula (despite many signifiers) and because a record that could be described as "posi" would have a much cleaner recording, but the sentiment is there. Lyrics range from silly ("Crossed Words" is about crossword puzzles) to more serious (the colonization of Hawaii) to, of course, friendships celebrated and abandoned, and the shouted vocals that do the out-of-breath-but-still-talking thing from time to time firmly place this record in the Revelation-influenced camp. I've seen this band's name on a bunch of flyers around the area, but have yet to check them out, guess I'll have to fix that. (DG)
(Fundacion / Guerilla / Refuse / Suburban White Trash)

NO QUALMS – "Hyenas" EP

This is beefy powerviolence, hardcore with stop-start choppy chords into some progg-y sounding guitar shit. Add pummeling drums with equally menacing bass lines to back it up. This band definitely listens to INFEST, but there is some really crazy awesome guitar work in here that sounds as if they push the composition of these tracks. This sounds complicated, but it's not…guitars that demand attention without the fucking metalcore. The vocals are throaty, yet scratchy and pissed with some very MIKE MUIR speaking moments (get this man a Pepsi…). The lyrics aren't terrible, but not great, though I favor this style of short pieces of imagery and description rather than someone telling me what the fuck is up. But I still wonder, is the anger real? Oh wait, maybe…Florida is a shithole. Interesting songs, impeccable delivery and good artwork worth a listen and because you will either want to spin it again or be pissed 'cause you don't get it. (MB)
(Give Praise / STIN)

NUDES – "Skin" EP

Trebly, dissonant hardcore that's kind of all over the place, in a good way. Imagine if SLICES weren't so heavy or if FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES wrote longer, weirder songs. NUDES approach to songwriting is anarchic, but somehow it works for them. They'll go from a straight up fast hardcore riff, throw in a few drum rolls then effortlessly slide into a JESUS LIZARD-style interlude. That's not to say that they're as good as any of the bands I've mentioned, not yet anyway, but there are a shitload of intriguing ideas coalescing pretty well on this EP. This is definitely not an instant gratification type record, there's just too much going on, and when you think you've grabbed onto a riff, or one of the many snotty vocal repetitions, they immediately switch it up. This is heady music for those unsatisfied with the gamut of "meat and potatoes" style hardcore at our disposal these days. I'm way into this record, but I'm even more curious to see where they go from here. (KM)
(Bedside)

ORIGIN OF (M) – "Struggle" 12"

This album was released on CD quite a while ago on Straight Up records, but this monster slab of Japanese hardcore has reemerged thanks to Insane Society and the world is richer for it. Driven by the unhinged (even for the style) vocals of Guy and the dynamic guitar attack of O, this is mostly an exemplary example of the ultra-tough Burning Spirits style, with some odd forays into SUICIDAL-ish funk-metal that would be almost laughable if they weren't both sincere and oddly kind of pretty good. If the CD passed you by, and you're into hardcore with dynamic vocals and rocking leads ala TETSU-AREI and the like, made by dudes who aren't afraid to step out of the box and experiment a little bit, here's your chance. Fucking hell, this is worth it for "Origin of Madness" alone, a tasty bit of ripped DISCHARGE riff filtered through DEATH SIDE with a side order of rock'n'roll. (AU)
(Insane Society)

PAA KII – CD

This is a newer Finnish band featuring at least one gent from the severely underrated KAKKA HATA 77. Musically, these guys pick up where that band left off, playing pop-tinged KBD punk that's akin to RATSIA, with some of the bright playfulness of BOOM BOOM KID. This album is highly enjoyable, that's the best way I can put it. All of the songs are solid, and there's four or five that are fucking *great*, like Tony the Tiger *grrreeeaaattt*! PAA KII isn't the most imaginative songwriters, but the vocal melodies soar throughout and they add enough new touches to proven chord progressions to keep their tracks sounding fresh. Internet research tells me that these guys are *huge* in Finland: they get play on mainstream radio and a couple of the members have appeared on National TV talk shows to give a subversive standpoint on political issues. Good for them, because their band rules and it would be awesome to hear punk songs this good on some bullshit Clear Channel station in San Francisco. (KM)
(Stupido)

PANG – "Attention Deficit/My Brand of Cigarette"

This is a quick two song single from this Oakland band. The A-side is an organ / guitar driven post-punk rocker with pop sensibilities. The thing that makes songs like this great is tension or a great hook, but this song has none of that. It's good, but nothing to get too excited over. The B-side sounds influenced by '60s garage girl groups complete with multi-layered three part harmonies. I like this side a lot better. It's well thought out and a good listen. It makes me wonder which direction the band usually heads for with their other songs. (GH)
(Play Pinball)

PARASOL – "Scoot Over" EP

So many crap records this month...luckily, this isn't one of them. PARASOL plays punchy indie-punk in the vein of a less jittery AYE NAKO or a more punk CUB. They employ a wall-of-reverb-sound guitar approach that gives them a dreamy, mid-'90s feel that works for them. At times, it seems like the vocals are just missing the mark of what the band is striving for, but that is also part of their charm. This band seems like they can only get better from here, so I will keep paying attention. (GH)
(Nervous Nelly)

PLEASURE LEFTISTS – "Elephant Men/Not Over"

This month I've truly been blessed by the "*MRR* gods of assigning" with a crop of diamonds in the rough—each release a really fresh take on a specific style. This is outstanding dark punk with incredibly moving female vocals (another common thread of my review material this month that I'm grateful for!). The A-side is a quick-paced but moody track, perfect for dancing in the dark. Side B scales back a bit on tempo, but retains the rich, dark and passionate approach. The crooning vocal melodies are unconventional and distinct, and are already stuck in my head for life. The instruments are decorated much in the way of old, darker new wave bands, like the CURE, ASYLUM PARTY, UNDER TWO FLAGS, etc. It's interesting to me that this style has become very much celebrated by "the punks" these days, for much of the older stuff, like punk, seemingly existed in the margins of popular music, but actually never found its way to the *MRR* collection (or maybe it did, and got purged or rejected as "not punk"). I for one am glad for it now, and this PLEASURE LEFTISTS single transcends the trends, and is beautiful. (MA)
(Katorga Works)

PRAY FOR DEATH – "Pohbřbívám Svět" EP

So when a band chooses a name that is a reference to my favorite Sho Kosugi movie they had better bring it, and I wasn't disappointed by this outfit out of the Czech Republic. They are playing metallic crust that is leaning more toward doomy mellowness than chugged-out mosh jams. The guitar work is solid, dude is leading this band all over the kingdoms of death metal, sludge, and bit of mötörpunk without losing the sound of the band. I have no idea what language the vocalist is screaming in let alone what the lyrics are about but he sounds legit and changes his style up a bit to keep from being one-dimensional. It's a fun three songs. (BL)
(Phobia / Pope's Ass)

PEOPLES TEMPLE – "More for the Masses" LP

MRR headquarters are located close to the San Francisco site of the Peoples Temple. Even though it no longer exists, the thought of it conjures up San Francisco in the '70s. So appropriately the band that uses that moniker reminds me of '70s San Francisco rock. Yup. It reminds me of the GRATEFUL DEAD. These are groovy rhythms with a country-ish feel and noddle-y guitar solos. The vocals may be a little harsher than the Dead's (they did have vocals, right?), but there is still laid back feel to them. Imagine twirling to this record in Golden Gate Park. (CK)
(Hozac)

PROJEKT EKAN – LP

Modern sounding slick as fuck boring Swedish punk. Very mainstream. They'll probably be on the next Swedish Warped Tour. Sounds like they spent a lot of money recording this crap for some reason. I don't know much about Sweden but if there're suburbs there, I'm sure kids are listening to this outside the local 7-11. They do a ska punk cover of "I Shot the Sheriff" that is one of the worst things I ever heard. (RO)
(Switchlight)

PROOF 151 – "Red Room Heros" CD

A rather tasty kind of prog/mathrock/metallic band, who seem very proud to reside in Portland. I instantly warmed to 'em, with their tasty cover of the BOSTON classic "More Than a Feeling," which they didn't mangle in the slightest. Not as chugga chugga as AVENGED SEVEN FOLD, more bollocks than FUGAZI, and slightly less metal than METALLICA. No way I'd call this punk, but rather fine just the same. They encourage you to copy the disc at will. I might even try that, if I wasn't technologically challenged. (RK)
(self-released)

PROPAGANDA – "Žízeň Po Životě" EP

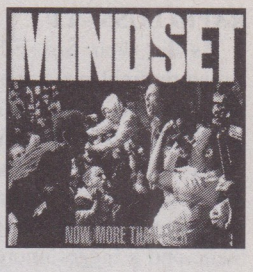
The Czech hardcore scene has been on fire and Phobia records is a steady source for crust and hardcore punk from Central Europe (remember that *Brno Stale V Plamenech* comp a couple months ago?). PROPAGANDA plays fast and blackened hardcore crust, with political lyrics sung in Czech, with fierce ripped vocals (my favourite style, think FROM ASHES RISE or VICTIMS) that may even have a slight Japanese hardcore twang. The bass is fluid and throbbing and there's enough metal in the riffs and thrash in the drums to keep this sharp but still punk to the core. The singer is also the man behind Gas Mask records, and together with Phobia, they seem to have their thumbs on the pulse of their regional scene. For fans of all things crust! (LA)
(Phobia)

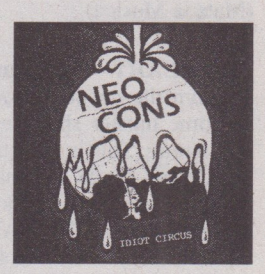
RAD – "Loud & Fast" LP

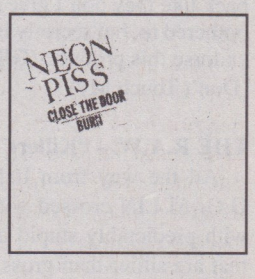
If you like fast hardcore then *Loud & Fast* is the best record in this magazine. Period. Many tracks from their two (excellent) demos and a slew of new ones, but Sacramento's RAD spent some time in a studio this time around and their assault is more. More fast, more power, more awesome....more RAD. Snotty, smart, irreverent and spot the fukk on, this record is as near perfect as anything I've heard since *Group Sex*, and that is high fukking praise in my book. RAD is punker than you, RAD is faster than you, and I dare say that RAD is better than you. If DRI were born today then they would make this record... but it wouldn't be half this good. Essential. (WN)
(Phono Select / Sacramento)

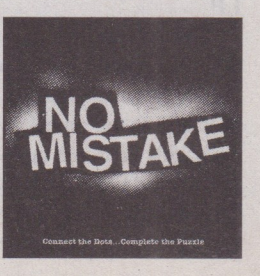
RADIANT MARKS – "Ominous Feeling" EP

Three songs of dreamy garage pop from Michigan. RADIANT MARKS displays the perfect balance of a soft but energetic beat and reverbed melancholy. They nail the hooks in each song ("New Worries" being the winner for me) and I'm happy to have scored a winner from a style that I never would typically seek out. Recommended! (MA)
(Party Nogg!)









RAPID LOSS – LP

As did their first EP, this record bears a strong resemblance to angsty early oughts fast hardcore such as CUT THE SHIT, DOWN IN FLAMES and even TEAR IT UP's less-than-top-speed moments. But unlike the last record's squeaky-clean production, the band got a much more blown-out recording that adds a cool aesthetic and a bigger, more piercing sound that, unfortunately, fails to live up to its potential, given that the songs here lack the hooks and impact of the first 7". They're not bad by any means, but the rage isn't as focused and the riffs fall a bit flat of what I was expecting. The sole B-side song is the real treat though: it's fourteen minutes and rides on a single riff, with sparse vocals, dissonant soloing that listens like a very extended intro that's sludgy, moshy and otherworldly all at once, but stays fresh throughout its duration. Start with the first EP and if you like it, maybe pick this up. (DG)
(Mata la Musica)

RAT HEART – "Creature" EP

From the cover, I thought this was gonna be some hipster shitgaze art core shit. But I was wrong. This is like straight up rock'n'roll, punk'n'roll kinda shit that is rad. The weirdest thing ever, is somehow the vocals sound *exactly* like ANGRY SAMOANS on "Lights Out" which is an elusive sound to say the least. The band sounds like kinda AC/DC kinda punky rock'n'roll guitar hero shit. Pretty laid back like they don't give a fuck, can't really be bothered to, but secretly in your face. I strongly endorse this product. (GB)
(Don't Touch My)

THE R.A.W. – "Killers" CD

All the way from Italy, a poorly executed G.G. ALLIN crossed with DWAVES worship with predictably stupid and "offensive" lyrics that are sillier than gross. The music is boring bar rock. I'd rather sit though an ANTI-SEEN show, though the guitars are the only well played instrument on here. There is a sense of telling hetero-normativity to fuck off, but this is so badly done and the sprinkling of rape and tortured women in this is not scary, just lame. Not shocked, not impressed. I guess there is blood and dildos at their shows? How edgy, welcome to my bedroom… (MB)
(Worms Inc.)

REAL ENEMY – "Life With the Enemy" LP

This is (was) a demo tape from 1983. Except now it is on an LP. I actually have the cassette. I never heard of REAL ENEMY when I bought it, it was listed on eBay with a bunch of other early '80s hardcore tapes maybe five years ago, I prolly bid like $23.33 on it and won it for $14. Then I threw it in a box with all the other tapes. I specifically remember grabbing the tape and playing it in the car one time. I was like, "Hmm, this is an above average USHC tape. Impressive. I wonder if anyone knows about these guys?" Then I put it back in the box. If I was from Pissburgh this would prolly be a really big deal to me: local legends, played with all the cult local bands, toured the East Coast, played the ANTHRAX and shit. Pre-HALF LIFE. If they were from a different city four hours away, they'd prolly have a 7" EP, maybe an LP, the EP would be $100 now. This is actually a really good hardcore band you have never heard of. Not some bullshit barrel scrapings. I suggest purchasing this record if you can still stomach listening to 1983 USHC. (GB)
(Mind Cure)

REJECTED – "South Karilia Night" CD

Beer fueled macho tattooed punk from Finland. From the thingy included, I guess they've been around for fifteen years now. Guess I'm ignorant but I've never heard of them. The vocals are pretty good and gruff but there's that annoying mainstream punk guitar tune that makes me vomit. They're really pulling the tough guy poses so I better watch my ass when I go to Finland but this is Hot Topic mall punk fare. Give it up. (RO)
(B.C.M.P)

REPLICA – "Strings" EP

Okay, this EP promotes REPLICA to legendary/monumental status. This isn't just another batch of great hardcore tunes…they've crafted a distinctly perfect hardcore EP. *Perfect*. None of these songs are new to me, 'casue I see them play all the time—but now I notice all the treats that lie within them. They play with intensity, joy and heart, and it's all captured on here. The bass/guitar riffs are classic and strong, but the creative drumming and passionate vocals just push this thing into the red. Dharma's words really sink in, as her howl is genuine and her vocal phrasing is jarring: "I feel strings! Unraveling in my mind, tugging my senses, coming from my eyes…" Fuck, I know that feeling! You may recall "You Can't Stop The Weather" from the demo, but here it is again with a new sheen and sharper attack. I dare you to listen to the first ten seconds of "Big Black Boots" without jumping up out of your seat! This has become my favorite live REPLICA song: growing from the single note palm-muted intro, to fist pumping mid tempo pit-stomping, to full on speed picking circle pit! I get these magical pangs of nostalgia of bands from eras of my life—SIGNAL LOST and BASTARD SONS OF APOCALYPSE in Texas, TUBERCULOSIS and RAYOS X in Los Angeles, the OBSERVERS and BURY THE LIVING everywhere. I'm certain that REPLICA will be that band for me from this era, and this is a fucking incredible record. (MA)
(Prank)

REVENGE – CD

Man, wow. I had no idea Swedes could make such crummy music. I mean fuck, at least ABBA wrote some catchy tunes. This comes from some godforsaken wasteland between neutered thrash à la MUNICIPAL WASTE and shitty mall-core ala every band that has record for sale at Hot Topic. Ugh, and then the melodic vocals kick in and I start reading the lyrics. This band is just the fucking worst at everything. The music sucks, the vocals suck, the lyrics suck. I'd rather listen to the fucking HIVES than this garbage again. Don't ever listen to this. (AU)
(self-released)

RHUBARBS – "If We Build It, You Will Come" EP

Rock'n'punk fom Canadia in the style of the later more poppy TURBONEGRO. Lots of wailing guitars and those flat pop vocals like a lot of Scandinavian bands have. Could be good but the songs are really forgettable. Musicianship isn't everything, as any real punk knows. (RO)
(Wasted Wax)

LAS RODILLERAS – "Tres" LP

In English LAS RODILLERAS means kneepads, which is a great name for an all girl band. That is a good thing 'cause LAS RODILLERAS are a great band. They remind me of British post-punk bands such as the SLITS, JOY DIVISION, POP GROUP and others who explored different styles and rhythms while also making really catchy music. LAS RODILLERAS create simplistic tunes sung with attitude, humor and (I am hoping) interesting lyrics (they are in Spanish and mine is not so good). The music is kind of gothy, kind of new wave, but very punk. It is also very catchy and anthemic at times. This is really cool. The LP also has a very fancy cover, a printed inner sleeve and booklet of "Letras Ilustradas" which make this a must get record. (CK)
(Discos Calamidad)

ROXOR – "Obraz Doby!" LP

Nothing here but pure power interrupted only by moments of crushing heaviness, this is complete crust destruction from Slovakia. ROXOR have been cranking our quality releases for several years, but *Obraz Doby!* is relentless and brilliant. Take your noise punk flavor of the month and give me unbridled intensity any day. I like the noise, and I enjoy that distortion is taking over the underground, but this record helps remind me where my heart really lies—and tonight it lies with a galloping horde of low end D-beat warriors cranking out an absolutely massive slab. *"face full of hatred with no sign of remorse / we build our graves on our own stupidity"* (WN)
(Insane Society)

THE RUNS – "Pretty Girls" EP

Oh, I get it. These are ugly fake drag queens masquerading as "pretty girls". Ha ha funny stuff. I guess they really went there with it, more than most straight guys can say. So, these guys have been around for seven million years, and unlike most shitty lifer punk bands, they actually paid attention to all the little nuances that made their punk heroes' songs and records sound so good. Mix it with a little originality, and all of a sudden, here's a band of 40-somethings I can listen to. (God I *hope* they are 40-somethings). I mean, I guess they sound like the RAMONES, but really, they sound like that killer first generation of '70s/'80s bands who wanted to sound like the RAMONES, but actually just sound like an original punk band. (GB)
(Reach Around)

SAUNA YOUTH – "False Jesii Pt II/Oh Joel"

SAUNA YOUTH usually play discomforting post-PISSED JEANS art punk, it's more shambolic and less muscular but they are British… A year or so ago this PISSED JEANS cover appeared online, with an added female singer, turning the song into a perfect SHOP ASSISTANTS / FLATMATES burst of punked out C66 delight/disgust. I love cover versions that totally transform the song into something you could never imagine being possible… This version is just so cool, the singer's voice is insane, perfect disinterested girl pop transcendence, seriously like Alex from the SHOP ASSISTANTS meets BUBBLEGUM SPLASH… The B-side is cool, totally sounds like that rush of C86 meets punk sound that makes all the best of that genre shine, like you wanna pogo rather than pout and look cute. I think this is the only SAUNA YOUTH record that sounds like this though? Get it! Sorry State are distributing it in the US… (LG)
(Static Shock)

SECTOR ZERO – "Guitar Attack/Hiding in My Car"

Having been lucky enough to see this lot play twice, I can safely say that "Guitar Attack" has been burned in my brain for a few years now. And why shouldn't it be? It's absolute perfection: a strong URINALS feel at its base, but the bonehead menace results in the type of tune you'll have playing in your head in moments of extreme joy *or* extreme inebriation. The repetitive easy-riffing carries over to "Hiding in My Car," an angrier tune but operating with the same stumbling greatness. Again, perfect in every conceivable way. The entire endeavor has this tossed-off feel, but to properly execute something like this takes a whole shit-ton of punk rock know-how. SECTOR ZERO knows how, folks. The finest punk rock single of 2013, without question. (MC)
(Goner)

SEE YOU IN HELL – "Jed" 12"

What the fuck, talk about pissed. SEE YOU IN HELL have been within the pages of *MRR* since the early 2000s and this new offering is nas-tay. This is straight up some pretty furiously fast HC with tinges of Sweden and Japan knocking, but pretty fucking bare bones raw—galloping riffage, melodic harmonies, a few solos, relentless and fast drumming, with the bass punching along to the drums with some stand out lines, and the vocals are fucking ugly as fuck. There are chorus vocals and back-ups, some of which provided by members of GRIDE and LAHAR, but the lead is really amazingly pissed. This band is not reinventing a sound, but what they do, they do really well. The cover is created by the Sugi-esque stylings of Wesley Samples, the insert is a fold out that includes Czech lyrics with English translations, a blown out photo, some artwork and a super long thank you list. Slap this on and break all the shit in your house or do some weighted squats or have a fuck down…whatever you wanna do to get the anger out. (MB)
(Insane Society / Voltage)

THE SHAKES – "Full House (Come Over)/No One Likes My Baby"

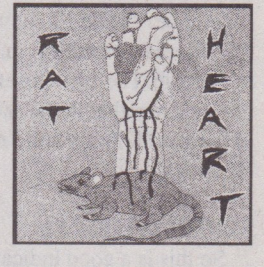
Rock'n'roll music that I wish was played much faster. If this were sped up you probably wouldn't notice the general genericness of the music. I do like that the female and male vocalists sing together. They sound really nice and the combo elevates the overall effect of the record. The music just needs to be faster. Extra points for the fuzzy ink used on the record labels. It was a weird feeling when I first pulled the record out of the sleeve. I don't recall ever coming across that before. (CK)
(Shit Hawk)

SHIRKS – 12"

An excellent new release from my hometown. When I moved away five years ago, Washington, DC, suffered from a glut of quality punk, hardcore, and other DIY music. I'm happy to say the city has proved its resilience as of late despite changing demographics and a fierce wave of gentrification and the SHIRKS are a big part of that, being one of the few bands during this period waving the flag of filthy rock'n'roll. Following a slew of EPs, they've delivered a full length packed with all the speed-freaky stompers you've come to expect plus a few slow-burners, and it strikes me as their best yet. For those outside the Beltway, the SHIRKS are in line with the classic sounds of the KIDS and the DOGS, but not without a '90s garage punk bent—no doubt the result of lead dude Al's considerable time around the block. There aren't a lot of acts these days with the bare-knuckle swagger these boys bring to the table and, with a southern/Midwest tour currently underway, I expect a few newcomers will catch the bug, too. On the ever-reliable Grave Mistake no less. (JH)
(Grave Mistake)

SLAVES – "Sugar Coated Bitter Truth" CD

English punk duo SLAVES' debut full-length is a very clean, well-produced album that manages to evade slickness because of the vocalist, who evokes the nasally inflection of so many glue-sniffing first wave English punks. The album relies a little too heavily on the same simplistic beats and song-writing conventions, as if SLAVES stretched a solid EP into a whole album and it plays as such. Overall, there are worthy moments, and SLAVES are accessible enough to appeal to listeners outside of a strictly punk audience. (SL)
(Boss Tuneage)



SOUNDS OF SWAMI – "Brass Tax" CD

A set of mixed-up, bass-heavy, post-hardcore songs here from this English band. It's true that "post-" anything sucks and the pro-style overproduction is also a bummer. They have their moments of swinging and pounding, and I'm down with the some of the dreamy, mellow parts too, but too much of this is safe alternative rock. (JM)
(TNS)

SOVIET VALVES – "Death Trumps Romance" LP

Been a long while since I've heard anything from this Australian band. Their previous single on SmartGuy impressed big time! With *Death Trumps Romance*, I'm reminded of this band's knack for creating great punk that's hard to pigeonhole into one particular genre. Describing themselves as "garage melody makers" may be workable as an introduction, but you hear something new and exciting with each listen to this LP. All are powerful and upbeat, but I'm left coming back to the very sharp WIRE moments more than anything else. I hope those specializing in getting Australian records over to the US get a heap of these over here. (MC)
(Vertex)

SPECTRES – "Nothing To Nowhere" LP

The relentless pace of this magazine makes it hard for a record to fully sink into one's brain before you have to write about it, which is unfortunate because this LP demands repeated listens. SPECTRES incorporate elements of Deathrock, Goth, punk, post-punk and gloomy northwestern vibes to make a sound that is their own. While sounding similar to their contemporaries in ARCTIC FLOWERS and the ESTRANGED, SPECTRES add an air of gloomy detachment that feels informed by WARSAW, NEW ORDER, the CURE and CHRISTIAN DEATH records. The lyrics howl of a bland desperation that mirrors our failing society. Lines like, "Tried to convince myself that this life offered something more than hell," never felt so true. The epic closer, "Return to the Sea," ties it all together in the end, bemoaning the end of the world. Pretty solid record here. (GH)
(Deranged)

SYSTEMATIK – 12"

So this is a good indication that I need to get my shit a little more together because I saw this band last year and due to my advancing years and dislike of sobriety I got stoked and then immediately forgot how rad they were. I should have been recommending them to people who like good music this whole time. SYSTEMATIK bridges the murky gulch between hardcore and crust scenes but I'm going to say that I think they are an angry hardcore band that incorporates a lot of the best parts of the heavy and fast crust genre. The music is aggressive and straightforward enough to flow well between riffs but nuanced enough to sound fresh. It's not hard to sound generic playing these kinds of songs but the riffs managed to captivate my interest for the entire record. Not a huge surprise considering that the dude from UNLEARN is the dude shredding on guitar in this band as well. This is some recommended shit. (BL)
(Deranged)

TAPESTRY – CD

Take a second and think about what comes to mind when you hear the phrase "mid-'90s emo." This five song CD is exactly what you are thinking about. Even down to the last detail. You literally can't get more dead-on '90s emo revival than this. These kids are from Singapore and I don't know enough about the Southeast Asian emo scene to deduce their role in. Could they be the trailblazers of a new scene out there? Or is emo huge in Singapore? I don't know. But no matter what, there are definitely some lonely teenagers crying to this album in Singapore City right now. (FS)
(self-released)

TELEPHONE GIRL SISTERS – "Girl on the Phone e.p." CD

An all-male pop punk band from Japan. Over the top catchiness and pop-pop-poppiness. If this where the '90s this band would be on Lookout. Too cutesy for me. (CK)
(Popwork)

TRUE SONS OF THUNDER – "Black Astrologists/I Can See but you Don't Know"

An original on the A-side with an EQUALS cover on the flip. The A-side "Black Astrologers" is noisy, fuzzy and blown out with some spoken word style vocals over a good portion of the song. Nothing about it completely grabs me, but both sides are charming enough in their lack of pretension that nothing about it is off putting either. Fun fuzzed out garage jams featuring Eric Oblivian on guitar. (P$)
(Goner)

TYRED EYES – "Ghost" EP

I'm not sure how punk this is, but I like it a whole lot. Sure, it's got drums and guitar and bass and all, but it's very poppy, soft and pretty. Don't get me wrong, this has got some edge to it and the tempo is definitely there, but it's still pretty more than it is tough. Top ten, for sure. I have got to get my hands on this. (KK)
(Alien Snatch / Gaphals)

VÄÄRINKÄSITYS – "Päivän Tunnit" EP

This might blow your mind, but you don't have to chug to be hardcore. Craaazy, rite? Take, for example, these eight tracks of taught, no-bullshit rage from Finnish veterans VÄÄRINKÄSITYS. These guys have a HC/crust sound that's more or less timeless, and their almost complete lack of metallic influences is downright refreshing in an era where ENTOMBED tone has become *de rigueur*. Some of the leads briefly hint at more epic terrain, but the songs constantly move forward rather than letting any one thread take over, and thankfully there's a heaping of sikk riffs all over this EP. The vocals are somewhat restrained for the style, but effective, and the requisite looming, Kafka-esque death factory on the cover only seals the deal. Simply put, this is punk done right. (WB)
(self-released)

VAMPIRE JUNKIES FEATURING TEXAS TERRI – CD

Texas Terri is back and it looks like she got those ginormous boob implants taken out and she looks great. Definitely one of the better live front people you'll ever see. Like a Wendy O/Stiv combo. Looks like she hooked up with some Euro folk for this EP. Their name is embarrassingly generic junkie punker. Songs about shooting up are pretty tired in this day and age and not very shocking anymore. Yeah. We've all done it but Johnny Thunders is long dead (RIP). The music's pretty tired and generic but Terri will always have some good catchy sing-a-long moments. This stuff will come of better live as all her stuff does, but I really can't see me listening to this again. (RO)
(Angels in Exile)

VIOLENT REACTION – "Forced Out" EP

Holy shit, this record rules. VIOLENT REACTION from England play raging straight edge hardcore with a very present Oi! influence. They somehow are able to pull off a POISON IDEA meets 4 SKINS vibe with mosh breaks straight off of the CONFRONT EP. Probably the sickest edge record I've heard since the last NO TOLERANCE EP, and fans of that band should be way into this. This band, as well as peers the FLEX, make me think hardcore in England is awesome right now. It's also worth noting that the record cover folds out into a giant X. Cop this record and also cop their upcoming LP on Painkiller! (TM)
(Quality Control HQ / Static Shock)

WARHEAD – "Never Give Up" LP

Prepare for punishment! Japan's WARHEAD are one of the pre-eminent names in the traditional Burning Spirits camp and this collection is a timely reminder why. Until now, their relatively modest discography (all 7"s, comp appearances and one CD) has been hard to come by in the west, save for a 2004 release from Canada's Ugly Pop containing the *What to Do With This Yearning...* CD and their second EP, *The Lost Self and Beating Heart*. This

release on Czech label Insane Society collects all of their EPs and comp appearances (though not the CD) forming a single document of their brutish power. Vocalist Jun possesses some of the fiercest vocals in the game, and each song on here is a tormented exercise in cut-throat brutality and escalating viciousness. Of particular interest to me is the band history detailing countless tours, stints in jail, and lineup changes (did you know Jacky of FRAMTID played guitar from 2010-11, or that renowned Japanese hardcore artist Sugi played bass throughout the late '90s?). They sure don't make 'em like this anymore, so best to grab this rare document while it's still around. (JH)
(Insane Society)

WAX IDOLS – "Discipline and Desire" CD

My favorite local band these days, this is the second full length from these gals and guy drummer. This band now has full-time members versus the first album era, which was pretty much a solo recording type project. This release is a great mix of post punk and goth new wave with its jagged noisy guitars and primal rhythm play. The early CURE and SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES influence is pretty apparent as the leader of the CHAMELEONS had his hand in this recording. Live this band packs a wall of sound wallop and have since become an all-female band. Great band, great album! (RL)
(Slumberland)

THE WEIGHT WE CARRY – "Downcast" EP

Wow, this is some heavy mosh from Rochester. Think TERROR with more of a metallic riffing style and you get the idea. The riffs on this thing are huge and the breakdowns are ignorant as fuck! The songs are perfectly structured and the vocals will make anyone want to mosh very hard. I really want to be in a band like this. Anyway, if you're down with music meant for heavy pitting you will not be mad at this EP. Fucking solid. (TM)
(Full Circle Attack)

WET LUNGS – "Scud" EP

Sorry folks, but I'm yawning on this one. It's not that WET LUNGS are a clone band—the southern-tinged sludge-meets-hardcore sound *has* been done to death, but they at least have an idiosyncratic take on it—really, the problem is that the songs here just aren't especially memorable. Sonically, the band is caught between a rock and a hard place: about half of the riffs are generic metal/punk crossover, but when they get more ambitious with the songwriting it goes in a more rock-oriented direction that mostly feels flat. It's not all that bad—"Resist or Serve" is a nice slice of blasty metallic HC (a direction I hope they will expand on in the future), and I can't object to the unapologetic goofiness of a song named "Bad Lands = Good Times". This is the kind of release that doesn't include lyrics but *does* include a promo photo of the band. I'm guessing this might appeal to the sector of MELVINS fans I don't identify with, maybe. (WB)
(Twistworthy)

WILD CHILD – "Viral Load" EP

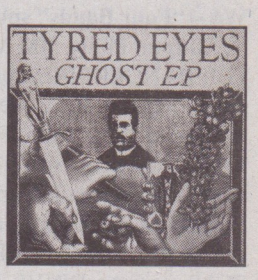
WILD CHILD draws power from its understated production while most hardcore bands create the artifice of power through harsh density. WILD CHILD's clout rests in physical performance. The production of WILD CHILD's debut accentuates the ferocity of each performer. The guitar tone and general thinness of this recording is ideal. The guitar is practically clean, with minimal discernable overdubs, which illuminates the strumming patterns' frantic nature during verses and contrasts it to the straight-ahead breakdown riffing. Meanwhile, each individual drum is discernable in the mix. The cymbals hardly sustain, imparting each strike of the crash with authority—an effect typically acquired through beefy tones and saturation. The toy guitar tone and percussive clarity also present highlight the vocals—a trebly rasp baring an uncanny resemblance to the guitar tone that's equally effective, panting, raving or muttering "so fucking real" as the track ends. Of particular note, the vocals are double-tracked for individual lines, but so tastefully as to not detract from the otherwise minimal production. Everyone else will compare this to CRAZY SPIRIT, which does WILD CHILD a lazy disservice. (SL)
(Deranged)

THE WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY – "The Faster You Go The Better You Think" EP

The nearest point of reference I can draw to help describe the WORLD /INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY is that they are sort of a cabaret version of POLKACIDE. It's not so much cabaret-tinged-punk as it is cabaret with electric guitar and more driving beats. Alternatively, one could say that W/IFS sounds like a more distorted NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL. Unfortunately, nothing in either of these two songs was particularly catchy, or really stuck out to me in any really memorable way. There's a pretty cheesy crust-with-violin moment on the A-side, but I didn't even giggle, to be honest. The record comes with a comic book *Turnstile Comix #2* that has Mitch Clem drawing out two of W/IFS tour stories deemed "most craziest" by a panel of experts; you can read the review for that in the Zine Reviews secton. So if you are a fan of this band already then perhaps I should just say "collect it nerds" and wash my hands of the whole affair. (LP)
(Silver Sprocket)

WYMYNS PRYSYN – "Time" EP

This record arrives at the perfect time, as I've just returned from an East Coast tour visiting the hometown of this excellent band and the capitol of the American south, Atlanta, Georgia. To say I was impressed with the quality of the bands and the scene that evening would be a drastic understatement. While WYMYNS PRYSYN sadly did not play (they were supposed to), I left convinced that Atlanta is one of the most exciting and under-the-radar places in America at the moment. Have a gander at the recent *Land of Nod* comp LP for further proof of these fertile pastures. So onto this record... goddamn! Of the many fine, off-kilter bands I've reviewed in these pages the last few years, this is one of the surefire standouts. It's not the song structures that set this apart; they're exciting, driving, a bit angular, but not particularly unique. And it's not the drumming or bass lines, as strong as they are. What really takes this to another plane is the guitar passages and bridges, which are fuckin' stacked with these surreal, psychedelic leads and hooks. Is it hardcore? Is



it twisted pop? Some post-post-post take on whatever forgotten genre the kids are mining these days? Doesn't matter. All you need to know is this smokes and if you're not into it, yer missing out. Keep an eye on these guys and the rest of the ATL in 2013. (JH)
(No Breaks)

V/A – "Dummy Up" EP

This pop punk comp/four-way-split 7" comes with a serious dearth of information about the bands or the label. Seriously, it doesn't even say what speed to play the record at. And it's not like they sacrificed so that some kind of artistry would be preserved. All in all, a bummer. The NORTH TROLLS start off side A with a song that sounds like they've been listening to a lot of SAM COOKE recently. Their track is definitely the high point of the record. POSEY AND THE PARTY PIRATES brings some LEATHERFACE worship in following that. CAMPAIGN continues on that train, but adds a little JAWBREAKER "Kiss the Bottle" to the equation. My advice is to ditch the woah-ohs and this could be pretty good and not too cheesy. BAD MAMMALS closes things out with some rockin' guitar licks and pretty decent guitar leads that are just short of catchy. I wish I knew if this was supposed to be a regional comp or something. (LP)
(No Breaks)

V/A – "Four Bands" split CD

All from Philly. JIM MCMONAGLE AND THE DANGERBIRDS play some kick ass old school punk, as befits the frontman (the aforementioned Jim) from FLAG OF DEMOCRACY. And their "secret" WIRE cover if anything improves on the original. THEE NOSEBLEEDS I don't get at all. Bad rock. Not as bad as the "noise" of ERODE AND DISAPPEAR, nor the DRIVE LIKE JEHU stylings of CIRCLE THE CITY. Worth it for the WIRE cover, though, for sure. (RK)
(SRA)

V/A – "Mustache Mincers" 10"

This is a lot of grind and powerviolence in one place. You wanna hurt your fucking neck with some mincing? Look no further. Featuring bands PAUCITIES, MISANTHROPIC NOISE, ARCHAGATHUS, COGS AND SPROCKETS, THC, USTAT, SMG, PIZZAHIFIVE, FACTION DISASTER, MAXIMUM THRASH, POWERCUP and LT. DAN. I am sure if you are a lover of these genres, you will recognize a good chunk of bands on here, US and world. All the bands on here are good at what they do and I am really feeling the track order on this thing. While a whole 10" (my most hated format on this planet) may be much for someone, it's actually pretty cool for this style. Recording quality varies, but not to the point of turning this off. Highlights: PIZZAHIFIVE, FACTION DISASTER, PAUCITIES, riffage of MISANTHROPIC NOISE and ARCHAGATHUS, and "Pantheon of Fuck" by COGS AND SPROCKETS. This has a fold-over half back cover with an awesomely lame cover that will give some laughs, but indicates the brutality and good nature of this comp. Unfold to find lyrics, info on bands and some hilarious layout with some rather unflattering, yet not surprising, photos of the people bringing you these tracks. Also, this comes with a rad patch made by a woman named Lauren whose boyfriend helped to put this record out: "Shave your Neck Beard, Geek." If this shit is your jam, don't sleep on it. (MB)
(Third Eye Grind / Pan Del Muerte)

V/A – "PDX Vol. 3" EP

Another kick ass comp from Blackwater, which I can honestly say if my favorite to date! Every band on here slays: WILD MOHICANS, BI-MARKS, TRAUMA and VENAS ABIERTAS. These are fully *punk* tracks, nothing else and there doesn't need to be. Can WILD MOHICANS write something that *isn't* catchy and reminiscent of growing up with GBH and POISON IDEA? …the fuck? BI-MARKS delivers a track with a nasty bass line, simple yet deliberate riffage with a vocal style reminiscent of an exponentially less whiny Keith Morris—repetitive, but not boring and circle pit inducing. VENAS ABIERTAS is some classic sounding Latino street punk, that to my ear sounds distinctly Mexican in the vein of the last MONJO record with more punk and less D-beat (that could be my Mexican ears). I'm sure that many of you already know that Jeff Paul of TRAUMA, and previously FINAL WARNING, passed away in early March in a motorcycle accident. I can only imagine the void his friends, family and all the PDX punks are feeling, I am really sorry for your loss. I didn't know him, but I know his voice, which has been a constant for me, and I'm sure for punks around the world, since discovering FW. The TRAUMA tracks on this comp are amazing in their own right, and rather than thinking about the future of TRAUMA that will never be realized, they are a reminder of what has already been created by this band—solid timeless punk. For those who remain, these tracks are a reminder that no matter what happens, all of us, as punks, can leave our mark as to why we became punks. Great comp. (MB)
(Blackwater)

V/A – "Pissing Off The Neighbors: A Long Island Comp" CD

Does anyone buy CD's anymore? Does anyone buy CD compilations? I know that I can barely give them away. Anyhow, the shadow of BENT OUTTA SHAPE, LATTERMAN and No Idea records looms large on Long Island and this compilation. Mostly this comp sticks to mid-tempo, guitar heavy, gruff-voiced pop-punk that is influenced by the above bands along with LEATHERFACE and DILLINGER FOUR. The only band that strays from this formula is SPINOZA, who plays technical, blast-beat-y hardcore. I'm not talking shit, but my eyes just glaze over when confronted by loads of bands of this style, BORN IN A CENT, PRETTY BULLSHIT and IRON CHIC offer some stand out tracks, but for the most part, I can leave this behind. (GH)
(Dig My Grave)

V/A – "TLAL Three Way split" 10"

This is a three-way split on a one-sided 10" with the nine circles of Dante's Hell etched onto the flipside, limited to 600. Regardless of how you feel about 10"s (whether one-sided, limited, etched or not), this one contains thirteen raging grind and powerviolence tracks from three prolific US bands. Namely L.A.'s ANTICHRIST DEMONCORE (ACxDC), Phoenix's MAGNUM FORGE and Tuscon's SEX PRISONER. ACxDC get straight down and dirty, with the screamed, ripping vocals, blast-beat drum attack and mean black-metal/thrash/death riffage—I like. MAGNUM FORGE continues with a blunt-force trauma assault, with the thud of the drums racing to the fuzz of the chords. SEX PRISONER ends it, with heavier breakdowns and full-sounding guitars, though the vocals here aren't really my thing. I don't spend too much time listening to grind and PV anymore, but if I am to do so, I can see me slapping this on, for a good mix from three pretty darn good bands. To Live a Lie treats you once again. (LA)
(To Live a Lie)

V/A – "Turist I Tillvaron Vol. 6" LP

This final (?) installment in this series of current Swedish punk band comps is diverse and mostly well done. Of course there's heavy crusty thrash, as I would dream, from UTANFÖRSKAPET, INKVISITIONEN and KAOS KRIS & HELVETE. Traditional melodic Swedish hardcore is well represented with SVARTLISTED and PSYKBRYT (a rad ASTA KASK vibe). There's great rough-edged sing-along hardcore from LYSANDE UTSIKTER, pissed off HC from SVART STÄDHJÄLP and DOBERMANN, and a catchy and cool track with a lighter guitar tone from LIGISTERNA. I was put off by the over-produced, though otherwise fine ALISON BLAIRE song, with its heavy SOVIETTES influence. The SWEETSHOW and the GUILT do a great job as well. The record closes with an EBBA GRÖN cover, not that you'd recognize it, all piano, acoustic guitar and pleasant singing. It's a nice touch. Thanks to the compiler for keeping quality control high. (JM)
(Turist I Tillvaron)

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Water Wing: www.waterwingrecords.com
White Moon: whitemoonrecordings.tumblr.com, waylonq@gmail.com
Worms, Inc: www.randomwarriors.it

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Alison Gaye, Dan Goetz and K.King

ABDUCTION – Bass drivin' hardcore coming out of Cincinnati, OH. At first glance I really like the packaging of this cassette, not your standard shit here. ABDUCTION lay down the same brand of hardcore that seems to be very popular these days—knuckle dragging breakdowns followed by energetic circle pit explosions. This is *no bullshit* hardcore. The song "Poser Dust" proves that! Another great demo from an overlooked Midwestern band. (Jeremy) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, $4 ppd, Dustin Bingman, 1553 Glen Parker Ave, Apt 10, Cincinnati, OH 45223)

ABUSIVE STEPDADS / THE SHITHAWKS split – Gruff vocals and lo-fi garage punk from ABUSIVE STEPDADS, the opening track "I Don't Need My Dick Anymore (In Western Society)" should give you a pretty good idea where these mutants are coming from. The SHITHAWKS are faster, crustier and more pissed, total shitpunk. I'm guessing at least two members have TOXIC NARCOTIC patches, and this recording sounds like it was converted to digital direct from the toilet where it was recorded. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, trades preferred, www.hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

ADAM REBELIOUS – *Chicago's Own One Man Punk Rock Maniac* – One dude and a guitar, kinda like NASHVILLE PUSSY without a band. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics not included, www.punkrockers.com/adamrebelious)

AGITATE – Total grind madness tape from Minneapolis that combines this band's first two demos onto one pro tape with color covers. The band has a love of horror movie samples and short fuckin' songs. They have one high-pitched screamer and one guttural growler. The music is played with precision and fervor. (Greg) (15-song cassette, lyrics not included, agitate.grind@gmail.com)

ALBION GOLD – *Rehearsals* – Here at *MRR* HQ I have a little mailbox which reads "alison gaye" that gets stuffed with packages like this one filled with patches, pins, CDs, a zine and a little flyer proclaiming that ALBION GOLD is "channeling the ghosts of '80s hardcore and '90s Riot Grrl." Which isn't half wrong for this fuzzed out, Australian GITS inspired band. You can definitely hear similarities to CRACKBOX and HOOKEY with their poppy hooks and tough girl vocals with a touch of KATHLEEN HANNA's snottiness. Their only connection to '80s hardcore seems to be their BLACK FLAG-inspired patches and that last breakdown on "Back to the Kid," which is fucking good and I wish there was more like it on this demo. The zine is cool if you're really into this band, or new to punk. It's got a brief intro to screen-printing, a poem about *Twin Peaks*, a write up of the band APOLOGIES, I HAVE NONE, a long interview with one of the band members about DIY and some other stuff. If you're an Australian kid that's really into the pacific northwestern nineties this band could be your life. (Alison) (5-song CD-R, lyrics not included, www.wearealbiongold.com)

ANCIENT FILTH – Spastic hardcore from the Boston Area. It sounds very *Boston not LA* to me, which makes sense due to ANCIENT FILTH being Boston locals. This isn't modern hipster hardcore, but a straight up breeding between early days of Boston and SoCal hardcore. It's snotty, it's fast and it looks like these boys stand for something. The essence of this band is far from vapid—they take old school values and that mean street hardcore sound from back in the day and create a modern day sound making their brand of hardcore relevant today. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, lyrics included with fold-out, Frank Leclair, 43 Beals St #2, Brookline, MA 02446, $5 ppd, fnl9000@gmail.com, www.ancientfilth.com)

ANXIETY – At first I wrote these guys off as DISCARD worship. But, this tape evolves into a Motö-punk good time as it progresses. I like this, a lot. From the raging Scandi guitar solos and SEXUAL-esque scratching to ANXIETY's frantic pogo rocker good time sound. This band is manically good. They are fevering like INVASION. You know what? This band is impossible to describe. I cannot say anything further—they are simply punk perfection. (Amelia) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, no info)

APPÄRATUS – *Löst Demo* – These Malaysian deadbeats have been crushing for well over a decade, and this demo shows them not mellowing one fukkn' bit. The guitars are cleaner this time, and the distortion comes from the soul rather than an EQ pedal. Five songs of D-beat drenched fury and overpowering vocal oppression—this band should be the standard, not the example. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.hammercharge.com)

BARLOW – *Vol. 1* – Nasty low end crust with metalcore undertones. It's a combination that works frighteningly well, and this banger is even eclipsed by Vol. II, released a few months after this demo (both are well worth hunting down). Nova Scotia, man. Not sure what they are doing up there, but it's working. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics not included, www.barlowband.bandcamp.com)

BECOME FURIOUS BEAST – *At War With Man* – Very fucked sounding tape. I'm guessing this was recorded live. It has that boombox recording feel to it—totally acceptable for a demo. I'll start by saying the amount of work put into the packaging really shines through—screen-printed cardboard covers with printed OBI strip. The only marking with the bands name is on the tape itself. The music is extremely distorted to hell and blown out with furious riffs with purely chaotic drumming. It may be hard to fallow at points, but you eventually fall right back on track. With song titles like "Go! Fast! Crash!" and "Furious Beast" you should know what your in for. Chaos...absolute *chaos*. (Jeremy) (7-song cassette, lyrics included. No real contact info. Try this? Garth Noise Eternal, 876 Burke Ave NE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503)

BLEEDING IN THE MOONLIGHT – *Sings Soul Vol. 1* – Power electronics and treated vocals combine to deliver truly uncomfortable renditions of "Lean on Me" and "Stand by Me." You like it weird? (Robert) (2-song cassette, lyrics not included, blackholeofcharisma@hotmail.com, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

BODY BETRAYAL / DISPARATE split – A pair of grind-tinged hardcore bands from the Pacific Northwest came together to make this powerfully angry and articulate cassette. The accompanying zine of lyrics and song explanations are solid, unflinching in their waving of queer and anarchist flags while swapping self-pity for reasoned self-critique. I'm captivated by how these bands use their indignation as a means to an end, searching for clarity regarding identity and conflict instead of screaming at a wall. The music is top-notch and sharp, highly recommended to the PV enthusiast with an interest in something more than rote lyricism. (King) (13-song split cassette, lyrics included in zine, bodybetrayal@riseup.net, disparateband@riseup.net, hissyfitmusic.com)

BRAIN KILLER – *The Complete Punk Recordings* – "A collection of previously released and unreleased punk musics from 2008-2012." This is a really good discography of a band that I've watched grow over the years. Their sound got tighter and they never lost their message. To maintain a cohesive band and sound with the addition of another singer, to improve and fine-tune their political message and to maintain that ear-piercing amazing feedback that we love to kiss our hearing goodbye to…well, I don't really know what else to say. This release is rather sad. BRAIN KILLER is officially over. This marks the end of an era. The inside insert is filled with snapshots of their amazing shows and Nick. This was a really special band that existed during a really special time for North Eastern American punk. This is my favorite release of theirs and I have them all. Maybe it's just because I have a soft spot for cassettes, but this is tangible closure. It's nice to have one last token to remember this band by—not to mention

they fucking rip, always did and always will. R.I.P. BRAIN KILLER and Nick Poot—you'll never be forgotten. The fucking system is still absurd! (Amelia) (33-song cassette in fancy case with fancy insert, $9 ppd, www.frameworklabel.com)

CANE – *Laeks Interest* – Kinda garage-y, kinda catchy, a little too much acoustic guitar (to be fair I prefer approximately 0.03% or less acoustic guitar in my punk), sounds like SPITS when they are at their best, and I certainly wish CANE were always at their best—but the less-than-best—is rambunctious garage punk, and a most of it is still well worth your ear hours. Weird and distant. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.facebook.com/xbezerkerx)

CHAIN'S GANG – More mutated and (likely) ignorant punk from Urbana, Illinois' Crippled Sound records. Hard to say if they're truly ignorant or repulsive, as no lyrics were included, but the CLOCKCLEANER plays hardcore-meets-street-punk vibe wrangled here is delightfully revolting to the ear. The A-side has some pogo-ready moments that teeter on the edge of the abyss, but the B-side finds them falling headlong into the noise that before only gilded the edges. Extra points for the thematically proper metallic silver cassette. (King) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, crippledsoundrecords@gmail.com)

CORRECTION – Bare bones sXe hardcore from Sweden—insistent (like you have to pay attention) instead of cool (like you are supposed to pay attention). Hollow and hateful vocals, recording mired in high-end hiss—I believe the mosh is calling you. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Flophouse Tapes, 1326 Newton St NE, Washington DC 20017, www.flop-house.net)

CRAZY JOE DAVOLA – *The Finale Pt. 1* – Raucous punk drenched in distortion and delivered with maximum ferocity. Twinge of reverb on the guitars and crazed frontman yeowls give this a SoCal on mescaline vibe that I'm into. Seriously tweaked in a very positive way. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.crazyjoedavola2.bandcamp.com)

CRUCIAL MACABRE – *Crucial Punishment Relentless* – D-beat tinged hardcore punk with ferocious vocals and bursts of blistering thrashcore. The assault is full on, and these Syracuse kids rarely come up for air. Nothing fancy here, but the delivery is perfect. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, killyourheroes562@gmailcom, trades c/o 120 Clifton Place, Syracuse, NY 13206, frailfooting@yahoo.com)

CRUDDLER – Tightly played poppy punk with a heavy indie influence. If this had a "proper" studio production, it may be comparable to WEEZER, which makes me gag. My opinion aside, Philly's CRUDDLER are good at what they do, and the songs have a swing and hook to them to please fans of the style. (Matt) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, cruddler.bandcamp.com)

CRUELSTER – Nice, raw, meat and potatoes punk with garage-y overtones. The songs are short, to the point and the vocalist has an urgent and unhinged approach. The lyrics to "Crisis In Local Government" are great and eternally relevant. For better or worse, mine came housed in a dirty sock. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.rootofevilcollective.com)

D//CEREGHINI / TORTURING NURSE split – Dark noise from TORTURING NURSE, treated sounds that sound like a firefight in a faraway land. The flip sounds like a mockery of the serious noise that shares the split (pots and pans noise/grind stupidity mixed with amateurish and nonsensical noise), but perhaps that is the intent. One side cartoon madness and one side serious torment. (Robert) (?-song cassette, lyrics not included, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

DEAD END STORY / LIFELINE LOST – *The Next Thing/Your Turn Is Last* – Two EPs slapped onto one cassette for your consuming pleasure, this split combines two anthemic Finnish bands. Very much man-rock from DEAD END STORY, upbeat and hopeful with as much in common with John Cougar as AGAINST ME, lots of backing vocal melodies delivered with varying degrees of success…this is the commercial sounding punk that is more typically found in clubs than basements, but it is delivered proficiently. LIFELINE LOST on the flip is more aggressive, like a melodic hardcore version of the melodic punk on the first side. Soaring sing-along choruses and calculated song construction remind me of BOY SETS FIRE and DALTONIC, but a touch fiercer than either. (Robert) (10-song cassette, some lyrics included, skeletortapes@hotmail.com)

DETOX – *Waiting For The War* – Fuck yeah, a woman-fronted punk band from Beirut! There's a lot of material on this CD-R. A few songs (the best ones) are fairly straight-forward political thrashers. But, there is an overwhelming amount of wacky-sounding jam session stuff, experimenting with lots of different instruments and styles. That being said, I'm really stoked to hear a punk band from Lebanon, but don't have the patience for a lot of the goofier stuff. In the liner notes they clearly state that, "this album has absolutely no hi-hats." I was recently informed that the magnificent Tian An Men 89 label is just now releasing a slew of new punk records from Pakistan, Morocco, Syria, Suriname, India, as well as material by DETOX. Can't wait! (Matt) (21-song CD-R, some lyrics included, Astal Agr., 113-6086, Beirut, Lebanon)

DIME RUNNER – *Race To Nowhere* – Somewhere between smoky bars and sweaty juke joints, Southern California's DIME RUNNER might have as much in common with JET as with STITCHES, but for fans of ass shakin', tight pants wearing, snarky punk rock'n'roll, this is what you live for. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.getresurrected.com)

ESTROGEN HIGHS – I know who you are. Although I am not hailed as a garage queen, I gave you a few listens circa 2008 probably based off a good review in *MRR*? Anyway, this tape is alright. It was limited to 100. The vocals are obnoxious, the guitar is simple bubble gum rock'n'roll, and the rest is mid-tempo catchy beats and riffs. It is a plateau of a sound. These guys sound like a fun, but safe time and I'm a little bored. (Amelia) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, Safety Meeting records, 196 Norton St #2, New Haven, CT 06511, LOS@safetymeeting.net, info@stickfiguredistro.com)

EYES OF CROW – This Barcelona band is a reverbed to hell D-beat miracle that is unbelievably amazing. Do you like the idea of a Spanish KROSSA? (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, eyesofcrowdbeat.wordpress.com)

F.O.D. – *7 Song Tape* – Part of a recent series of reissues of all their early material, this is FLAG OF DEMOCRACY's *Chinese Food!* demo from 1982 with an extra unreleased track. F.O.D. were from Philadelphia and this material sounds very close to *In God We Trust Inc.* era DEAD KENNEDYS, complete with full throttle hardcore drumming and the signature smart-ass Jello Biafra-style vibrato singing. This is classic sarcastic US hardcore in league with DK's and ADRENALIN OD, and I'm glad to see it available again! (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, srarecords.bandcamp.com)

FORCE-FED DRUGS – "Powerviolence" or "Hardcore," whichever: This form is in exile, spread into a vast diaspora. I fully respect the attempt to reconcile just how warped and abysmal the world is by mangling guitars into sludgy bestial howls and careening back and forth from chest-rattling dirge to chattering speed riffage. That being said, while this isn't exactly my bag, man, my attention was maintained by the almost out-of-place style of one of the vocalists. It's a near-singing that is unnerving in its lack of attention to formula and clarity, but that solidifies the feeling of existential chaos the band is working to embody. The grating contrast of these vocals with the more typical growl/bark makes for excellent uneasy listening. (King) (7-song cassette, one sided, lyrics included, forcefeddrugs@gmail.com)

THE GROGGIES – Solid, energetic hardcore that sounds like it draws a lot of influence from Oi! and early UK punk, along with a certain bleak grit and subtle weirdness that makes me think they listen to the *New York Thrash* comp quite a bit (I can hear some BAD BRAINS and HEART ATTACK in here too). There's a refreshing, unconstrained quality to the songwriting, and the vocals are the perfect irate grate. Keep an eye out for this band. (Dan) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, the groggies@gmail.com, facebook.com/thegroggies)

HARDWARE YOUTH – *Bustin' the Shit Out Live 305* – As if the previous review wasn't enough, I get to swoon all over these Florida fools all over again. Same accolades apply, but this live tape is all covers—a novelty perhaps, but Nicole belting out WARZONE sounds pretty fukkn' fierce to my ears. AGNOSTIC FRONT, YOUTH OF TODAY, GRO MAGS, JUDGE, SICK OF IT ALL, BLITZ all get the treatment too, NYHC reborn with teeth in southern Florida. And for what it's worth, this band features members of the stellar crust outfit MEHKAGO N.T. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included, $5ppd, 4732 W. Atlantic Blvd #307, Margate, FL 33063, mehkagont@hotmail.com)

HARDWARE YOUTH – *Miami Style* – I hope I never outgrow positive hardcore, and HARDWARE YOUTH just injected me with a few extra months of enthusiasm to ensure that never happens. A constructive song combatting drunk driving to open the demo right into a burner about surfing that closes with a bench clearing breakdown? Oh yeah fukkrs, I am sold. Female fronted and backed by menacing crew vox, these songs make me smile and grit my teeth with determination at the same time—just pure and unbridled hardcore. Positive

but realistic… "had so much hate, I couldn't cope/ and I know where my heart belongs/and I've known it all along" and the "Go!" in the middle of "Eyes Wide Open" literally made me jump out of my chair. Love this so much I didn't even mind the "bust that shit out" mosh call. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, $5ppd, 4732 W. Atlantic Blvd #307, Margate, FL 33063, mehkagont@hotmail.com)

HELLS CARGO – While "members of" descriptors are a hopelessly lazy way of trying to convey what a band sounds like, in this case it is quite helpful. While a SKATE KORPSE veteran on drums is probably the best indicator of what you are about to get yourself into, BROWN SUGAR and the STOPS have also contributed bodies to this project and the result is a raucous romp through hook laden punk. Jerky and forceful, they attack catchy riffs with furious abandon, female vocals sometimes floating above the hurricane of sound and sometimes forcing the whole thing forward. Excellent. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, $5ppd, c/o Drug Party, 527 Massachusetts Ave, Buffalo, NY 14213, www.drugparty.org, sunflowerstarfish@gmail.com)

THE HOAGIES – *Cold Cuts* – Tongue in cheek three-chord punk based on the love of sandwiches. I like sandwiches too. Not quite as addictive as M.O.T.O., but these are fun and insanely simple punk songs, nothing to complain about. (Robert) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, 2466 Golden Ave, Long Beach, CA, www.thehoagies.bandcamp.com)

HOWL – The music is ultra basic three chord hardcore punk and I kept thinking of Chicago's KRUNCHIES until the female backing vocals came in…nowhere near as shrill as my initial comparison, but the juxtaposition of the two vocals is similar. Fast, simple and pretty damn good. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, onethousanddreams@hotmail.com, www.commonthreadrecs@gmail.com)

ILLEGALS – These guys are good. There is a little pop in this hardcore step—it's a little upbeat for my taste, but still powerful, driving and angry. The song titles are fucking weird and not punk generic: "Manson Phone #2" or "Rat's Legs" or best yet, "Gold Rolex." I wish lyrics were included to go along with these raspy, rocker vocals. I'm intrigued. (Amelia) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, bad handwriting, trying my best here: 251 5? Street ??#1, Pittsburgh, PA 15206)

LADS – *No Gods, No Confidence* – Buffalo's LADS blast through four dirges drenched in frustrated filthy guitars and a singer about ten steps short of complete annihilation. Mid-paced and super pissed, this shit is mean. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, $5ppd c/o Drug Party, 527 Massachusetts Ave, Buffalo, NY 14213, www.drugparty.org)

LAZY COBRA – LAZY COBRA hails from southern California and play dark, heavy, SABBATH / FACE DOWN IN SHIT style riffs over pained, throat-ripping vocals. All the songs kinda roll into each other with their all-slow-no-go attack. Bong rips might help, but I'm drinking a strawberry smoothie. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, loopthefeedback@gmail.com)

NO MASTER – *Disconnected* – Total blown hardcore mania! Taking heavy influence from the Japanese greats DEATH SIDE and FRAMTID. The song writing has a slight *Burning Spirits* feel to it backed by noise-laden guitars and truly anguished vocals—high energy and hard as hell. This rules. I've heard little talk about this band and I think if they were not from the Midwest there would be a lot more exposure. Great demo from this band. Hoping to see a lot more in the future. The Midwest is killing it. (Jeremy) (5-song cassette, lyrics included. nomaster.bandcamp.com for more info)

ON ON ON – Hooked. Guitar, organ and drums team up with female vocals to make urgent and manic sounds. Short bursts of ferocity and meandering treks through avant post punk—both approaches are successful. A total winner that demands more listens—Excellent! (Robert) (20-song cassette, lyrics not included, trimtabtapes.blogspot.com)

PARANOID – *Hardcore Addkt* – Raging Scandi D-beat from Sweden. Complete with piercing feedback, reverbed vocals and pogo riffs. Singer recently died—a true punk tragedy. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, no info)

POPULATION – Lucky me. You know how we get assigned demos here at the *MRR* HQ? We grab out of a bin at random. We have complete free will here in the demo reviewing department, but our choices are still left up to fate and first come, first serve on mail day. I just happened to have grabbed this. I got lucky. POPULATION is death punk at it's finest with spot on everything from their synth to vocals. The beat is infectious and SISTERS fans, please listen up. Chicago's POPULATION only made 150 of these tapes containing the tracks "Mourning Dawn" and "Croatoan." Comes with a spooky J-card for a spooky band. (Amelia) (2-song cassette, lyrics included, population.bandcamp.com)

PUBERTY WOUNDS – *Strange Edge* – I want the first song to be faster, I feel like Ohio's PUBERTY WOUNDS are intentionally torturing me and making me wait for them to unleash… but instead of unfurling chaos they lure me in with sinister sounds and hold me there with nothing short of total anger. This is Midwestern frustration personified…and then finally on the third song PUBERTY WOUNDS come unhinged and it is so fukkn' glorious. They are right: "there is no cure" and if this is the soundtrack then I quite enjoy being sick. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd, 1579 Indianola Ave, Columbus, OH 43201)

RATS REST – With only four short songs, Kansas City's RATS REST are fucking killing it! They play barebones-yet-solid melodic punk. Not like "I hung out at the goochy bar and listened to DILLINGER FOUR"-style melodic punk, but more like "I live in this huge fucked up house with 20 people, grow food in an abandoned lot, wanna kill every cop I see and hang out and listen to this scratchy copy of the NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS LP"-style melodic punk. 4/4 beats, the most solid bass lines, expertly played guitar hooks and self-described "wounded walrus vocals" all combine to make this my favorite release of this entire issue. Features members of HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE, LOS CANADIANS and STREET LEGAL. (Greg) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, cinquebutt@yahoo.com)

RAWHEAD – This shit starts with a blast in yer face and you are treated to four high-energy manic hardcore numbers. Raw and distorted/disjointed shits fronted by surrealistic high-end vocals that soar more than sing. More than anything else, this demo demands more listens. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Meth Mouth, 1004 Montana St, Orlando, FL 32803, www.methmouthrecords.com)

THE RCSN – *This Must Be the Sunks* – Nice, well-crafted melodic tunes, often with a very depressive and melancholic tone. Dreamy reverb on the guitars, vocal harmonies and rarely reaching anything near mid-tempo. I'm enjoying it more than I thought I would, as it's slightly recalling some of my rare indie-pop visits such as the PRIMITIVES or the FLAKE MUSIC side of their split 7" with SCARED OF CHAKA. The songs are short and well written, and I'm a sucker for good hooks. (Matt) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, thercsn.bandcamp.com)

RECKLESS – These guys are punk bruisers in a hardcore way. Oakland's very own RECKLESS hits the nail on the head with that early BLACK FLAG sound. The singer is gruffly annunciated, raspy, animated and frustrated in the vein of Jerry A with '82 appeal. You gotta hear these vocals! This recording is super bass heavy, which sounds great and comes with live antics. The guitar is beyond your basic level of punk skill to say the least and the riffs are catchy enough to get stuck in your head for days. From the fast, one-two-one-two punk as fuck drums to the feel good unpretentious vibes, these guys and gal are the real deal. These guys move around during their set and put on a good show. If I see one more Bay Area band that look like they're contemplating suicide during their set—I'll kill myself. RECKLESS make punk fun—they don't take themselves too serious. But you should! Go get this tape—it's so good!!! (Amelia) (7-song cassette, $2 plus postage, 877 35th St, Oakland, CA, 94608, ali_roth@yahoo.com)

REPELLERS – These guys are good—blackened metal in the vein of SKELETONWITCH or LAWLESS. The guitar is immaculate, the bass is heavy, the vocals metal and the drums furiously hold everything together. Solid fucking tape, solid fucking band. I can hear a hardcore influence in here—these guys did not evolve out of an epic metal vacuum. Bang your head, punk is dead. Tape comes shrink wrapped—getting fancy, Philly! (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, repellers@gmail.com, 4735 Larchwood Ave, Philadelphia, PA 19143, $6 ppd US $8 ppd world)

RIPFITS – *13 Hits From Hell* – I am not sure that this needs to exist, but if you feel like checking out some dudes doing pretty authentic cover versions of MISFITS tunes then you are in luck. They are more than competent, but somehow manage to drop the ball completely on my favorite MISFITS song ("All Hells Breaks Loose" did not need the arrangement adjustments, the song was fine the way it was). But the vocals are on point and if you need something to blast while you party, then this is perfect. (Robert) (15-song cassette, lyrics not included, www.facebook.com/xbezerkerx)

ROSA APÁTRIDA – *Fanzine/Winter Demo 2013* – To label their sound is hard, but I'll give it a shot: electro anarcho dark wave punk. This is not

just a band, ROSA APÁTRIDA is an experience. ROSA APÁTRIDA is coming from well-travelled, political, non-English language exclusive persons who live a lifestyle according to their ethics. One synth player is from New York City, one from Colombia, and the singer is Colombian and Russian. Their singer Elektra KB's art is in the fanzine that accompanies the demo. She is an artist I came to know through collective work in NYC with solid anarchist and feminist beliefs, which is reflected heavily in her art and band visuals. Members of this band have squatted in London, and I know from first 'hand experience that they live and breathe their politics. Technology is used here as a weapon of sound and for intense visual assault. ROSA APÁTRIDA sound like a mix between CLAN OF XYMOX, CRASS and SISTERS OF MERCY. They can be found on line-ups with ANASAZI and SURVIVAL to benefit shows with bands that will probably never leave NYC. Yes, they are punks who play benefit shows—music can still be used to help others. You'll either like ROSA APÁTRIDA or you won't—this is not a middle of the road band. (Amelia) (CD-R or cassette with zine, lyrics included with Spanish translation, $5 plus postage, c/o Elektra KB, 409 Suydam St, Brooklyn, NY 11237, http://rosaapatrida.tumblr.com)

RUBRICS – This tape is a discography of this South Carolina band's releases up to this point, which includes an LP, a couple of EP's and a cover song comp tape. I really coulda sworn this band was a straight up pop-punk band, but they definitely aren't. Anyhow, they play totally fuckin' energetic, positive, politically aware, melodic hardcore that falls somewhere between PROPAGANDHI, FIFTEEN and the late '90s East Bay punk scene. It's super tight, musician-wise and full of hooks, but suffers sometimes from standing a little too firmly in Jeff Ott's shadow. I get it and it's still great, but I'm excited to see what this band has in store in the future. Also, they're probably the nicest people in the entire state of South Carolina. (Greg) (20-song cassette, lyrics not included, getbetterrecords@gmail.com, letspretendrecords.com)

RULE OF THIRDS – I swear I reviewed this tape's first pressing in 2011? But, this tape is *so* good that USA label Video Disease records repressed 200 of it for American consumption. This tape is for fans of CHRISTIAN DEATH and SKELETAL FAMILY. They have a slight 45 GRAVES vibe due to some subtle surf guitar. They would be perfect on a line up with current post-punk heavy hitters like SURVIVAL or MORAL HEX. The tape was originally released on Major Crimes records. Track this tape down and let it haunt your brain. It is cutting edge and a sharp addition to a genre where we've heard it all. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, PO Box 39, Hindmarsh, SA 5007, Australia, www.videodiseaserecords.com)

SAINT LORENA – Very unsettling and hypnotizing deathrock-tinged punk from Oakland. Musically it recalls the ugly energy of shit like RUDIMENTARY PENI or early CHRISTIAN DEATH. The vocal style is abrasive and awkward, making sure you don't get too comfortable and demanding your undivided attention. The lyrics are great, profound and clever, exposing the slimy underbelly of the conservative class, lashing out at religion and ignorance toward queers. Eye-catching gold on black covers to sweeten (or darken) the deal. Fucking awesome! (Matt) (8 song cassette, lyrics included, SaintLorena@gmail.com)

SIDE EFFECTS – *More to Fear* – Bay Area's own SIDE EFFECTS are powerful and driving with that Burning Spirits sound, a Scandi underlay and a definite D-beat backbone. There are back up vocals, which is very Bay Area punk thing that I began to notice recently…a lot of punk bands out here do it. I'm indifferent to it, but it's familiar in a nostalgic like the bands I saw at my first basement shows. These punks are self-described as "philosophical political radical sickness." This in non-vapid punk, but yet they are studded—so that right there was a very hard statement to make! Non-vapid stud punx! If you are going to listen to any Bay Area punk band, give these guys a listen. These kids are not sell out, message board, Tumblr personalities—these kids have their heart in it still. I, too, still believe in punk. Thanks for keeping it real, SIDE EFFECTS. (Amelia) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, shithammerdistro@hotmail.com)

SOIL – *To Wither* – SOIL claims to have created a style here called "Gardencore," which seems to entail gardening-themed lyrics and a blend melodi-crust, screamo and metalcore. Meant to be half funny, half genuine, the music is played with precision and craft, and is recorded really well. Though I appreciate the sentiment and the effort, I can't fucking stand it. (Matt) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, 2639 14th Ave NW, Olympia, WA 98502, gardencore.bandcamp.com)

SONIC69 – This straddles that thin line between bar rock and punk that dudes with greased back hair sometimes like to play. Actually, it falls more to the bar rock side. The songs drag on and on because of the gratuitous guitar solos and the repetitive choruses. I'm not sure if anyone is reading this besides the band. So, sorry guys, I don't like this one bit. I'm gonna do you a favor though and not publish your phone number (the only contact sent) since you would probably get tons of prank calls from my friend, Barker. (Greg) (11-song CD-R, lyrics not included, facebook.com/sonic69band)

STABLE BOYS – *Attitudes* – This gritty pop punk shit is best captured by a good old-fashioned 4-track in the basement recording and it sounds like that's how STABLE BOYS made this demo. Some of the vocal stuff irks me a bit like when my co-workers play BRIGHT EYES, but overall the music is varied enough to keep me around through the end. (Matt) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, stableboys.bandcamp.com)

STABLE BOYS – *Two Songs* – A two-song cassette seems like an absurd idea to me. Especially when I have another STABLE BOYS cassette here with four songs. I realize that they were maybe released at different times, but come on. Come up with a bit more material first or go all out and do a single. Give the cassette buyer more bang for their buck. Anyway, on to the music—it's competent emotive pop punk that devolves into a long noisy jam session. I'm officially annoyed. (Matt) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, 1812 Vineyard St., Philadelphia, PA 19130)

TOTAL BANXAT – *When The Death Comes True* – Pulverizing D-beat hardcore from Indonesia. It stays mostly on the hardcore punk side, as opposed to the crust side, with straight ahead drumming and moving riffs—but not without some chugs on the guitar here and there. The guitar on "Scum" definitely goes into epic metal territory, but not in a wanky way, it's just the triumphant chords. I didn't even notice they're a two-piece until after the tape was over and I looked at the lineup. Raging. (Matt) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, total_banxat@hotmail.com)

TOTAL TRASH – *You Don't Try* – Mid-paced noisy-guitarred grunge punk from Minnesota. The music is solid and fairly straightforward, while the female vocals are semi-lackadaisically hollered on top of it all – some may find it charming, some intolerable. I'm somewhere in the middle. (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, totaltrash.bandcamp.com)

WILD MOHICANS – *Polluted Mind Tour Tape* – There were only 50 of these made, but now you know it exists. If you caught them on their West Coast tour, it's a nice souvenir in addition to their own *Police Violence* 7" and the track off the *PDX Vol. 3 Comp* 7". This tape contains the songs "Polluted," "Lynch Law," "Keep Running" and "Wild Mohicans." The lyrics are spot on, short and punk. The whole band is done to perfection to create a modern take on '82 message with skilled hardcore background influenced by '80s US greats, but not regurgitated. The bass and drums keep this band leaning toward the punker side of hardcore. Good job, boys. (4-song cassette, lyrics included, 1026 N. Fremont St, Portland, OR 97227, wildmohicans@hotmail.com)

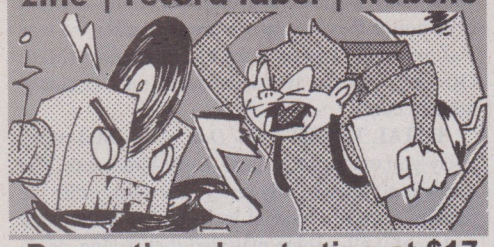
ZEBRANA BASTARD – Imagine if you had a punk band that is equally influenced by singer-songwriter stuff, mid-'90s commercial radio and the GITS. Now imagine that you took out the drums, guitar and any other accompaniment so that you're just left with the unaffected bass tracks and vocals. That's what this sounds like. (Greg) (14-song CD-R, lyrics not included, www.zebranabastard.net)

ZKAŽENÁ MYSL – *Jen Chtit* – Unrelenting, tight, nasty thrash from Czech Republic, with a slight nod to powerviolence. Good riffs, deep and dark crusty-barked vocals from a gravelly throat, timely tempo changes, occasional grind parts, and an overall intense execution. Pro-printed covers and lyrics all in Czech. (Matt) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, no contact info)

V/A – Dead City by a Lake: Looking at the City as a Hole – A late '80s compilation of Salt Lake City bands repackaged and reissued by long standing store/label Raunch records. There's some hardcore, some rockabilly, some ripping thrash and a weird funk song, but basically this is a killer glimpse into what was a diverse and thriving scene essentially in the middle of nowhere. Bands that history forgot (but Salt Lake didn't) include: SLAUGHTERCHRIST, VICTIMS WILLING, HATE x 9, MAIMED FOR LIFE, GNAWING SUSPICION and loads more. Well worth your time. (Robert) (19-song CD-R, lyrics not included, c/o Raunch records, 1119 E. 2100 S, Salt Lake City, UT 84106)

RAZORCAKE

zine | record label | website



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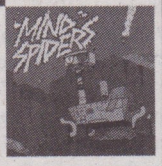

God Equals Genocide
Rattled Minds LP

Summer Vacation LP, Crusades LP, Pine Hill Haints 7", Killer Dreamer LP, Arrivals and Grabass Sister Series 7"s, way too many GEG 7"s, and a Dan Padilla LP!

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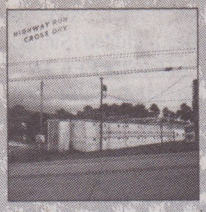

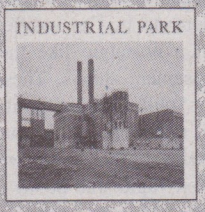

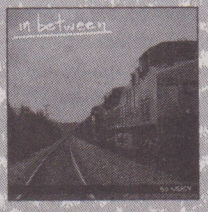

firestarterrecords.com toxicpoprecords.com

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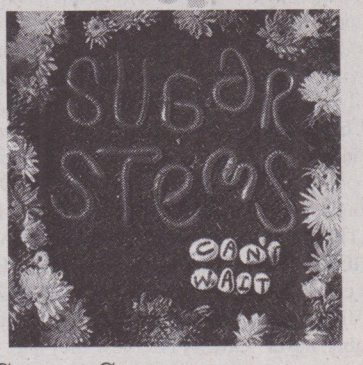
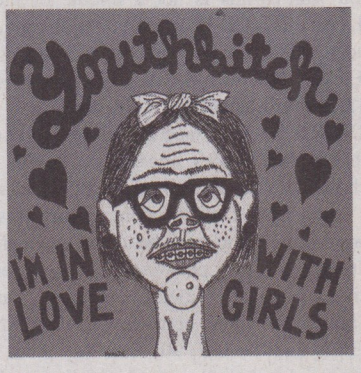
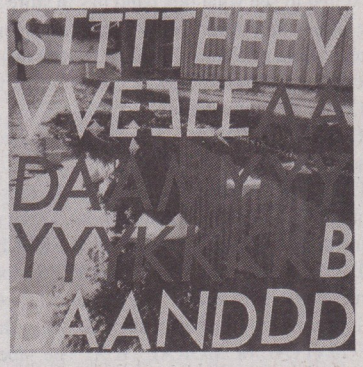


Sugar Stems - Can't Wait LP



Youthbitch - I'm In Love With Girls 7"



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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

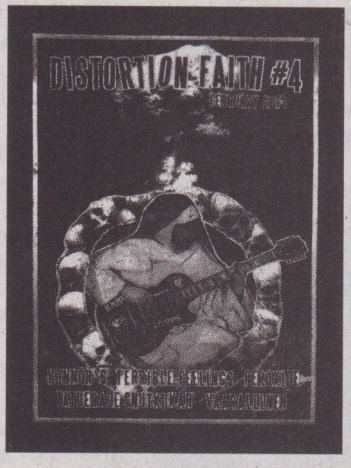
Reviews by:
(AR) Arlian Amend-All
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(AG) Alison Gaye
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DJ) Danny Gresham
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(MP) Max Power
(CR) Casey Ress

ASEPTIC #2 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 24 pgs.
In this follow up issue of Portland's finest new half size punk rag, homage is paid to Japan with interviews with Folkeiis and Attack SS, plus a feature on Butch from Elegy/Dissonance, who is clearly influenced by Japanese punk (and Mötörhead, which they discuss.) The layout of *Aseptic* is incredible. There isn't a single line or torn page edge that doesn't reflect the zine's focus on noisy, raw punk. A very cohesive aesthetic runs throughout this issue and a singleness of purpose guides the editorial. (SL)
1230 SE Morrison St. #402 / Portland, OR 97214 / asepticzine@gmail.com

BACON IN THE BEANS #3 / $3 US, $5 world
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
The super low budget, copy and paste, shitty fanzine I get every now and then. Pretty good I might say, please take shitty as a compliment in this case. This zine was fucking sloppy but it made me laugh every now and then. The content of the zine had all puns intended work in its favor. However, this zine still manages to put in some work, everything from personal stories to interviews and even some games such as *Name that Tune! Bacon in the Beans* definitely has some cool variety. Not sure why, but the back of the zine went onto a spill about using Mazola corn oil for cooking food, which assured me that I am doing the correct thing with my food. I can say this zine did not ruin the greatness of putting bacon in my beans; it would have been so harsh if it did not. When I say variety, I mean it has a little of everything. If you like single subject zines, this is definitely not for you, but if you are like me, who can go for some variety, then this would not hurt. (OG)
PO Box 4912 / Thousand Oaks, CA 91359 / baconinthebeans@gmail.com

BASIC PAPER AIRPLANE / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I can't tell if this person talks like me or talks like this guy I really dislike. Maybe we all speak the same. Maybe I should just get over it. The writing is constantly wobbling a bit on the edge of pretension, and here and there dips into new age hippiedom. This is a collection of reflections on tiny moments, little anecdotal snapshots that are tightly coupled with deep thoughts and memories running over. There're also a couple of more factual info things on Gertrude Stein, Huayño and Eadweard Muybridge. A good read but maybe a little bit too poetic and wistful for me to get through it all in one take without a little cringe. (MM)
joshuajamberson@gmail.com

BUILDING UP EMOTIONAL MUSCLES #2 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I met Shomi on the recent Heels on Wheels Roadshow that stopped in San Francisco. Heels on Wheels is a queer performance roadshow that is 100% femme powered. Shomi is one of these magnetic femmes. I caught her act, which is basically this zine, but live and involves some guitar. This zine tells the autobiographical story of Shomi who was shuffled between Bolivia to New Jersey as a kid. Between being a foreigner dropped in West New York, New Jersey, being poor, and queer…well, this did not make for an easy early life. But, it had its funny moments, which are captured in this zine. This zine's autobiographical reflection is amazing, empowering, and dignified. I'll end this plug with a quote from her early musings over her confused sexuality, "At this point, I was totally convinced that I was asexual. Until that day, my only love interests had been Kurt Cobain and Selena, and they were both dead—go figure." That was a very '90s way to end, but the Riot Grrrl memories do not disappoint. (AE)



Shomi Noise / 276 3rd Avenue #3A / Brooklyn, NY 11215 / shomara@gmail.com

DAY GLO AHOLE #1 / $6
8.5 x 11 – printed – 31 pgs
So full disclosure here: this is a pretty partial review because this zine pretty much has all the things I like and the kid that does it is pretty good friends with this cute kid I'm crushed out on. This is a seriously well-printed comic about isolation, dystopia, sex in the age of the Internet, New Orleans, '80s Armageddon archetypes, gentrification and shitty cops. I'm pretty sure this was a web comic that got printed like this so that each page has kinda a standalone feel to it, and there're two characters being built, one semi-lovable porn addicted loser wandering around in a bathrobe waxin' poetic, and one knife in the teeth, monster killing, scarred up, "No Limitz" punk looking for some food. It's really cool-looking, interesting and funny, I really can't wait to see the next one whenever it comes out and I may even go to the library tomorrow to see if there's more of this on the Internet somewhere—yes it's so good I'd read more on a backlit computer screen. (AG)
Ben Passmore / 335 Jane Pl. / New Orleans, LA 70119

DISTORTION FAITH #4 / no price listed
5.25 x 7.25 – copied – 32 pgs
Three Scandinavian thrashers have joined forces for the good of us all. The zine looks and reads fuckin' great—just check the title. Interviewed are current bands Peroxide (US), Honnör SS (Sweden), Vaarallinen (Singapore), while Terrible Feelings (Sweden) contribute a European tour diary. An interview done recently with the long-gone Tatuerade Snutkukar (Sweden, aka TaSK) appears courtesy of the Distort Hackney website. The editors list and briefly comment on their favorite releases of 2012. Like the interviews, the layout is pretty standard but well-executed. There are some ads for the editors' projects. Hell yes! (JM)
www.blindeadproductions.com/distortion-faith

GROW: HOW TO TAKE YOUR DIY PROJECT AND PASSION TO THE NEXT LEVEL AND QUIT YOUR JOB / $?
5.25 x 6.75 – printed –125 pgs
Fuck this. Fuck this fucking shit. This is some dinky ass guide trying to pretend it's not the same fucking shit that is replicated over and

over ad nauseam and uses fucked up language to pretend it's fucking different from the same old fucking shit. Capital is murdering you and me and fucking everything, quit trying to pretend you are fucking doing that fucking death shit better than some other person who fucking has to expel anal glands from yuppie dogs or wash yuppie cars. Life is a series of fucked up compromises, knitting cozies for your jar and selling them on etsy doesn't make the world a better place and it is not "sustainable" or fucking DIY. I don't give a fuck if you want to do that shit. But don't fucking write a shitty book that is the same as every other fucking small business guide and pretend like you are doing shit different. You aren't fucking 2 Chainz. You live in a shitpile of reality. *I don't wanna know you. You got bad brain mold.* Fuck you. (EC)
Cantankerous Titles / 636 SE 11th Ave / Portland, OR 97214 / cantakeroustitles.com / www.microcosmpublishing.com

HOT DOG DAYZ #3 / trades preferred or $2 USA, $3 world
8.5 x 5.5 – color copied – 40 pgs
If you like irrelevant ADHD collage, photography and artwork, you may like this? It makes no sense to me; it misses my aesthetic mark due to a lack of solid cohesion between images. There is an underlying wit but nothing to follow page to page. Sorry to be so "un-analytical" about this but I'm not going to get analytical about something that makes no sense. This zine's existence does not justify its existence. This review is long-winded. In short, I just gave this zine a bad review. (AE)
4222 Nokomis Avenue, #1 / Minneapolis, MN 55406 / thee.n.o.b@gmail.com

KYEO SPEAKS #6 + #7 / free, donation if carried by touring bands, trades OK
8.5 x 5 – printed – 16 pgs + 18 pgs
This zine has been going since 2008 and these two issues are a collection of writings and thoughts on punk music, culture and associated activities. The main author has collected material from friends, type-written it all up and Xeroxed everything in a minimal yet purposeful fashion—they are both packed! In issue #6 the author ponders his relationship to the punk scene (never fearful to re-assess his own thoughts), there is a cool piece on Austin, TX shows by Erick from Affinity Index, record and movie reviews, and interviews with Gas Up Yr Hearse!, Joseph McRedmond, Mahria and Moxiebeat. Within issue #7, also with some guest appearances, you will find movie, record, experience and show reviews, upcoming tour dates and info for various bands/projects by other punks; a list of games to play in the van whilst on tour; a list of SoCal show spaces (surely a handy resource for my out-of-town ass); interviews with Texas hardcore punk band For Want Of, Florida's Autarkeia and Innards' singer Leo; a piece on the debated issue of violent moshing and the portrayal of women in the game Witcher 2. There is also a pensive, rather moving piece on how post September 11 Amerikkka affected the author's sense of Syrian identity and how he has discovered that being (true to) yourself is always better.

As far as the writing goes, the author sometimes seems to have difficulty coherently organizing his thoughts, so some pieces read like a patchwork of jumbled ideas or scattered thoughts on a particular topic. He also does not capitalize or use much punctuation other than full stops. This can be tiring but hey, sometimes committing your thoughts to paper is task enough. He uses writing as a vehicle towards untangling his thoughts and, in the process, getting some answers to his questions. That is one of the joys of writing, and indeed punk zine writing—you do it because you were driven by a need. A need to understand why the world is fucked, why we let it fuck us up in the process and why remaining positive and persevering is, essentially, all we have left. It's a sentiment I share and I love that this zinester has discovered this powerful tool of self-expression, communication and collaboration. (LA)
c/o Mark / 8318 E. Hermosa Drive / San Gabriel, CA 91775 / www.kyeospeaks.com / kyeospeaks@gmail.com

MARTIAN CHURCH #1 / $3 world, ?1 EU
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
I love it when someone is talking about a regular activity, like making their way to a show, and they interject the story to say they started getting the Fear and had to take care of it with some pints. It doesn't seem like foreshadowing. If you like the kind of "shoot first, ask later" journalism that is quaintly endemic to the first issue of a spastic zine like this, look no further. You'll get some show reviews, some olde EP and demo reviews with like, a million exclamation marks, an interview with Daddy No and the Obscenities (who, in this refreshing way, answer honestly about what their first albums where, including Papa Roach, Marilyn Manson and then like Black Sabbath or whatever,) a word search, some public opinion, and my personal favorite, doodles like those often seen on middle school notebooks and bathroom walls. This zine may be exceptional since a lot of it is written in "dialect" which means I can't really understand it unless I try to read it out loud. Bonus: I learned the word "normaloid". (JB)
Bobby Binbag / 10/7 Murieston Terrace / Edinburgh, EH112LH Scotland /
binbagus@hotmail.com

NASHVILLE TRANSIT / $2 or trade
5 x 8.5 – copied – 13 pgs
Public transit is something I alternately loath or love, but almost always find entirely fascinating. I spend a large chunk of time on it. Sometimes it's fun to people watch. Sometimes it's packed with losta tourists, exhausted commuters and then those who are just trying to get from point a to point b and this is the only way to do it. Sometimes no one makes eye contact and sometimes people won't leave you the fuck alone, and once in a blue moon you'll have a good interaction with a passing stranger. This zine is kind of about all those things but not really. It's about taking the bus in Nashville but it's mainly about navigating transition. The writer moves to Nashville, knows nobody and has just started taking hormones and none of the stories are directly about those things but still totally are. The stories move from being misidentified and harassed and having the grossest interactions and bad days, to bad days with better interactions, to telling harassers to fuck off, to being read as a man and discussing feminism with strangers, to giving advice to a teenager on a plane who seems to be headed to a "pray the gay away" camp. It's about big huge scary things through the lens of something almost everyone interacts with everyday. It is excellent. (MM)
Nervous Nelly / PO Box 68244 / Nashville, TN 37206

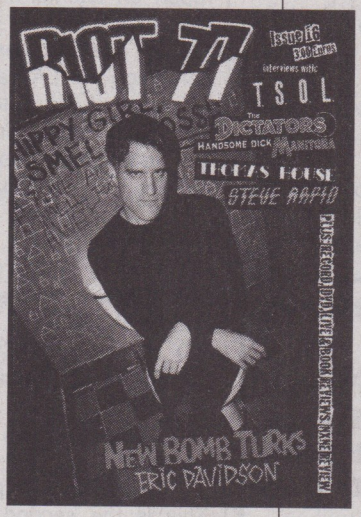
NO BIGGIE CITY #1 / US ppd $4, $5 world, trades welcome
8.5 x 7 – copied – 60 pgs
I love local zines. Especially ones that are obviously the dedication of a few rare birds tweaking out on caffeine and probably huffing white-out in a dinky copy center in some tiny ass place. This rag really looks like Jefferson penned the entire thing with a white-out brush on toner wasting exercises. It's like the jankiest starkness of it that really appeals to me. It does feel like the *good* mold growing on the children of the Pacific Northwest come to lyfe. *No Biggie* is a reminder that even though there seemed to be a mass exodus of Olympia last summer, there is still a special spark there. Featured in pages are flyers for shows, a review of the 2012 Harm Reduction Conference, a love letter to Jefferson's favorite band Dogjaw, a look at Queer Rock Camp, and a spread from Camille of scrawling sharpie animal revenge scenes. This is good shit whether or not you're acquainted with the aforementioned brain mold. (EC)
PO Box 913 / Olympia, WA 98507 / sharkpact@yahoo.com

RANTIPOLE #4 / **SOUTH LONDON MESS** split zine / ??
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 26 pgs
Rantipole features a Czech/Slovak scene report, Blackbird Raum interview, and the history of Carnells. Cover crust punx rep Amebix, Guided Cradle and bullet belts along with a stick-and-poke ? tattoo. The author calls the Sex Pistols and the Exploited "shit bands." On the flip side, *South London Mess* was opinionated and ranty like the other zine and contained some solid record reviews. (AE)
www.rantipolezine.co.uk /
joeryanleah@hotmail.com

RAZORCAKE #73 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs
I always think of *MRR* as this tough older punk girl that listens to hardcore, has a cool denim jacket and is going out drinking with her girlfriend, while *Razorcake* is like our younger brother sitting upstairs listening to pop-punk with his friends. They're kind of that nerdy kid with their glossy cover and monthly comic columns, like Liz Prince, who rules! And while sometimes they miss the point, it usually seems to be in good fun. While I mostly associate them with pop and bro punk, like the interview with some band of straight boys from LA (Rough Kids) this issue has an interview with cupcake folk punx Taxpayers and Jeffrey Evans. They do give their interviews a lot of space so maybe I should try to submit one there next time. (AG)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042 / www.razorcake.org

THE REVERSE COUGAR YEARS / $2 ppd, trades accepted
2.125 x 2.75 size – photocopied?– 24 pgs
Maxx made this zine for the Ottawa Zine fest, of which she was one of two organizers. It?s sorta about how she broke her foot, but it's also about what it's like to be a woman in a predominately male-dominated manual labor field, and how that played into her reaction to hurting her foot. Maxx tells us she has a college degree and was intending to go into academia, but instead chose to follow a passion of hers that involves her doing some physical labor before she moves up the ladder. While I have no degree and no options (I work at the job that I work at because it's the best job I can get), Maxx manages to tell her story in a way the resonated with me despite our differences. When Max talks about her relationships with her male coworkers, she isn't preachy, whiny, indignant or otherwise annoying, just frank and straight-forward. I really appreciate that. I'm at a point in my life where I don't enjoy hearing meta-narrative explanations about why sexism sucks, but I also do want to hear about peoples' lives and how the very real sexism that all women experience on a daily basis affects them. Also, I too recently hurt my foot (and my hand!) while at work and have, like Maxx, been very depressed about it. Maxx subtly talks about how physical injuries move to a whole other level when you work physical labor. You are literally selling your body's capacity to do action; to be without that body is to be without work, yet the work also constrains and affects your healing process. I feel this short perzine will appeal to pretty much anyone who likes perzines, honestly. Maxx's candid yet gently-humorous perception of her life left me wanting more. (AR)
443 Kent St., Ottawa, ON K2P2B4 Canada/
arevolutionofwords@gmail.com

RIOT 77 #16 / ?3
8.5 x 11 – printed – 22 pgs
This zine has been going for twelve years and comes out of Dublin, Ireland and focuses on'77 punk music and culture, also interloping between anti-racist skinhead culture, hardcore and rock'n'roll,. This zine has featured some pretty staple punk band interviews in the past (Marky Ramone, Poison Idea, DOA, Subhumans Billy Childish and more) and this issue is equally brimming with material. Set on a black and white glossy background, interviews, show reports, photographs and reviews all come forth with a distinct punk feel and the overall composition flows well. Here you'll find interviews with none other than T.S.O.L., Eric Davidson of the New Bomb Turks, Handsome Dick Manitoba of the Dictators, Dublin pub show-space Thomas House and Steve Rapid of the Radiators and local trailblazer zine *Raw Power*. Also included is a report from Toronto's North By Northeast festival and an extensive show report from a whole bunch of gigs the zine creator(s) went to between October 2011 and December 2012! I love it when people decide to write about all the good (or bad) local shows they went to (even if a lot of the bands were "big" names)—it really makes for good documenting of a certain time and place. I'll admit, I admire this zine for having such a strong identity; it comes through in the writing, which is sincere and at times endearingly funny (gotta love the Irish sense of humour). Pick this up if you want some classic, all-time goodies from the last thirty years of punk, rock'n'roll and hardcore. (LA)
c/o Cian Hynes / PO Box 11342 / Dublin 2, Ireland / riot77magazine@hotmail.com



RUBERNECK #6 / $8 or vinyl trades
8.5 x 11 – printed – 48 pgs
Rubberneck is a zine based out of Austin, Texas that has a variation of different photos ranging from punks and live performances. I think what caught my attention right away was the quality! Y'all need to check out this quality, not sure how they got it, but it is sweet! I think the quality made the printing look that much better, but there is more to this zine. *Rubberneck* also included some comics, interviews, reviews, columns and advertisements. Although I do appreciate the zine for what it is, it is definitely not something I would pick out of a pile of zines, specifically because I am more into the super low budget zines that use the copy and paste method! I know I sounded excited at first, but this is really up a level for zines I have read in terms of quality. I do like me a good photography zine! But, let the punks have their good ink and paper! I kind of just really want to admire this quality for now. By the way, it is printed on Cougar Paper, and even that name is really intense for me. (OG)
3014 S. 4th St. / Austin, TX 78704 / www.rubberneckzine.com

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #66 / postage or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Really rad zine mostly dedicated to music, which is usually of the hardcore variety. This issue happens to be the reggae issue, which upon originally seeing the title I rolled my eyes at. To my pleasant surprise I only recognized about two of the bands listed. The author goes into detail about the backgrounds of the band discographies and the concepts of the albums. Bands include Burning Spear, the Abyssinians, King Tubby, Yabby You, and many more. The zine is randomly rounded out with health food stores and with choice picks of healthy snacks to grub on. (DJ)
518 N.E. Third Street / Massillon, OH 44646

STUPID QUESTIONS #1 / £1.50 UK / ?2.50 EU / £3.50 world
5.75 x 8.75 – copied – 16 pgs
New, slightly tongue-in-cheek (see the title) zine out of Scotland. Interviews are the main focus of the zine, but really, the questions aren't as stupid as I was hoping. The discussions are fairly standard, with one or two odd queries thrown in for good measure. As far as the actual interviews go, there are chats with xSaxonx, Tinnitus Kids, Pig//Control, and the creator of the zine *Go Fuck Yourself*. In addition, there's a short profile of Pictish Haar (one man noise project from Scotland), and an editorial of sorts from a kinda funny bloke who dubs himself "Sgt. D-Beat". This is a pretty solid first effort, it's short, dense and it kept my attention throughout, even though I wasn't familiar with any of the acts they chose to spotlight. (KM)
62 George St. / Millport / Isle of Cumbrae / KA28 OBJ, Scotland

THANKS FOR THE BOARD RHINO #4 / trades
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
There are three things this author loves: skateboarding, Miranda July, and dancing. That being said the zine kicks off with the author's attempt at interviewing a band called Trauma Harness. (Admittedly it is not always easy to transcribe interviews! So kudos!) There are record reviews from many bands spanning various genres, from weird indie darling Sparklehorse to the upbeat punk band Vånna Inget from Sweden. This zine also comes with a mix tape consisting of mostly indie and I believe a few local bands. This is not your typical skate zine, from a typical skate bro. I wish more dudes in that scene could be this open minded. Did I mention he loves trading? (DJ)
c/o Ryan Birkner / 121 Aaron Drive / Belleville, IL 62220

THERE'S A PUNK SHOW AT YOUR HOUSE! / free
8.5 x 3.5 – copied – 1 page
There's not really a lot to say about this little pamphlet, seeing as how it's only a single-page in length. It was clearly made by very young punks in a very small town, and intended for such an audience. The point is to both encourage and (briefly) explain to the reader how and why to make their house an underground show space, with an emphasis on the "why". Rather than being the kind of thing you—dearest reader of *MRR*—would want to sit down and read, it is more like something you'd hand out at a house-show to the crowd afterwards, especially if the crowd is/was more "punk-curious" than "punk-committed." It was designed for the Illinois town it was written in (it uses images from that scene and a photo of their police chief), but the text is pretty universal. Despite the fact that it is free, I'd recommend you take the DIY spirit this pamphlet is championing to heart, and write your own instead of contacting the creators to get a copy. (AR)

Disaster House / 714 Locust St./ Rockford, IL 61101 / diasterhouse@hushmail.com

TRUST #158 / ?2.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs.
Instead of the usual "geez I wish I could read about all of the cool bands featured in this issue of *Trust* and say, it's like the German *MRR!"* kind of review I usually give *Trust*, I wrote these two haikus.

With layout like ours
Maybe a little better
Trust is our comrade

I want *Trust* to be
Our foreign exchange student
Fisherman's wharf bound
(SL)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany / www.trust-zine.de

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 26 No. 2 / no price listed
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
This is a long-running (25 years!) publication of Anti Racist Action in LA, and seems like an informational resource for those interested in anti-racist/imperialist struggles in LA and beyond. A couple of articles report on counter-marches against fascist groups in Memphis and Alberta, one documents anti-eviction campaign in LA, another article pointing out the potential reformist limits of Occupy, and a piece by Mumia Abu-Jamal comments on the passing of Hugo Chavez. The writing is dry, lengthy and definitely reads like a political newspaper, for better or worse. Not sure how to get one, but free archives are available online. (DG)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232 / www.antiracist.org

TURNSTILE COMIX #2 Winter 2012 / $14.98
7 x 7 – printed – 40 pgs
This is the second installment of *Turnstile Comix*, illustrated by Kevin Dunn and watercolored by his partner Amanda with stories provided by current front man Jack Terricloth, and a former member Lucky Strano of World/Inferno Friendship Society. These stories are supposed to be the wildest, craziest stories about this band. The stories aren't that crazy, but the adaptation through Kevin's storytelling, both visually and via the selected text, make them pretty funny. The drawing and watercolor is great—making the stories funny and quirky. This comic comes with a W/IFS 45 within the pages. Again, good art and I would be more interested to see the stories that Kevin tells! (MB)
www.silversprocket .net

USUAL SUSPECT #7.5 / $?
5.75 x 8.75 – copied – 12 pgs
Brief zine brought to us by a fella named Dave, who now resides in Pennsylvania, but has been all around this sometimes glorious country of ours. This installment has the obligatory "Punk Rock Saved My Life" story, as well as a brief review of a book called *Work* (Crimethinc.) that condemns the current capitalist labor structure. There's also a cool, multi-page column about the creator's time living in Seattle in the early '90s, when grunge was exploding but still cohabitating with the punk scene. Lastly, there's a piece where Dave discloses some questionable decisions he made in his formative years, and wonders if people will be as receptive to his newer, more introspective writings as they were to his earlier, crazier stories. An interesting zine all around, and definitely worth checking out. (KM)
432 South Main St. / Old Forge, PA 18518 / davegurz@gmail.com

VOICE OF A GENERATION #4 / $?
8.5 x 12 – printed – 24 pgs
Impeccably designed HC4HC zine out of Germany. This issue features a ton of great photos of bands like Lärm, the Last Pagans, Heresy ans Dag Nasty, as well as interviews with Holland's Blood Red, and the legendary Insted. There's also a bunch of record reviews, and a really cool section called "What's in the Matrix?" which discloses the sometimes odd, sometimes hilarious messages etched into your favorite hardcore records. An excellent zine all around, especially if you're a fan of the genre. It's a little light on actual written content, but that's a minor quip. *VOAG* #7 also comes with a 7" of Blood Red's old demo, which sounds like something that came out of Boston in the early 2000s, pretty rad. (KM)
www.voiceofageneration.com

WE DON'T OWE YOU A THING / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – copied – 44 pgs
The editor is active in the Brooklyn art scene, and put together a zine focusing (in part) on how being involved in hardcore affects the work artists produce today. Almost none of the dudes are still down, and the talk of hardcore (what little there is) tends towards the generic and uninspiring. The interviews are tailored to the particular artist, but aren't in-depth. There are gallery and music (not punk) show reviews, along with art and theater scene reports from near and far. I'm completely cynical about and uninterested in who got a Master's in Museum Studies, teaches full-time, is a Miami Art Basel regular, "punches above their weight in performance art" [???] etc., etc. It's fine for what it is, though not especially impressive. (JM)
Carl Gunhouse / 180 India St. Apt 1 / Brooklyn, NY 11222 /
www.carlgunhousephoto.com

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